

FEBRUARY 1914

PRICE 15 CENTS

THE
RED BOOK
MAGAZINE



A
NEW
NOVEL BY

BEGINS
IN THIS
NUMBER

ELINOR CLYDE

Society Ladies

know the value and charm of a beautiful complexion. Many go to great expense to obtain "washes" and other artificial "aids" to beauty.

Natural "aids" are best, however, and the most natural and most beneficial of all is

Pears' Soap

which acts upon the skin in a purely hygienic way, improving and preserving its beauty and at the same time stimulating the pores to healthful respiration.

Thus a natural pink and white complexion is assured—a complexion that will attract admiration and bear investigation—a complexion where there is no artificiality to be betrayed.

Pears is the perfect cosmetic, because it is composed of entirely pure ingredients and possesses those special emollient qualities whereby the texture of the skin is softened, refined and beautified.

*Pears is also the
most economical
of toilet soaps.*

The World's
Best Beauty Soap



"All rights secured"

OF ALL SCENTED SOAPS PEAR'S OTTO OF ROSE IS THE BEST

In writing to advertisers it is of advantage to mention THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE

FEBRUARY RED BOOK MAGAZINE

Copyright, 1913, by THE RED BOOK CORPORATION.
Copyright, 1913, by THE RED BOOK CORPORATION in Great Britain and the Colonies. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London, Eng.

PHOTOGRAPHIC ART STUDIES

Stars of the American Stage—Series No. 7. The latest portraits of famous present-day actresses.

THE THREE BIG NOVELS OF THE DAY IN SERIAL FORM

- | | | |
|---|--|------------|
| The Man and the Moment | Elinor Glyn | 642 |
| A new novel of love and marriage by the brilliant English authoress. | | |
| What Will People Say? | Rupert Hughes | 714 |
| Persis is married to Enslie in this installment of the "Vanity Fair" of New York. | | |
| The Ball of Fire | George Randolph Chester and Lillian Chester | 784 |
| Gail Sargent at home—why is it the old place does not seem the same to her? | | |

SHORT STORIES BY THE STARS OF TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW

- | | | |
|--|-------------------------------------|------------|
| Jane | Ida M. Evans | 663 |
| Ida M. Evans is at her best in this story; it is American in every sense of the word. | | |
| Letters From the Valley | Frederic Arnold Kummer | 675 |
| A most remarkable story from life presented by the author of that masterpiece, "Life." | | |
| The Chapel of the Madonna | L. J. Beeston | 686 |
| Another thrilling exploit of the gallant swordsman, Count Saros, and his King. | | |
| A Tall, Dark Man From Far Away | James Vale Downie | 697 |
| That's the sort of man the fortune teller told Polly she was destined to marry. | | |
| The Old Order | John Barton Oxford | 707 |
| Here is a story of such compelling power that you will remember it for years. | | |
| Fiametta's Silk Handkerchiefs | Henry M. Neely | 738 |
| A new sort of mystery story—A news photographer plays detective. | | |
| The Malden Avenue Baby Club | Clinton York | 749 |
| Another story of that interesting trio, Jane the Second, and her father and mother. | | |
| The Turnkey | Albert Payson Terhune | 757 |
| Of course, you remember "Whose Wife?" This is by the same author, and it's just as unique a story. | | |
| The Case of Larry Doyle | Frederick R. Bechdolt | 769 |
| What makes some men heroes and others "bums?" A San Francisco detective's theory. | | |
| Each in His Own Way | Grant Owen | 778 |
| Do you love travel? Read here of an old man to whom it was an overpowering passion. | | |
| It Pays to Advertise | Harris Merton Lyon | 807 |
| Those who loved "In The Autumn" will find in this an example of Mr. Lyon's versatility. | | |
| The Pull | Thomas Gray Fessenden | 817 |
| A new story of a "smoke eater" and a young fireman who had a "pull" with the men higher up. | | |
| The Strength of Ten | William H. Hamby | 824 |
| A romance of a rural school, told by the man who watched it bud and flower. | | |

TERMS: \$1.50 a year in advance; 15 cents a number. Foreign postage \$1.00 additional. Canadian postage 50c. Subscriptions are received by all newsdealers and booksellers, or may be sent direct to the Publishers. Remittances must be made by Postoffice or Express Money Order, by Registered Letter, or by Postage Stamps of 2-cent denomination, and not by check or draft, because of exchange charges against the latter.

IMPORTANT NOTICE: Do not subscribe to THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE through agents unknown to you personally, or you may find yourself defrauded. Many complaints are received from people who have paid cash to some swindler, in which event, of course, the subscription never reaches this office.

THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE is issued on the twenty-third of the month preceding its date, and is for sale by all newsdealer after that time. In the event of failure to obtain copies at news stands, or on railway trains, a notification to the Publishers will be appreciated.

Advertising forms close three weeks prior to the time of issue. Advertising rates on application.

THE RED BOOK CORPORATION, Publishers, North American Building, CHICAGO

LOUIS ECKSTEIN, President CHARLES M. RICHTER, Business Manager

RALPH K. STRASSMAN, Advertising Manager, 1172 Fifth Avenue Building, New York

R. M. PURVES, New England Representative, 201 Devonshire St., Boston LONDON OFFICES, 5 Henrietta St., Covent Garden, London, W. C.

Entered as second-class matter April 25, 1905, at the postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.



"It is not necessary to parboil this ham before broiling or frying"

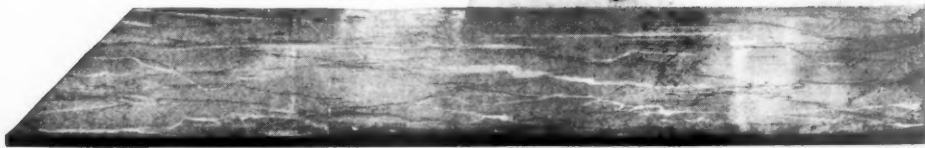
John Clark

Potter's Grocery & Market
3532 Indiana Avenue Chicago

"Swift's Premium" Ham

Put "Swift's Premium"
Ham directly into the
frying pan or onto the
broiler, and it will re-
tain its original delight-
ful flavor and will not
be salty. Try it.

Swift & Company
U. S. A.







MARGUERITE CLARK

Born in Cincinnati, Feb. 22nd, 1887. Made her first appearance in Baltimore in 1899. For some years played in light opera—"The Belle of Bohemia," "The Burgomaster" and in several plays with De Wolf Hopper. Was the original *Lou* in "Baby Mine," and played the title role in "Merely Mary Ann."

Photograph by White, New York



LILLIAN RUSSELL

Born in Clinton, Iowa, Dec. 4th, 1861. First appeared with E. E. Rice in "Pinafire," then with Tony Pastor in "The Pirates of Penzance" and in other Gilbert & Sullivan operas. Biggest success was in the Weber & Fields productions. Now divides her attention between vaudeville and lecturing.

Photograph by Maffett Studio, Chicago



VIOLET HEMING

Born in Leeds, England, the child of a theatrical family. Made her first stage appearance as *Wendy* in "Peter Pan" in 1907. Appeared as *Rebecca* in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," and as *Kate* in "The Fox." Is now on tour with George Arliss, playing *Lady Charissa* in "Disraeli."

Photograph by White, New York



GLADYS HANSON

Born in Atlanta, Ga., and is now 25 years of age. Has been on the stage seven years. After an engagement in "The Spoilers," played, with E. H. Sothern, in Shakespearean repertory. She has been touring in "The Governor's Lady" and is to take the leading role in a new Belasco production.

Photograph by Gould & Marden, New York



HELEN HOLMES

First won notice in "The Virginian." Played also in "The City," "The Aviator" and "The Confession." She created the leading feminine part in "The Right Princess," and has since been leading woman in the baseball comedy, "Putting It Over," and in the travesty, "Taking Things Easy."

Photograph by Starness-Poynter, Kansas City



VIRGINIA PEARSON

Born in Anchorage, Ky., March 7th, 1886. She made her debut with George M. Cohan in "Little Johnny Jones." Scored her first big success as *The Vampire* in "A Fool There Was," with Robert Hilliard. Married Sheldon Lewis in 1911, and is now appearing in New York in "Nearly Married."

Photograph by Strauss-Peyton Studios, Kansas City



MABEL TALIAFERRO

Born in New York May 21st, 1887. As a child she appeared with Chauncey Olcott and James A. Herne. Made her first success as *Esther* in "The Children of the Ghetto." Created *Lovey Mary* in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch." Also played in "You Never Can Tell" and "In The Bishop's Carriage."

Photograph by M. Pitt Studio, Chicago



EDITH TALIAFERRO

Born in New York, Dec. 21st, 1892. Educated, Hannahmore Academy, Baltimore. Made her debut as *Mollie Barry* in "Shore Acres." She married Earl Browne in 1913, and made her first international success as *Polly* in "Polly of the Circus." Now playing with her sister Mabel in "Young Wisdom."

Photograph by Mishkin, New York



CHARLOTTE IVES

First came into prominence with John Mason in "The Witching Hour." Appeared in a revival of "Aristocracy," and in the Chicago production of "The Upstart." She played in "The Country Boy," the revival of "Jim the Penman," and with John Mason during his two seasons in "As a Man Thinks."

Photograph by M. Jett Studio, Chicago



MARY KEENER

One of the present season's successes. Was graduated from the American Academy of Dramatic Art last spring. Her performances of *Theophane* in "The Benefit of the Doubt," won her the chance to succeed Jane Frey as *Margaret Holt* in "The Conspiracy," under the Frohman management.

Photograph by White, New York



PAMELA GAYTHORNE

Born in London and went on the stage as a child. Was with Arthur Bouchier for four years; leading woman in the English production of "The Man On The Box." Came to the United States to play in "The School for Scandal," "Nobody's Daughter," and other plays at the New Theatre.



CHRYSTAL HERNE

Born in Dorchester, Mass., June 16, 1883. First appeared in her father's play, "Griffith Davenport." Was leading woman for Nat Goodwin in 1903, and for Arnold Daly in 1905. Has since appeared in such productions as "The Melting Pot," "The Seventh Daughter," "The Squaw Man" and "At Bay."

Photograph by Sarony, New York



Gail had letters, but she scarcely had time to read them among all the impromptu gaieties . . . the one from the Reverend Smith Boyd she read more than once.

From "The BALL OF FIRE," the novel by George Randolph Chester and Lillian Chester, page 731.

February
1914

THE
RED BOOK
MAGAZINE

Vol. XXII
No. 4

RAY LONG, Editor

TO MAINTAIN an All-Star program on the scale undertaken by The Red Book Magazine necessitates constant vigilance to see in advance the big things in current literature, and the ability to "corner" them. That is just what we are doing.

On the next page begins the first publication of the new novel from the pen of

ELINOR GLYN

It is generally believed by those who have read the manuscript submitted to the Red Book, that this novel will exceed the success of "Visits of Elizabeth," "Three Weeks," "The Reason Why," or any of Mrs. Glyn's other internationally popular books.

In next month's (the March) issue, there will be a new story by

OPIE READ

There probably isn't any reader in this country who doesn't know and love the work of Opie Read. Well, this is a story of the sort that made him famous. And there will be more as time goes on.

Within a short time, we will present the first of a series of detective-mystery stories by

ARTHUR B. REEVE

These will deal with a brand new kind of detective; one whom Mr. Reeve expects to surpass even his clever *Craig Kennedy*.

THE RED BOOK IS SETTING THE
PACE IN THE MAGAZINE WORLD

The

Illustrated
by
R. F.
James



"At last!" he cried. "I was beginning to think you did not mean to keep your word."

Man and the Moment

A NEW NOVEL FROM THE PEN OF
THE BRILLIANT ENGLISHWOMAN

By ELINOR GLYN

Author of "The Visits of Elizabeth," "The Reason Why," etc.



MICHAEL ARRANSTOUN folded a letter, which he had read for the seventh time, and jumped up from his big leather chair. He was in the very devil of a temper! And with cause. For, while it is irritating to be confronted with the consequences of one's follies at any age, at twenty-four, when otherwise the whole

of life is smiling, it seems quite too hard.

"How the deuce can I keep from marrying her!" he exclaimed aloud; and then, kicking an innocent footstool across the room, he called his bulldog, put on his cap and stamped out onto the old stone balcony which opened from his apartment, and was soon stalking down the staircase and across the lawn to a little door in the great fortified wall, which led into the park.

Michael Arranstoun had selected this particular suite for himself when his father died ten years before and his mother was left to spoil him—until she too made her bow to the world when he was sixteen.

What a splendid inheritance he had come into! From his father, this old border castle up in the North—and not a mortgage on the entire property; from his mother, a number of gold sovereigns every year—obtained by trade, which was a little disgusting for the Arranstouns—but extremely useful.

The Arranstouns had been at Arranstoun since the time of those tiresome Picts and Scots; and for generations they had raided their neighbor's castles and lands, and carried off their cattle and wives and daughters and what not. They had seized anything they fancied, and were a strong, ruthless, brutal race, not much vitiated by civilization. These instincts of seizing what they wanted had gone on in them throughout eleven hundred years and more, and were there until this day, when Michael, the sole representative of this branch of the family, kicked that footstool across the room and almost into the grate.

He had scarcely left the room when from the wide arched doorway of his bed-chamber beyond, there entered Mr. Johnson, his superior valet, carrying some riding boots and a silk shirt over his arm.

Johnson had had time to glance over his master's correspondence that morning, when, with characteristic recklessness, that gentleman had left the letters on his bed while he went to his bath; so his servant knew the cause of his bad temper, and had been prudent and kept a good deal out of the way. But the news was so interesting, he felt Alexander Armstrong really ought to share the thrill. Alexander Armstrong was the old retainer who now enjoyed the position as guide to the Castle on the two days a week when tourists were allowed to walk through the state rooms and look at the splendid carvings and armor and pictures and the collection of plate.

"Mrs. Hatfield's husband is dying," announced Johnson, as Armstrong, very

diffidently, peeped through the window from the balcony, and then, seeing no one but his friend the valet, entered the room.

"We sha'n't have any tourists when she's installed here as mistress," Mr. Johnson added sepulchraly.

Armstrong was heard to murmur that he did not know what Mr. Johnson meant.

"Why, I told you straight off Mrs. Hatfield's husband is dying," Johnson exclaimed, contemptuously. "She wrote one of her mauve billy dous this morning, telling the master so, and suggesting they'd soon be able to be married and happy—pretty cold-blooded, I call it, considering the poor man is not yet in his grave!"

Armstrong was almost knocked over by this statement; then he laughed—and what he said meant in plain English that Mr. Johnson need not worry, for no Arranstoun had ever been known to be coerced into any course of conduct which he did not desire himself—not being hampered by consideration for women or by any consideration but his own will. For the matter of that, they were a head-strong race, all of them, and, as Mr. Johnson must be very well aware, their own particular master was a true chip of the old block.

"See his bonny blue eye, see his mouth shut like a game spring, see his strong arms and his height, see him smash the boughs off trees when they get in his way—and then tell me a woman's going to get dominion over him. Go along, Mr. Johnson!"

But Johnson remained unconvinced and troubled; he had had several unpleasant proofs of woman's infernal cunning in his own sphere of life.

"We'll ha' a bet about it if you like," Armstrong remarked, as he got up to go, the clock striking three. He knew the first batch of afternoon tourists would be clamoring at the gate.

Mr. Johnson looked at the riding boots in his hand.

"He went straight off for his ride without tasting a bite of breakfast or seeing Mr. Fordyce, and he didn't return to lunch, and just now I find every article of clothing strewn upon the floor;

when he came in and took another bath, he did not even ring for me—he must have galloped all the time; his temper would frighten a fighting cock."

Meanwhile, Michael Arranstoun, tramping his park with giant strides, suddenly came upon his friend and guest, Henry Fordyce, whose very presence in his house he had forgotten. Henry Fordyce was a leisurely creature, and had come out for a stroll on the exquisite June day.

They exchanged a few remarks, and gradually got back to Michael's sitting-room, and rang for drinks.

Mr. Fordyce had, by this time, become quite aware that an active volcano was going on in his friend, but waited for an indication of the cause.

"It is a shame to stay indoors on such a day," he said lazily.

"I never saw anyone enjoy a holiday as you do, Henry," Michael retorted, petulantly. "'Pon my soul, it is worth going into Parliament to get such an amount of pleasure out of a week's freedom. I wonder when you will be prime minister. Lord, what a grind!"

Mr. Fordyce stretched himself in his chair and lighted a cigar.

"It may be a grind," he said, meditatively, "but it is for some definite idea of good, even if I am a slave. Whereas you!—you are tied and bound to a woman—and such a woman! You have not been able to call your soul your own since last October as it is—and before you know where you are, you will be attending the husband's funeral and your own wedding in the same week!"

Michael bounded from his chair. "I'll be shot if I do!" he said. Then his voice grew a little uncertain, and he went on:

"It is worrying me awfully, though, Henry. If poor old Maurice does puff out—I suppose I ought to marry her. I—"

Mr. Fordyce stiffened, and the sleepy look left his gray eyes.

"Let us have a little plain speaking, Michael, old boy. It is not as if I did not know the whole circumstance of your affair with Violet Hatfield. I warned you about her in the beginning, when you met her at my sister Rose's, but as usual, you would take your own course—"

Michael began to speak, but checked himself—and Henry Fordyce went on:

"I have had a letter from Rose this morning. As you of course know, Violet is staying for this Whitsuntide with them, having dragged her wretched husband, dying as he is, to this merry party. Well, Rose says poor Maurice is in a terrible state, caught a fresh cold on Saturday—and she adds, 'So I suppose we shall soon see Violet installed at Arranstoun as mistress.'"

"I know—I heard from Violet herself this morning." And Michael put his head down dejectedly.

"Ebbsworth is only thirty-five miles from here," Mr. Fordyce announced with meaning. "Violet can pop in on you at any moment, and she'll clinch the matter and bind you with her cobwebs before you can escape."

"Oh, Lord!"

"You know you are dead sick of her, Michael—and you know that I am not the sort of man who would ever speak of a woman thus without grave reason; but she does not care for you any more than the half a dozen others who occupied your proud position before your day—it is only for money and the glory of having you tied to her apron strings. It was not any good hammering on it while the passion was upon you; but I have watched you, and have seen that it is waning, so now's my time. With this danger in front of you, you have got to pull yourself together, old boy, and cut and run."

"That would be no use—" Then Michael stammered a little. "I say, Henry, I won't hear a word against her. You can thunder at me—but leave her out."

Mr. Fordyce smiled.

"Did she express deep grief at poor Maurice's condition in her letter?" he asked.

"Er—no—not exactly—"

"I thought not—she probably suggested all sorts of joys with you when she is free!"

There was an ominous silence.

Mr. Fordyce's voice now took on that crisp tone which his adversaries in the House of Commons so well knew meant that they must look to their guns.

"Delightful woman! A spider, I tell

you; a roaring hypocrite, too, bamboozling poor Rose into thinking her a virtuous, persecuted little darling, with a noble passion for you—and my sister is a downright person not easily fooled. At this moment, Violet is probably shedding tears on her shoulder over poor Maurice, while she is plotting how soon she can become mistress of Arranstoun. Good God, when I think of it—I would rather get in a girl from the village and go through the ceremony with her, and make myself safe, than have the prospect of Violet Hatfield as a wife. I tell you seriously, Michael, you won't have the ghost of a chance if you are still unmarried when poor Maurice dies!"

Michael bounded from his chair once more. He was perfectly furious—furious with the situation—furious with the woman—furious with himself.

"Confound it, Henry! I know it; but it does not mend matters, your ranting there—and I am so sorry for the poor chap—Maurice, I mean—a very decent fellow, poor Maurice. Can't you suggest any way out?"

Mr. Fordyce mused a moment, while he deliberately puffed smoke.

"You were always too much occupied with women, Michael—from your first scrape when you left Eton—and over this affair you have been a complete fool. You have been inconsistent, too, because you did not even employ your usual ruthless methods of doing what you pleased with them. You have simply drifted into allowing this creature's cobwebs to cling to your whole existence until you are almost paralyzed, and it seems to me that an immediate marriage with some one else is your only way of escape."

"Such a waste of your life! Just analyze the position. You have everything in the world, this glorious place—an old name—money—prestige. She will drag you to the lowest depths—"

Then he laughed. "And only think of that voice in one's ears all day long! I would rather marry old Bessie at the South Lodge. She is eighty-four, she tells me, and would soon leave you a widower."

The first ray of hope shot into Michael's bright blue eyes—and he exclaimed with a kind of joy, as he seized

Binko, his bulldog, by his fat, engaging throat:

"Bessie! Old Bessie! By Jove, what an idea! The very thing. She'd do it for me like a shot, dear old body!"

Binko gurgled in sympathy.

"She would be kind to you, too, Binko. She would not say she found your hairs on every chair, and that you dribbled on her dress. She would not tell your master that he left his cigarette-ash about, and she hated the smell of smoke. She would not want this room for her boudoir, she—"

"This heartlessness about poor Maurice has finished you, eh?" Mr. Fordyce suggested. He felt he might be gaining his end.

Michael covered his face with his hands.

"It seems so ghastly to think of marriage with the poor chap not yet dead—I am fairly knocked over—it really is the last straw; but she will cry and make a scene—and she certainly has arguments—and it will make one feel such a cad to leave her."

"She wrote that, did she? Wrote of marriage and her husband's last attack of hemorrhage in the same paragraph, I suppose. Michael, it is revolting....you don't see things in their proper proportion."

Michael leaned back in his chair; he was quieter for a moment.

"I only see what I want to see. Henry—and I am a savage—I cannot help it—we have always been so. When I fancy a woman, I must obtain her; when I want a horse, I must have it. It is always *must*—and we have not done so badly. We still possess our shoulders and chins and strength after eleven hundred years of it!" And he stretched out a splendid arm, with a force which could have felled an ox.

Undoubtedly a fine specimen of British manhood he looked, sitting there in the June sunlight, which came in a shaft from the south mullioned window in the corner beyond the great fireplace. The space between was occupied by a large picture of uncertain date, depicting the landing of Mary, Queen of Scots, in her northern kingdom.

His eyes roamed to this.

"One of my ancestors was among that party," he said, pointing to a figure. "He had just killed a Morton and stolen his wife; that is why he looks so perky—the fellow in the blue doublet."

Mr. Fordyce rose from his chair and fired his last shot.

"And now a female spider is going to paralyze the last Arranstoun, and rule him for the rest of his days, sapping his vitality."

But Michael protested.

"By heaven, no!"

"Well, I'll leave you to think about it. I am going for another stroll on this lovely day." He had got to the window by this time, which looked into the courtyard on the opposite side to the balcony. "Goodness! what a party of tourists! It is a bore for you to have them all over the place like this. To own a castle with state rooms to be shown to the public has its disadvantages."

Michael looked at them too: a large party of Americans. He had seen hundreds of such, and turned away indifferently.

"They only come here twice a week, and it has been allowed for such ages—they are generally quiet, and fortunately their perambulations close at the end of the gallery. They don't intrude on my own suite. They get to the chapel by the outside door."

Henry crossed the room and went on to the balcony.

"Mrs. Hatfield will alter all that," he laughed, as he disappeared from view.

Michael flashed a rageful glance at his back, and then flung himself into his great armchair again, and pulled the wrinkled mass which called itself a prize bulldog, onto his lap.

"I believe he's right and we are caught, Binko. If we fled to the Rocky Mountains, she would track us. If we stay and face it, she'll make an almighty scandal and force us to marry her. Unless we send for old Bessie. Yes, that's the only way!" He plopped the dog on the floor, and stalked towards the fireplace to ring the bell, exclaiming again, "Yes, it's the only way!"

But before he could reach his goal, the picture of Mary Queen of Scots' landing swung abruptly forward, and through

the aperture of a secret door which it concealed, there tumbled a very young and pretty girl right into the room.

Chapter II



R. ARRANSTOUN was extremely startled and annoyed, too, and before he had taken in the situation, he had exclaimed, while Binko gave an ominous growl of displeasure:

"Confound it! Who is that? These are private rooms!" Then, seeing the intruder was a girl,

he said in another voice: "Quiet, Binko—" and the dog retired to his own basket under a distant table. "Oh, I beg your pardon—but—"

The creature on the floor blinked at Michael with large, round violet eyes, but did not move, while she answered aggrievedly—with a very faint accent, whether a little French or a little American, or a little of both, he was not sure, only that it had something attractive about it.

"You may well say 'but!' I did not mean to intrude upon your private room—but I had to run away from Mr. Greenbank—he was so horrid,"—she gasped a little for breath,— "and I happened to see something like a door ajar in the Gainsborough room, so I fled through it, and it fastened after me with a snap. I could not open it again—and it was pitch dark in that dreadful passage and not a scrap of air—I felt suffocated, and I pushed on anywhere—and something gave way and I fell in here—that's all."

She rattled this out without a stop, and then stared at Michael with her big, childish eyes, but did not attempt to rise from the floor.

He walked towards her and held out his hand, and with ceremonious and ironical politeness, he began:

"May I not help you—I could offer you a chair—"

She interrupted him while she struggled up, refusing his proffered hand.

"I've knocked myself against your nasty table—why do you have it in that place?"

Michael sat down upon the edge of it, and went on in his ironical tone:

"Had I known I was to have the honor of this visit, I should certainly have had it moved."

"There is no use being sarcastic," the girl said, almost crying now. "It hurts very much, and—and—I want to go home."

Mr. Arranstoun pushed a comfortable monster seat towards her, and said more sympathetically, "I am very sorry—but where is home?"

The girl sank into the chair, and smoothed out her pink cotton frock; the skimpy skirt (not so narrow as in these days, but still short and spare) showed a perfect pair of feet and ankles.

"She's American, of course, then," Michael said to himself, observing these, "and quite pretty if that smudge of grime was off her face."

She was looking at him now with her large, innocent eyes, which contained no shadow of *gêne* over the unusual situation; then she answered quite simply:

"I haven't a home, you know. I'm just staying at the Inn with Uncle Mortimer and Aunt Jemima and—and—Mr. Greenbank—and we are tourists, I suppose, and were looking at the pictures—when—when I had to run away."

Michael felt a little piqued with curiosity; she was a diversion after the perplexing, irritating meditations which had been his companions.

"It would be so interesting to hear why you ran away—the whole story?" he suggested.

The girl turned her head and looked out of the window, showing a dear little baby profile, and masses of light brown hair rolled up anyhow at the back. She did not look older than seventeen, and was peculiarly childish and slender for that.

"But I should have to tell you from the beginning, and it is so long—and you are a stranger."

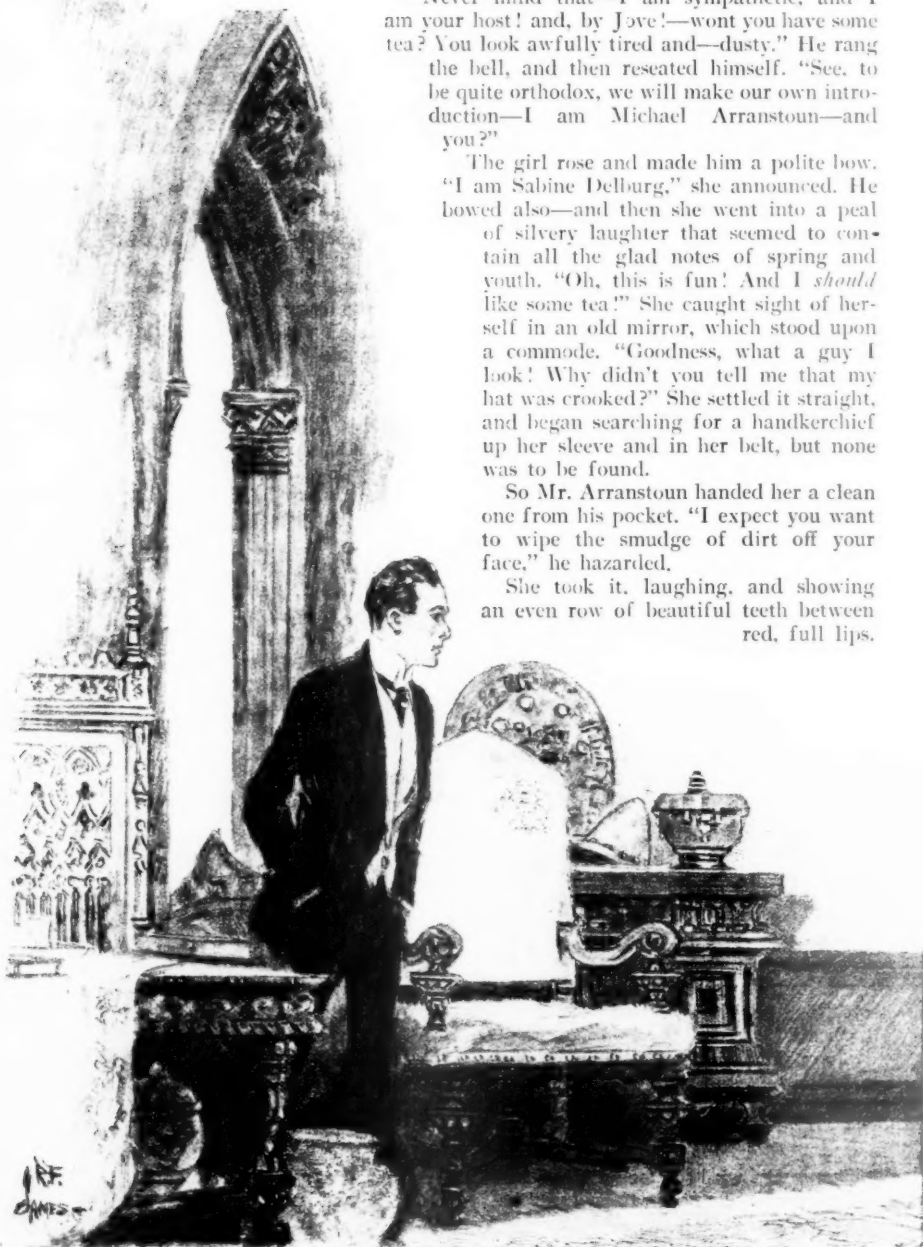
Michael drew another chair nearer to her, and sat down, while his manner took on a note of grave, elderly concern, which rather belied the twinkle of mischief in his eyes.

"Never mind that—I am sympathetic, and I am your host! and, by Jove!—wont you have some tea? You look awfully tired and—dusty." He rang the bell, and then reseated himself. "See, to be quite orthodox, we will make our own introduction—I am Michael Arranstoun—and you?"

The girl rose and made him a polite bow. "I am Sabine Delburg," she announced. He bowed also—and then she went into a peal of silvery laughter that seemed to contain all the glad notes of spring and youth. "Oh, this is fun! And I *should* like some tea!" She caught sight of herself in an old mirror, which stood upon a commode. "Goodness, what a guy I look! Why didn't you tell me that my hat was crooked?" She settled it straight, and began searching for a handkerchief up her sleeve and in her belt, but none was to be found.

So Mr. Arranstoun handed her a clean one from his pocket. "I expect you want to wipe the smudge of dirt off your face," he hazarded.

She took it, laughing, and showing an even row of beautiful teeth between red, full lips.



The picture of Mary Queen of Scots' landing swung forward, and through the aperture

"You are the owner of this castle," she went on, as she gave firm rubs at the velvet pink cheeks. "That must be nice. You can do what you like, I suppose." And here a sigh of regret escaped and made her voice lower.

"I wish I *could*," Mr. Arranstoun answered feelingly.

"Well, if I were a *man*, I would!"

"What would you do?"

She turned and faced him, while she said, with extreme solemnity:

"I should never marry Mr. Greenbank."

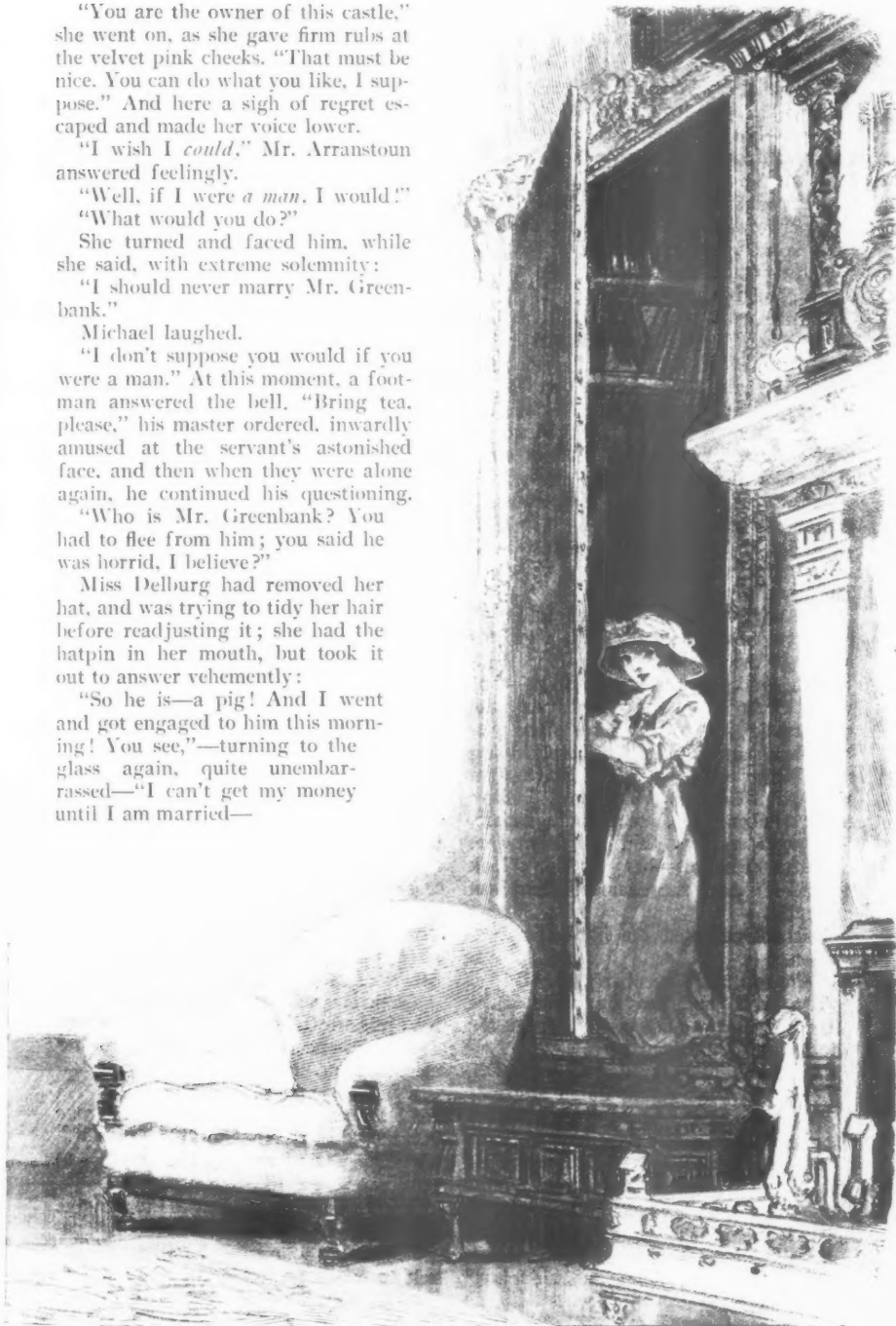
Michael laughed.

"I don't suppose you would if you were a man." At this moment, a footman answered the bell, "Bring tea, please," his master ordered, inwardly amused at the servant's astonished face, and then when they were alone again, he continued his questioning.

"Who is Mr. Greenbank? You had to flee from him; you said he was horrid, I believe?"

Miss Delburg had removed her hat, and was trying to tidy her hair before readjusting it; she had the hatpin in her mouth, but took it out to answer vehemently:

"So he is—a pig! And I went and got engaged to him this morning! You see,"—turning to the glass again, quite unembarrassed—"I can't get my money until I am married—"



of a secret door there tumbled a very young and pretty girl right into the room.

and Uncle is so disagreeable, and Aunt Jemima nags all day long, and it was left in Papa's will that I was to live with them until I am twenty-one. Then I am to have my money and be my own mistress—but I can get the money directly if I marry—I was seventeen in May, and of course no one could stand it till twenty-one! Mr. Greenbank is the only person who has asked me, and Aunt Jemima says no one else ever will! I have been out of the convent for a whole month, and I can't bear it."

Michael was beginning really to enjoy himself. She was something so fresh, so entirely different from anything he had ever seen in his life before. There was nothing of shyness or awkwardness in her manner, as any English girl would have shown. She was absolutely at ease, with a childish, confiding innocence which he saw plainly was real, and not put on for his benefit.

"What a hard fate!" he answered. "But you have not told me yet why you ran away."

The girl had finished her toilet by now, and reseated herself with a grown-up air in the big armchair.

"Oh, well, he was just—horrid—that was all." And then, abruptly turning the conversation: "It is a nice place you have here, and it does feel lovely doing something wrong like this— Having tea with you, I mean. You know, I have never spoken to a young man before. The nuns always told us they were dreadful creatures—but you don't look so bad—" And she examined her host critically.

Michael accepted the implied appreciation.

"What is Mr. Greenbank, then?"

The silver laugh rang out again, while she jumped up and peeped from the window into the courtyard.

"Samuel? He's only a thing! Oh, Uncle and Aunt would be so angry if they could see me here! And I expect they are all in a fine pass now to know what has happened to me. They never saw me go through the door, and I hope they think that I've committed suicide out of one of the windows. Look!"—and she danced excitedly—"there is Uncle talking to the commissioner!"

Mr. Arranstoun peeped, too—and saw a spare, elderly American of grim appearance in anxious confab with Alexander Armstrong.

The whole situation struck him as delightful, and he laughed gaily, while he suggested: "You are, perhaps, rather a difficult charge?"

Miss Delburg resented this at once.

"What an idea! How would you like to marry Mr. Greenbank, or stay with Aunt Jemima for four years?"

"Well, you see, I can't contemplate it, as I am not a girl!"

Again the violet eyes were suffused with laughter.

"Of course not. How silly I am—but I mean, how would you care to be forced to do something you did not like?"

Michael thought of his own fate.

"By Jove! I should hate it!"

"Well, then, you can understand."

The door opened, and the butler and the footman brought in the tea, eyeing their master's guest furtively, while they maintained that superbly aloof manner of well-bred English servants. The pause their entrance caused gave Mr. Arranstoun time to think, and an idea gradually began to unfold itself in his brain—and unconsciously he took out, and then replaced in his breast pocket, a mauve, closely-written letter, while a frown of deep cogitation crept over his face.

Miss Delburg, for her part, was only thrilled with the sight of the very agreeable tea, and after waiting a moment to see what her preoccupied host would do when the servants left the room, hunger forced her to fall to the temptation of a particularly appetizing chocolate cake.

Michael was paying no attention to her; he had walked rapidly up and down the room once or twice, much to her astonishment.

At last he spoke.

"I have an idea—but first let me give you some tea— No—do help yourself." Then he paused awkwardly, and she at once proceeded to fill her cup.

Binko had condescended to emerge from his basket under the table. Tea-time was an hour when he allowed himself to take an interest in human beings.

"Oh, you darling!" the girl cried, putting down her cup. "You fat, lovely, wrinkly darling!"

"He is a nice dog," his master admitted; his voice was actually nervous—and he pulled Binko to him by his solid, fleshy paws, while he sat down in his chair again.

Miss Delburg had got back into her seat, while she munched a cake and continued her tea.

"Mayn't I pour you out some, too?" she asked, getting forward again. "I do love to pour out—and do you take sugar? I like lumps and lumps of it."

"Oh—er—yes," Michael agreed absently, and then he went on with a determined air. "I hardly know how to say what I am thinking of—it sounds so strange. Listen: I also must marry some one—anyone—to avert a fate I don't want. What do you say to marrying me?"

The teapot came down into the tray with a bump, while the round, childish eyes grew like saucers with astonishment.

"Oh!"

"I dare say it does surprise you—" Then Michael hastened to add: "I mean, we should only go through the ceremony, of course, and you could get your money and I my freedom."

The girl clasped her hands round her knees.

"And I should never have to see you again?" in a glad voice of comprehension.

Michael leaned forward nearer to her.

"Well—no—never, unless you wished."

"It is a perfectly splendid suggestion," she announced. "We could just oblige one another in this way, and need never see or speak to each other again. What made it come into your head? Do you really think we could do that? Oh! How rude of me; I've forgotten to pour out your tea!"

"Never mind; talking about—our marriage is more interesting." And Mr. Arranstoun's blue eyes filled with mischievous appreciation of the situation.

She finished her tea, then handed Michael the cup and drew herself back once more into the depth of the giant chair.

"I can't behave nicely in this great

creature," she said, patting the fat cushioned arms, "and the Mother Superior would be horribly shocked, but don't let's mind—Now, do tell me something about this plan—You see,"—gravely—"I really don't know the world very well yet—I have always been at the convent near Tours until a month ago—even in the holidays, since I was seven—and the Sisters never told me anything about outside, except that it was a place of pitfalls and that men were dreadful creatures. I was very happy there, except I wanted to get out all the time; and when I did and found Uncle and Aunt more tiresome than the Sisters—there seemed no help for it—only Mr. Greenbank. So I accepted him this morning. But,"—and this awful thought caused her whole countenance to change—"now I come to think of it, the usual getting married means you would have to stay with the man—wouldn't you? And he wants—he wants to kiss. I mean,"—hurriedly—"you would be lovely to marry, because I would never have to see you again!"

Michael Arranstoun put his head back and laughed; she was perfectly delicious.

"Er—of course not," he agreed. "Well, I could get a special license, if you could tell me exactly how you stand, and your whole name and your parents' names, and everything, and we could get their consent—but I conclude your father, at least, is no longer alive."

Miss Delburg had a very grown-up air now.

"My parents are both dead," she told him. "Papa three years ago, and Mamma for ages, and I never saw them much anyhow. They were always traveling about, and Mamma was a Frenchwoman and a Catholic. Her family did not speak to her because she married a Protestant and an American. And the worry it was for me being brought up in a convent! Because Papa would have me a Protestant, so I believe I have got a little religion of my own that is not like either."

"Yes?"

She continued her narrative in the intervals of the joy of munching another cake.

"Papa was very rich, and it's all mine. Only it appears he did not approve of the freedom of American women—and so he tied it up so that I can't get it until I am an old maid of twenty-one—or get married. Isn't it disgusting?"

Michael's thoughts were now concentrating upon the vital points.

"But haven't you a guardian or something?"

"Not exactly. Only an old lawyer person who is now in London. I have seen Papa's will, and I know I can marry when and whom I like if I get his consent—and he would give it in a minute; he is sick of me!"

"How fortunate!" Then restlessness seized him again, and he got up, gulped down his tea, and began his pacing.

"I do think it would be a good plan, and we must do it if we can get this person's leave. Yes, and do it quickly before we change our minds, or something interferes. Everyone would think we were perfectly mad, but as it suits us both, that is no one's business. Only—you are rather young—and—er—I don't know Greenbank. You are sure he's horrid?"

The girl clasped her hands together with force.

"Sure? I should think so! He wears glasses, and has nasty, scabbly bits of fur on his face, which he thinks is a beard, and he is pompous and he talks like this." And she imitated a precise Boston voice: "'My dear Sabine—have you considered—' And he is lanky—and oh! I detest him!"

Michael sat on the edge of the table and looked at her long and deeply. He took in the childish picture she made in the big chair. He had no definite appreciation then of her charm; his mind was too fixed upon what seemed a prospect of certain escape from Violet Hatfield and her cunning thirty years of experience. This young thing could not interfere with him, and divorces in Scotland were not impossible things—they would both gain what they wanted for the time, and it was a fair bargain. So he said, after a moment:

"I will go up to London to-morrow, and if it is as you say, that you are free to marry whom and when you will, I

will try to get this old lawyer's consent and a special license. But how about your uncle? Has he not any legal right over you?"

Miss Delburg laughed contentedly.

"Not in the least—only that I have to live with him until I am married. Mr. Parsons—that's the lawyer's name—hates him and he hates Mr. Parsons. So I know Mr. Parsons will be delighted to spite him by giving his consent, if you just say Uncle Mortimer is trying to force me into a marriage against my will with his nephew—Samuel Greenbank is his nephew, you know—no relation to me; Aunt Jemima was Papa's sister."

All this seemed quite convincing. Michael felt relieved.

"I see," he said, "Well, it appears simple enough. I believe I could be back by Thursday, and I could have my chaplain and a friend of mine, and we could get the affair over in the chapel—and then you can go back to the Inn with your certificate—and I can go to Paris—free!" And his thoughts added, "And even if poor Maurice does die soon, I need fear nothing."

Now that their two fates seemed settled, Miss Delburg got out of the chair and stood up in a dignified way; her soft cheeks were the color of a glowing pink rose, and her violet eyes shone with fun and excitement.

Not a doubt as to the future clouded her thoughts; it was all a glorious piece of fun, and of all the daring tricks she had perpetrated at the convent to get chocolates, or climb a tree, or have a midnight orgy of cake and sirup, none had been so exciting as this—to go through the ceremony of marriage and be free for life!

Her education had been of the most elementary, and the whole aim of those placed over her had been to keep her as innocent and ignorant as a child of ten. Not a single problem of life had ever presented itself to her naturally intelligent mind. She had read no books, conversed with no grown-up people, played with no one but her companions, three American girls and a few French ones, and the simple nuns. And since her emancipation, she had wandered in the



"Papa was very rich, and it's all mine. Only it appears he did not approve of the freedom of American women—so he tied it up so that I can't get it till I'm an old maid of twenty-one—or I get married."

Lake country with her uncle and aunt and Samuel Greenbank, and so had come to Arranstoun like any other tourist to see the famous castle still inhabited after eleven hundred years.

"Nothing could be better," she was exclaiming. "I always did like doing mad things. It will be the greatest fun! Think of their faces when I prance in and say I am married! Then I will snap my fingers at them and go off and see the world."

Michael knelt upon a low old *prie dieu* which was near, and looked into her face—while he asked, whimsically:

"I do wonder where you will begin."

Miss Delburg now sat upon the edge of the table; this was a grave question and must be answered at leisure, though without indecision.

"Oh, I know," she announced. "There was my great friend, Moravia Cloud-water, at the convent. She was older than I, and went to Paris with her father and married an Italian prince last year. I have heard from her since, and she has often wanted me to go and stay with her in Rome—and I shall now. Morri and I are the dearest friends—and her things did look lovely the day she came to see us at Tours—with the prince's coronet on them." And then the first shadow came to her contentment. "That is the only pity about you—even with a castle, you haven't a coronet, I suppose?"—regretfully. "I should have liked one on my handkerchiefs and note-paper."

Michael felt his shortcomings.

"The title was taken away when we followed Prince Charlie, and we only got back the lands by the skin of our teeth after an awful business. So I am afraid I cannot do that for you—but perhaps,"—consoling—"you will have better luck next time."

This brought some comfort.

"Why, of course! We can get a divorce—as soon as we want. Moravia had an aunt, who simply went to Reno and got one at once and married some one else. So it's not the least trouble. Oh, I am glad you have thought of this plan. It is clever of you!"

Mr. Arranstoun felt that he was becoming rather too interested in his fiancée, and time was passing. Her fam-

ily might discover where she was—or Henry might return; he must clinch matters finally.

"I think we must come to business details now," he said. "Had you not better write a letter to Mr. Parsons that I could take, stating your wishes; and will you also write down upon another piece of paper all the details of your name, age—and so forth?"

He showed her his writing-table and gave her paper and pens to choose from.

She sat down gravely, and put her hands to her head as one thinking hard. Then she began to write rapidly—while Mr. Arranstoun watched her from the hearth-rug.

Evidently she wrote out the required statistics first, and then began her letter. And at last she turned a rogue's face with a perplexed frown on it, while she bit her pen.

"How do you spell *indigenous*, please?"

He started forward.

"*Indigenous*? What a grand word! —*I-n-d-i-g-e-n-o-u-s*."

"One has to be grand when writing business letters," she told him, condescendingly, and then finished her missive.

"There! That will do. Now listen!"

She got up and stood with the sheet in her hand, and read off the remarkable document without worrying much about stops or commas.

"Dear Mr. Parsons: Papa said I could marry whom I wanted to provided he was decent, so please give your written consent to the *grand seigneur* who brings this. His name is Arranstoun, and he is indigenous to this Castle, and really an aristocrat whom Papa and Mama would have approved of, although he unfortunately has no title—"

"I had to put in that, you see,"—and she looked up explainingly—"because it sounds so ordinary if he'd never heard of Arranstoun—we wouldn't have, only Uncle Mortimer was looking out for old ruins to visit—well!" And she continued her recital, while Michael lowered his head to hide the smile in his eyes:

"We wish to get married on Thurs-

day, so please be quick about the consent, as Uncle Mortimer wants me to marry his nephew Samuel Greenbank, whom I hate. Agree, sir, to the expression of my sentiments the most distinguished.—SABINE DELBURG.

"P. S. I will want all my money—fifty thousand dollars a year I believe it is—on Friday morning."

Then she looked up with pride.

"Don't you think that will do?"

"Admirably," he assured her, with what solemnity he could. "And now, when can you come on Thursday? My train gets in about six."

"Thursday?" And she contracted her dark eyebrows. "Let me see: Yes, we are staying until Saturday to see the remains of Elbank Monastery—but I don't know how I can slip away, unless—only it would be so late. I could say I had a headache and go to bed early without dinner, and get here about eight while they were having theirs. It is still quite light—I often had to pretend things at the convent to get a moment's peace."

Michael reflected.

"Better not chance eight—as you say, it is quite light then and they might see you. Slip out of the hotel at nine. The park gate is, as you know, right across the road. I will wait for you inside, and we can walk here in a few minutes, and come up these balcony steps, and the chapel is down that passage, through this door—see."

He opened the door, and she followed him, talking as she walked.

"Nine? Oh, that is late. But here in the north it is so funny; it is light at nine too! Perhaps it would be safest." Then, peering down the vaulted passage and drawing back: "It is a gloomy place to get married in!"

"You won't say so when you see the chapel itself," he reassured her. "It is rather a beautiful place. Whenever any of my ancestors committed a particularly atrocious raid, and wanted to be absolved for their sins, they put in a window or a painting or carving. The family was Catholic until my grandfather's time, and then High Church, so the glories have remained untouched."

Sabine kept close to him as they walked, as a child afraid of the dark

would have done; and then she exclaimed in a voice of awe and admiration, when he opened the nail-studded, iron-bound door at the end.

"Oh! how divine!"

And it was indeed. A gem of the finest period of early Gothic architecture, adorned with all trophies which love, fear and contrition could compel from the art of the ages. Glorious colored lights swept down in shafts from matchless stained glass; the high altar was a blaze of richness, and beautiful paintings and tapestries covered the walls.

"Why is that one little window plain?" Sabine asked.

Then Michael answered:

"It is left for me—I, who am the last of them, to put up some expiatory offering, I expect. Rapine and violence are in the blood." And then he laughed lightly, and led her back through the gloom to his sitting-room.

He did not seek to detain his guest and promised bride—but, with great courtesy, he showed her the way down the stairs to the lawn, and so through the postern into the park, and he watched her slender form trip off towards the gate which was opposite the Inn, her last words ringing in his ears:

"No, I shall not fail—I will leave the Crown at nine o'clock exactly on Thursday."

Then turning, he retraced his steps to his sitting-room, and there found Henry Fordyce returned.

CHAPTER III



ELL, old boy!" Mr. Fordyce greeted him. "You should have been with me and had a good round of golf—but perhaps, though, you have made up your mind!"

Michael flung himself into his great chair.

"Yes—I have—and I have got a fiancée."

Mr. Fordyce was not disturbed.

"You don't seem very interested," his host ejaculated, rather aggrievedly.

"Tommyrot!"

"I tell you, it is true. I have got a fiancée."

"My dear fellow, you are mad!"

"I assure you I am quite sane. I have found a way out of the difficulty—an angel dropped from the clouds came to save me from Violet Hatfield."

Michael looked as if he were talking seriously. Henry Fordyce was startled.

"But where did she come from? What the— Oh! I have no patience with you; you are playing some comedy upon me!"

"Henry, I give you my word I'm not. I am going to marry a most presentable young person at nine o'clock on Thursday night in the chapel here—and you are going to stay and be best man."

Then his excitement began to rise again, and he got up from his chair and paced up and down restlessly. "It is the very thing. She wants her money and I want my freedom. She gets hers by marriage, and I get mine. I don't care a rush for domestic bliss; it has never appealed to me; and the fellow in Australia who'll come after me has got a boy who will do all right, no doubt, for the old place by and by. I shall be happy and free for the first time for a whole year!"

Mr. Fordyce let his cigar go out.

"But where did she come from?" he asked blandly, as one speaks to a harmless imbecile. "I leave you here in an abject state of despair, ready almost to decide upon marrying old Bessie, and I return in an hour and you inform me everything is settled, and you are the fiancé of another lady. You know, you surprise me, Michael—'Pon my word, you do."

Michael laughed.

"Yes, it is quite true. Well, just as I was going to ring and send James for Bessie to talk it over with her, there was no end of a smash—as you see—and a girl—a tourist—fell through the secret door. I haven't opened it for five years. She was running away from a horrid fellow she was engaged to, it seems, and fled into the passage, and the door shut after her and she could not get out, so she pushed on in here."

"It adds dramatic color to the story, the girl being engaged to some one else—pray go on."

"All right!" Michael exclaimed. "You need not believe me if you don't like. I don't care, since I have done what I wanted to. Bar chaff, Henry, I am telling you the truth. The girl appears to be a young woman of decision. She explained at once her circumstances, and it struck us both that to go through the ceremony of marriage would smooth all our difficulties. We can easily get the bond annulled later on."

Henry Fordyce put down his cigar again.

"I am off to town to-night. You won't mind, will you?" Michael went on. "Just to see if everything is all right, and to get her guardian's consent and a special license, and I shall be back by the six train on Thursday in time to get the ceremony over that night; and then by the early morning express, if you'll wait till then, we'll go south together, and so for Paris and freedom!"

Henry actually rose from his chair.

"And the bride?" he asked.

Michael laughed. "Oh, she may go to the moon, for all I care; she leaves directly after the ceremony with her certificate of marriage, which she means to brandish in the face of her relations, who are staying at the Inn, and so exit out of my life! It is only an affair of expediency and—"

"It is the affair of a madman," Mr. Fordyce interrupted. "Bessie would have been much more suitable—a plain pretext; but you have no idea what complications you may be storing up for yourself in marrying a young girl. What is the sense in it?" he continued, a little excited now. "The younger and prettier she is, the more unsuitable to be used merely as a tool in your game. Confound it, Michael!"

"And her game, too," his host reminded him. His eyes were flashing, and that expression which all his underlings knew meant he intended to have his own will at any cost, grew upon his face.

"You forget that in Scotland divorce is not an impossibility and—I am going to do it, Henry. Now, I had better write to old Fergusson, my chaplain, and tell

him to be in readiness, and I suppose I ought to see my lawyers in Edinburgh, although, as there are no settlements and it is just between ourselves, perhaps it does not matter about them."

"How old is the girl?" Mr. Fordyce felt it prudent to ask. "It is a pretty serious thing you contemplate."

"Oh, rot! She is seventeen, I believe—and for that sort of a marriage and mere business arrangement, her age is of no consequence."

"Is it quite fair to her?"

A gleam of blue fire came into Michael's eyes, and his chiseled, handsome mouth shut like a vise.

"Of course, it is quite fair. She wishes to be free as much as I do. So I mean to marry the girl on Thursday night—and you can quite well put off going south until Friday morning, and see me through it."

Mr. Fordyce prepared to go towards the door, and when there, said, in a voice of ice:

"I shall do no such thing. I cannot prevent your doing this, I suppose—taking advantage of a young girl for your own ends, it seems to me—so I shall go now."

Michael's temper began to blaze with this, his oldest friend.

"As you please," he flashed. "But it is perfect rot, all this high palaver. The girl gains by it as well as I. I am not taking the least advantage of her. I shall have to get her guardian's consent, and I suppose he'll know what he is up to. I have never taken anyone's advice, and I am not going to begin now, old boy—so we had better say good-by if you wont stop."

He came over to the door, and then he smiled his radiant, irresistible smile, so like a mischievous, jolly boy's.

"Give me joy, Henry, old friend," he said, and held out his hand.

But Henry Fordyce looked as grave as a judge, as he took it.

"I can't do that, Michael. I am very angry with you. I have known you ever since you were born, and we have been real pals, although I am so much older than you—but I'm damned if I'll stay and see you through this folly. Good-by." And without a word further, he

went out of the room, closing the door softly behind him.

Michael gave a sort of whoop to Binko, who sprang at him in love and excitement, while he cried:

"Very well! Get along, old saint!"

Then he rang the bell, and to the footman who answered, he handed the note he had written to be taken to Mr. Fergusson, and sent orders for Johnson to pack for two nights, and for his motor to be ready to catch the 10:40 express for London town. Then he seized his cap and, calling Binko, he went off to play a vigorous round of golf. When he got back to the castle again he was informed that Mr. Fordyce had left in his own motor for Edinburgh.

CHAPTER IV



N opalescence of soft light and peace and beauty was over the park of Arranstoun on this June night of its master's wedding, and he walked among the giant trees to the South Lodge gate.

All had gone well in London. Mr. Parsons had raised no objection, being indeed greatly flattered at the proposed alliance—for who had not heard

of the famous border castle of Arranstoun and envied its possessor?

They had talked a long time.

"Tie up the whole of Miss Delburg's money entirely upon herself," Mr. Arranstoun had said, "—if it is not already done; then we need not bother about settlements. I understand that she is well provided for."

"And how about your future children?" Mr. Parsons asked.

Michael stiffened suddenly.

"Oh—er—they will naturally have all I possess," he returned quickly.

And now as he neared the lodge gate, and nine o'clock struck, a suppressed



She motored over from Ebbsworth and left him a letter of surprised displeasure at his unannounced absence.

excitement was in his veins. For no matter how eventful your life may be, or how accustomed you are to chances and vivid amusements, to be facing a marriage ceremony with a practically unknown young woman has aspects of originality in it calculated to set the pulses in motion.

He had almost forgotten that side of the affair which meant freedom and safety for him from the claws of the spider—although he had learned upon his return home from London that she had, as Henry Fordyce had predicted that she might, "popped in upon him," having motored over from Elbsworth, and had left him a letter of surprised, intense displeasure at his unannounced absence.

When five minutes had passed, and there was as yet no sign of his promised bride crossing the road from the Inn, Mr. Arranstoun began to experience an unpleasant impatience. The quarter chimed—his temper rose—had she been playing a trick upon him and never intended at any time to come?

Then he saw a little figure wrapped in a gray dust cloak much too big for it advancing cautiously to the gate in the twilight, and he bounded forward to meet her.

"At last," he cried, when they were safely inside and had gone a few paces along the avenue. "I was beginning to think you did not mean to keep your word. I am glad you have come."

"Why, of course I meant to keep my word. I never break it," said Sabine, astonished. "But I had an awful business to get away. I have never been so excited in my life! Their train was late—they did not get in until half-past eight, and I daren't be all dressed, but had to pretend to be in bed covered up, with still the awful headache when Aunt Jemima bounced in." Then she laughed joyously at the recollection of her escape. "The moment she had gone off to her supper, tucking me up for the night, I jumped up and got on my dress and hat and her dust cloak; and then I had to watch my moment, creep down those funny little stairs, and out of the side door—and so across here. You know it was far harder to manage than the last

feast Moravia Cloudwater and I gave to the girls the night before she went to Paris! Isn't it fun?"

"Yes," said Michael, and looked down into her face.

She was extremely pretty, he thought, in the soft dusk of this northern evening.

"I needn't keep this old cloak on now, need I?" she asked.

He helped her off with it and carried it for her. She looked prettier still, now: the slender lines of her childish figure were so exquisite in their promise of beautiful womanhood later on, and the Sunday frock of white foulard was most sweet.

"This is my best frock!" she laughed, "because even though it is only a business arrangement, one couldn't get married in an old blouse, could one?"

"Of course not!" And he strode nearer to her. "I am in evening dress, you see—just like a French bridegroom for those wedding parties in the Bois. So we are both festive—but here we are at the postern door."

He opened it with his key and they stole across the short lawn and up the balcony steps like two stealthy marauders. Then he turned and held out his hand to her in the blaze of electric light.

"Welcome! It is good of you to have come!"

She shook hands frankly—it seemed the right thing to do, she felt, since they were going to oblige one another and both gain their desires. Then it struck her for the first time that he was a very handsome young man—quite the *Prince Charming* of girls' dreams. A thousand times finer than Moravia's Italian prince with whom, for her part, she had been horribly disappointed. Only it was too silly to consider this one in that light, since he wasn't really going to be hers—only a means to an end. She had been planning what she would do. She would get back to the Inn not later than ten, and creep quietly up to her room through that side door. Then at six in the morning she would creep out again and go to the station; there was a train which left for Edinburgh at half-past—and there she would get a fast express to London later on, after a good breakfast; and once in London a cab would

take her to Mr. Parsons'—and after that—money and freedom!

She had planned it all. She would leave a letter for her uncle and aunt saying she was married and had gone and they need not trouble themselves any more about her. Mr. Parsons would tell her where to stay and help her to get a good maid like Moravia had, and then she would go to Paris just as Moravia had done, and buy all sorts of lovely clothes. It was all a glorious picture—and but for this kind young man it could never have been hers!

A strange sense of intoxication rose to Michael's brain, when, after a trip to the chapel, he returned to his sitting-room and found his bride-to-be arranging her hat at the old mirror.

"Wont you take it off?" he suggested. "And see, I have got you some flowers. There are no orange-blossoms—because that is for real weddings—but wont you just put this bit of stephanotis in your hair?" And he broke off a few blooms.

She was delighted; she loved dressing up and she fixed it most becomingly with dexterous fingers above her left ear.

"You do look sweet," he told her. "Now we must come." And he gave her his arm. She took it with that grave look of a child acting in a very serious grown-up play. She was perfectly delicious with her youth and freshness and dimples—her violet eyes shining like stars, and her red, full lips like appetizing ripe cherries. Michael trembled a little as he felt her small hand upon his arm.

They walked to the altar rails and the ceremony began.

But with the first words of the old clergyman, who had been Michael's father's tutor, a new and unknown excitement came over Sabine. The night and the gorgeous chapel and the candles and the flowers all affected her deeply, just as the grand feast days used to do at the convent. A sudden realization of the mystery of things overcame her and frightened her, so that her voice was hardly audible as she repeated the clergyman's words.

What were these vows she was making before God? She dared not think—the whole thing was a maze, a dream. It

was too late to run away—but it was terrible—she wanted to scream.

At last she felt her bridegroom place the ring upon her finger, now ice cold.

And then she was conscious that she was listening to these words:

"Those whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder."

After that she must have reeled a little, for she felt a strong arm encircle her waist for a moment.

Then she knew she was kneeling and that words of no meaning whatever were being buzzed over her head.

And lastly she was vividly awakened to burning consciousness by the first man's kiss which had ever touched her lips.

So she was married—and this was her husband, this splendid young man there beside her in his evening clothes—and it was over—and she was going away and would never see him again—and what had she done—and would God be very angry—since it was all really in a church!

Her hand trembled as she wrote her name, "Sabine Delburg," for the last time, and she was shivering all over as she walked back with her newly-made husband to his sitting-room through the gloomy corridor. There it was all brilliant light again, the light of soft-silk-shaded lamps—and the center table was cleared, and supper for two and opened champagne awaited them. They were both very pale; Sabine sat down.

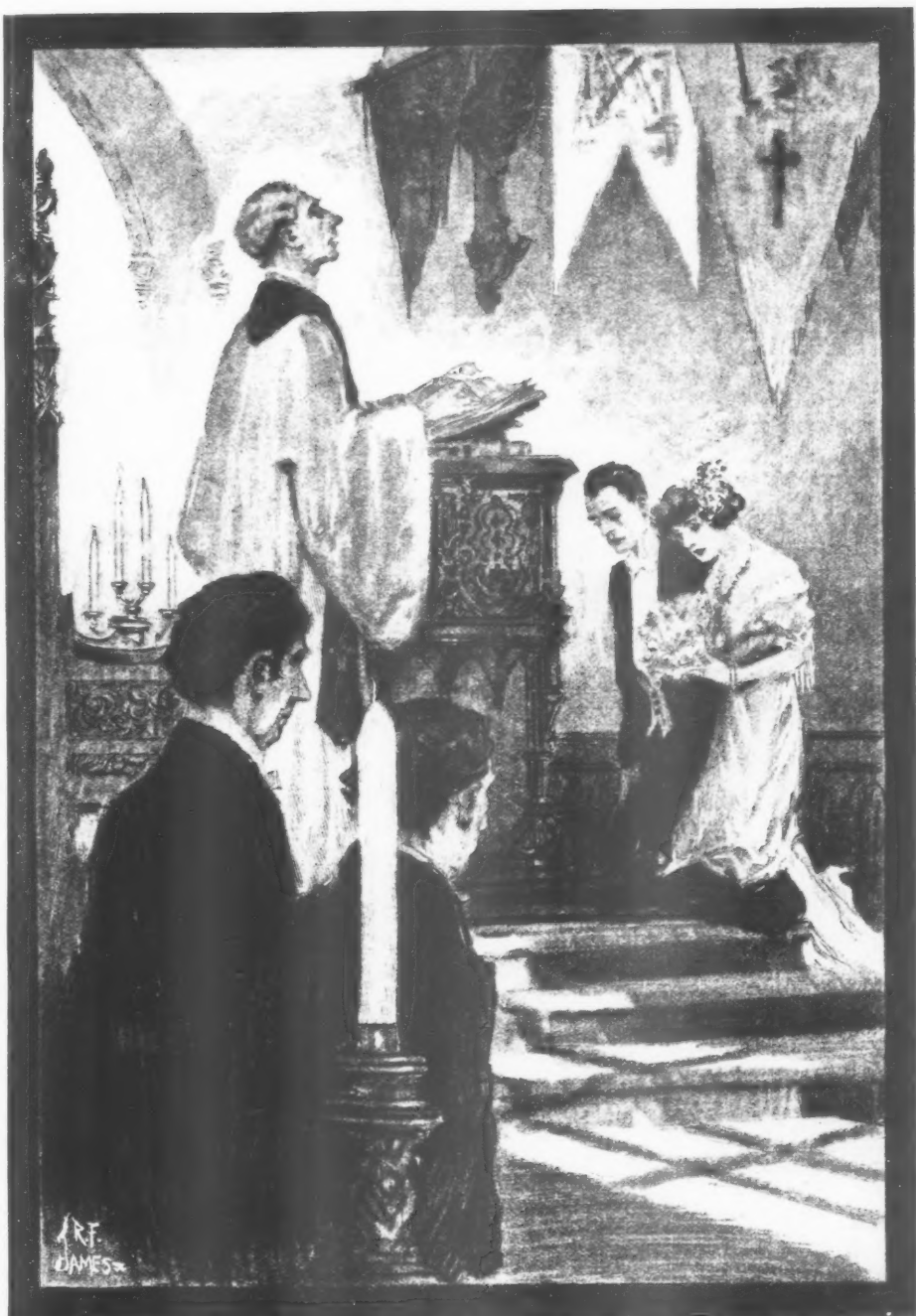
"Mr. Fergusson will bring a copy of the certificate in a minute," Michael said to her, "and then we can have some supper—but now, come, we must drink each other's health."

He poured out the wine into two glasses and handed her one. She had never tasted champagne before—but sipped it as she was bid. It did not seem to her a very nice drink—not to be compared to *sirôp aux fraises*—but she knew at weddings people always had champagne.

Michael gulped down a bumper, and it steadied his nerves; the fresh, vigorously healthy color came back to his face.

"Let me wish you all joy—Mrs. Aranstoun," he said.

The little bride laughed her rippling



She knew she was kneeling and that words of no meaning whatever were being buzzed over her head.

laugh. It was so funny to hear herself called "Mrs. Arranstoun."

"Oh! that does sound odd!" she cried. "I shall never call myself that—why, people might know I must be something connected with this castle, and they would be questioning and I couldn't have a scrap of fun! You have another name—you said it just now, 'Michael Howard Arranstoun'—that will do. I shall be Mrs. Howard! It is quite ordinary. And shall I be a widow? I've never thought of all this yet. Oh, it will be fun."

Every second of the time her charm was further affecting Michael. He was not conscious of any definite intention—only to talk to her—to detain her as long as possible. She was like a breath of exquisite spring air after Violet Hatfield.

Mr. Fergusson came in from the chapel with the certificate—and his presence seemed a great bore, and after thanking him for his services, Michael poured him out some wine to drink their healths. Then the butler announced that the brougham was waiting at the door to take the old gentleman home.

Sabine had stood up on his entrance and came forward to wish him good-by; now that the certificate was there she intended to go herself by the balcony steps as soon as he should be safely off by the door.

"Good-by, my dear young lady; I have known your husband since he was born, and with all his faults he is a splendid fellow; let me wish you every happiness and prosperity together, and may you be blessed with many children and peace."

Sabine stiffened—she felt she ought to enlighten the benevolent old man, who evidently did not understand at all that she was going to trip off—not as he, just to her own home, but out of Mr. Arranstoun's life for ever. But no suitable words would come, and Michael, afraid of what she might say, hurried his chaplain away.

Now they were absolutely alone and the clock struck ten in the courtyard.

"Let us begin supper," he said.

"But I ought to go back at once," his bride protested. "The Inn may be shut and then what in the world should I do?"

"There is plenty of time; it certainly won't close its doors until eleven. Have some soup—or a cold quail or some salad—and see, I have not forgotten the wedding cake—you must cut that."

Sabine was very hungry, and such dainties were not to be resisted, especially the cake! After all, it could not be any harm staying just this little while longer, since no one would ever know, and people who got married always did cut their own cakes. So she sat down and began, he taking every care of her. They had the merriest supper and even the champagne, more of which he gave her, tasted better after the first nip.

She had quail and salad and a wonderful ice; and there were *marrons glacés* too, and other divine bon-bons—and strawberries and cream!

Her perfectly innocent prattle enchanted Michael more and more. He drank a good deal of champagne too—and finally when it came time for cutting the cake, a wild thought began to enter his head.

The icing was rather hard, and he had to help her—and stood beside her, very near.

She looked up smilingly and saw something in his face. It caused her a sudden wild emotion of she knew not what—and then she felt very nervous and full of fear.

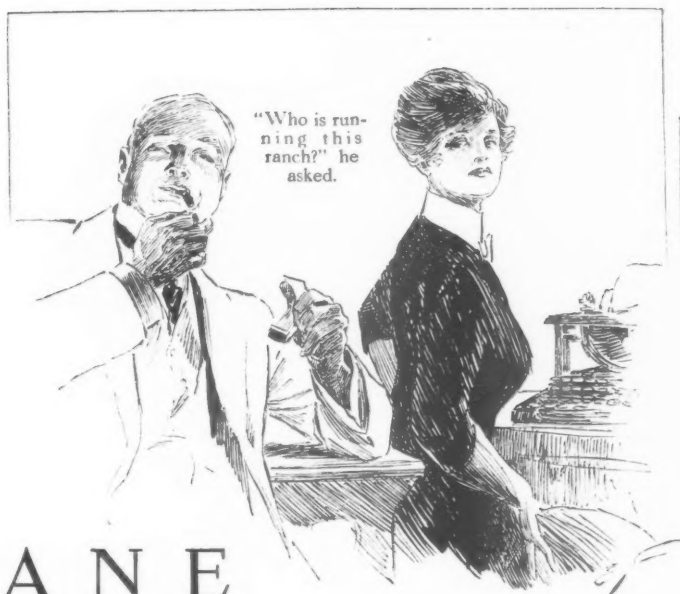
She moved abruptly away from him to the other side of the table, leaving the cake—and stood looking at him with great, troubled, violet eyes.

He followed her.

"You darling!" he whispered, his voice very deep. "Why should you ever go away from me—I want to teach you to love me—Sabine. You belong to me, you know—you are mine. I shall not let you leave me! I shall keep you and hold you close!"

And he clasped her in his arms.

The next installment of "The Man and the Moment" will be in the March Red Book, on all news-stands February 23rd.



J A N E

By IDA M. EVANS

Author of "Birds of Paradise Lost," etc.

Illustrated by Edmund Frederick

HUMAN nature has two pet traits that never change or take a vacation. They were the first to tumble from Pandora's casket. Adam introduced them to phrenology. They are *suspicion* and *credulity*.

When the last shriveling inhabitant sits hunched on the bare surface of a fast shriveling world, and an Angel of Light wings down to say: "Come this way, my man, and I'll give you free transportation to a better place!" Mr. Man will retort: "Nixey. You don't take me off on any wild goose chase; I'm from Missouri!"

And when an Angel of Darkness swoops to his side and whispers: "See that glorious flaming pathway? Lovely shade of red—isn't it? You wouldn't believe me if I told you how much it has cost to make that scarlet glow! Don't

you,"—coaxingly—"want to stroll down it? Oh my, no! It isn't real fire; it merely looks that way. Here's a written guarantee that you won't blister your soles!"—why, the last inhabitant's lean brown toes will instantly sprint toward it, and toes, soul and guarantee will be licked by the chuckling flames.

Hiram Saidle had been a poor country boy who came to the city to make his fortune. *Had been*—in italic. In twelve or fifteen years, you can shed considerable verdigris, if you have a normal amount of brains and devote yourself solely, wholly and utterly to the shedding business.

The slim swaying leaves of the Dakota cornfields that had known Hiram in his lanky, freckled, stiff-tongued, blue-jeaned teens would have stood straight

up in the air at sight of the dapper, suave-tongued, well-groomed, perfectly poised Hiram of thirty-odd. Hiram, by that time, looked as if he had been born on a Board of Trade, nursed on State Street, reared on Broadway, tailored on Fifth Avenue, manicured on Michigan Avenue, shoe-shined in front of the Flat-iron building and financed by the City National Bank.

In addition to these details of appearance carefully cultivated by Hiram, Nature had originally endowed him with a pair of candid, affectionate brown eyes and a clean-skinned, almost-round face. It would take a psychologist or a palmist to explain why such a combination is a blue-ribboned affidavit of honesty. Hiram learned to appreciate his featural good fortune before he ended his experiences as a poor, ambitious boy.

And in those experiences he took a full course—from kindergarten to post-graduate. He saw times when he was so hungry that he was glad to fall back on the free lunch counter. And he saw times when he was so down-and-out that the white-aproned guardian of the dill pickle and the cold roast horse haughtily shoved him away. He was in turn—and sometimes again—office boy, porter, packer, truck loader, shipping clerk, book agent, itinerant shoelace salesman, assistant to a Greek huckster, boss of an Italian street gang, private secretary to an Irish ward heeler, bar-tender to a German saloon owner, collector for a French tailor—ladies'—and chauffeur to a Russian consul.

Early in his career he sold ribbon in a department store and was fired for incompetence. Later he sold luminous-lettered shares of stock of a company luminously incorporated by a genial, charming old gentleman, and was pursued across three states for excessive competence. The pursuers came swiftly, but Hiram was swifter.

He did not cherish a grudge at the charming old man, but he reflected resentfully—as soon as he had leisure—that if he himself had been incorporator, his pockets would have jingled a musical accompaniment to the pursuit, instead of sighing emptily. And upon further reflection he came to the conclusion that

it was more congenial to his brand of temperament to succeed at selling luminous shares than to fail at selling department-store ribbon.

From the past he had such cullings of agricultural, lingual, racial, moral, unmoral, sartorial, political, statistical, legal and vocational information that he felt it would be a shame to waste the material. That he had nothing to sell was his chief asset. Hiram's tongue had come to be the persuadable kind that darts around the non-existent more facilely than around the tangible. He laid some mental grease around his bump of concentration, and in a short time he learned so much about stocks, incorporations and inter-state law that he could imagine a company, organize it, elect himself president and cashier—under different names—do some vigorous and lucrative promoting, get the shares printed, sell them, divide the money between himself and his band of associates, dissolve the company, pay off the stenographer, tip the janitor and be tranquilly reading the newspaper in the observation car of the Fast Flyer before the buyers had put their shares away in a safe deposit box. Hiram had to chuckle sometimes, when he thought of the many, many safe deposit boxes throughout the country that held long, narrow documents adorned with his many names.

But he didn't chuckle so much after Lenora Cooley walked into the ornately mahoganyed office in Chicago where he had established himself following the promises of New York, Boston, Toledo, Kansas City, Louisville and Denver to furnish him with free board the very next time that he visited them. Owing to their too freely advertised hospitality, Hiram had been resting from his stock labors and was selling real estate as a vacation pastime. It was real real estate, located in the heart of Florida's premier everglades, six dollars a foot, and customers were limited to twenty thousand feet. Moreover, with every five-hundred-dollar purchase, Hiram's stenographer and confidential assistant, Miss Jessie Walcox, typed a gold-embossed certificate of membership to the Real Estate Suckers' Inner Shrine. Not that it was



"Seventeen hundred dollars' worth," said Lenora.

printed so plainly, but such was the between-the-lines meaning.

Lenora stepped in briskly and extended a small white oblong bearing her name in neat one-hundred-cards-printed-for-thirty-five-cents script. "I'd like to buy some land," she stated with business-like directness.

Hiram laid aside the time-tables over which he and Miss Walcox had spent the morning worrying. So many gold-embossed certificates had required typing in the last month that a train trip—

destination uncertain—seemed necessarily imminent. Hiram—and Jessie Walcox—always liked to get away before the gold embossing began to peel.

With one speedy glance he took in the card and Lenora. Then his glance obliqued to Jessie, who had crossed the room and already begun to arpeggio the typewriter. For a quarter of a second her long white fingers slackened and over the platen roll she held brief visual consultation with her employer.

"Ah, indeed!" greeted Hiram with his

usual vocal mixture of cordial welcome, instant liking for you and whole-souled congratulation on your good sense. As Hiram used it, the income tax had a right to find levying ground on that mixture.

Lenora was around twenty-three years, slim, sweet as a pink-and-white sweet pea, with eyes the misty blue of the sky's reflection in a clean, deep well. She was dressed in white: white piqué suit, white duck hat with a white quill stuck at a rakish angle, white glacé kid belt, white canvas shoes, white silk gloves—and she had a straight white nose.

Hiram's carefully casual inspection became a stare of pure admiration. Until you stand on a crowded street corner some time and spend some hours looking at passing noses, you would be surprised at the rarity of straight ones and white ones, and the extreme rarity of straight white ones. Hooks, knob-ends, dwarf squashes and crowbars float past multitudinously. Hiram owed most of his large hidden bank account to a mania for capturing elusive details. He had estimated that perhaps four noses out of a score showed no tinge of purple, heliotrope or maroon; that eight out of ten were nearer ochre than cream; that one in thirty was ultramarine and two in thirty-five aquamarine; and that not more than one in ten thousand was straight and beautifully white—that clean, fine-pored, Parian-marble whiteness that tells of perfect digestion, proper sized shoes, plenty of cold baths, the right sort of cold cream and the right sort of ancestors. Hiram Saidle had never stood on a corner long enough to see the ten-thousandth, so it was natural that this proof of its existence should gratify him. Pleasedly he stared—

"I saw your advertisement," Lenora continued in the even, unafraid tone of a young woman who has made her own living for some time.

Hiram's business instincts brushed gratification aside as rudely as a new administration sweeps away its predecessor's favorite office holders. He took his eyes from Lenora's nose and correctly estimated the late-in-the-season value of her chic white hat. Then he noted that the trim white suit was ready-made—

factory ready-made; and that the white canvas shoes, though clean enough to the first glance, were grayish to the second, that grayishness resulting from too many applications of a cleaning paste. Also he caught a mended place on the right white silken thumb.

"Ah, yes," said Hiram blandly. "And—" He paused. Hiram never talked when a prospective customer was willing or could be induced to talk instead.

"I want to invest my money," Lenora went on. From a white canvas bag—also grayishly reminiscent of cleaning powder—she drew a small, light-brown savings' bank book.

"Ah!" consented Hiram blandly and friendly. "A fifty foot lot for a bungalow—"

"Seventeen hundred dollars worth," said Lenora. A layer had peeled from the cool unafraidness of her voice, leaving exposed the trepidation natural to a first big plunge into investment.

"Ah!" said Hiram. His tone was not a whit less bland, but its suavity was furzed by involuntary uneasiness. Detectives, like the gods, come sometimes "in strange guise," even in ready-made white wash dresses. And seventeen hundred dollars was a great deal for a young woman—she appeared bright!—to fling unsolicited into the dubious embrace of a newspaper "ad." Across the intervening flat-top desk he shot a dubitative side glance at Jessie Walcox—alias Birdie the Slick, in New Orleans; alias Genia Reilly, to the ardently desiring police of Toledo, Ohio; alias Bessy, No. 43, in the Girls' Reformatory of Nashville; alias "Another pesky brat to feed!" to a bibulous father some twenty-four years before; alias "Poor, God-forsaken baby," to a mother who turned with difficulty on her pillow to take a first and last look at that baby before the death that already had clammily touched her limbs should feel its cold way to her heart.

Miss Walcox's eyes reflected Hiram's doubt and shot back a warning. They were dark green eyes, as iridescent as opals splashed with absinthe; they tossed at you the same emerald sparkle that the sun, streaking through the over-

swaying vegetation, stirs in certain pools—pools you find lovely to stick into a watercolor, but into which you wouldn't—not for a tenth interest in the Standard Oil Company—stick a dipper when you want a drink.

For quite three seconds, she and Hiram, eye to eye, doubted and wondered.

Said Mr. Saidle telepathically: "What do you think? Too much to be safe—eh? She might be—and then—she might not—"

Telepathed Jessie: "Better shy off. If it is real, it is a mighty nice lump of money— But it is too nice a lump to be real!"

Said Hiram to Lenora: "What a shame! A downright shame! We sold our last twenty-five feet day before yesterday."

"You have an advertisement in this morning's paper!" indignantly accused Lenora. She flared the sheet open.

"Is that so?" asked Hiram, every bit as indignantly. "How stupid of them not to take it out!" His polished arm chair slued toward Jessie. "We will not pay for this extra insertion, Miss Walcox,"—firmly. "Be sure to make a note of it. We are *not* responsible for their error."

Lenora was greatly disappointed. She sighed. And she gazed forlornly at the small notebook in her hand. A sigh coming from under a straight white nose is more poignant than one from under a rufous knob. Hiram was perturbed. It *was* a shame—especially if she honestly belonged in the ready-made pique. His eyes dropped idly to the card—

Hiram Saidle was not in the habit of starting, or jumping, or *Oh-ing* or giving any of the usual indications of surprise. Long, long before, he had squelched such tendencies. But Jessie Walcox saw that his eyes widened the least bit. He quickly glanced from the card to Lenora's white nose—then back to the card again. "I'll tell you," he said, leaning forward confidentially, "next week we may—I'm not really sure, mind you—but we may get hold of some far better property—"

Simultaneously Jessie Walcox's long white fingers struck the forward and the back space bars, and *N* and *b* embraced clashingly near the purple ribbon.

"Some land ideally situated for an orange grove—"

Miss Walcox coughed like an indignant friend, a consumptive and an astounded confederate. Her eyes went pointedly and greenly to the time-tables at Hiram's elbow.

Hiram's ears evaded the cough. With a careless elbow movement he pushed the time-tables aside. "A magnificent holding, a bargain," he enthused. "And"—ignoring a louder cough—"we will give you, as first purchaser, first choice of the entire chunk!"

Lenora Cooley shed sighing and forlornness as a candy-hushed baby discards its whimper. "How kind of you, Mr.—Mr.—"

"Saidle," supplied Hiram instantly. "Hiram Saidle."

The fifth cough that was leaving Jessie Walcox's incensed throat fell back so abruptly that a hiccough replaced it. Her long white fingers fell so confusedly on the typewriter that *M*, *f*, *h*, *J*, *D*, *F*, *Q* and *k* tangled themselves vehemently together in mid-air, and *D* popped from its slim-rodged perch and clinked to the floor. She stared hard at Mr. Saidle's pleasant, smiling, handsome face. She had known him a long time. She had heard his complete biography. He was rather proud of it among his friends. Not every ambitious country boy can climb so high as to be requisitioned vainly by eight governors. She had known him to court the hospitality of the Tombs by lingering to see the Giants lick the Pirates; to give a street beggar five dollars and skin his best friend of his last cent at pitch; nearly to betray his whereabouts by sending a taunting tinselled postcard to a fuming member of an Anti-Wildcat-Speculation committee—but never before had she known him to give a stranger his real name.

"Thank you, Mr. Saidle," said Lenora. A grateful flush pinkily filmed the Parian-marble whiteness of her pretty face. She rose. "About Thursday—"

"Tuesday," said Hiram eagerly.

Lenora flashed whitely out the frosted glass door of the Balboa Real Estate Company, not Inc. And the Company, as represented by Miss Walcox, flounced angrily about in her chair.

"Say!"—angrily, before the frosted glass had ceased to vibrate—"that blue-eyed bundle of clean laundry looks to me like she's hanging from the police-and-public-welfare clothesline! You're loony—"

Hiram pulled a slim brown cigar from the box on his desk. "Who is running this ranch?" he asked.

"I," sassed his lady stenographer—and the pronoun jabbed from between her wide-apart red lips like a streak of lightning, a twelve-inch hatpin or a smear of blue vitriol—"may not be running the ranch, but I am running precisely the same amount of risk as any other gink around the place. And a stenographer—yes, that's what she is; I saw the corner of a shorthand notebook when she opened that forty-nine cent canvas bag, Mr. Snail-eyes—a stenographer (unless she is a lady sleuth) that has saved seventeen hundred dollars by wearing duck hats instead of Panama, and canvas shoes instead of buckskin, isn't going to let go of it without the advice of every lawyer, friend, acquaintance and forty-second cousin that she can corral. And if she loses it, her holler will reach to the last red pica of every yellow sheet in town."

"I'm not skeered," said Hiram nonchalantly.

"You haven't sense enough,"—caustically. "Please don't let out my private name and history if you feel impelled to more freakish confidence."

"I sha'n't,"—placidly. "You see, I happen to be acquainted with this girl."

"Oh?" The ejaculation was as thickly overlaid with skepticism as a caterpillar with fuzz. "Neither of you seemed to be aware of the fact. Where did you meet her?—Boardwalk or beach?"

"She doesn't remember,"—absently—"but we lived on adjoining farms back in Dakota. I haven't heard from that part of the world for some time. My folks are all dead. And I have a faint recollection of hearing that old Jim Cooley died. He licked me once—with a long, green, wiry blackberry bramble—for stealing his Belle Fleurs." Hiram grinned. "And he prophesied that I would come to no good end. Lenora evidently gets her looks and disposition

from her mother." Hiram thoughtfully regarded his cigar. Miss Walcox thoughtfully regarded Hiram. "Lenora and I went to school—"

"Sort of my-old-and-only-true-love affair?" queried Miss Walcox. Interest layered the scorn in her voice as jelly layers a cake.

"Not at all,"—hastily. "Her first two months with the A B C's coincided with my last in Complete Geography, which was the senior course in the little red school house. And shortly afterward I dug out. She was a spoiled kid, the youngest, and old Jim thought she was the pure essence of maple sugar. I remember once giving her a ride on my sled, and she was peeved because it wasn't painted. Her share of the farm would be just about seventeen hundred dollars. I wonder—I wonder,"—musingly—"if she'll show up Tuesday."

"She will!" assured Miss Walcox. "And she may show us up!"

"In that case,"—Hiram paid no attention to the last assurance of his Company. He frowned, scowled, chewed what was left of the cigar into fine cut. "I don't know—I didn't remember the name at first." He smoothed the card out and surveyed it with obvious mental uneasiness.

The beginning of a sneer came under Miss Walcox's nose, which was tolerably straight, but not white; it was the creamy tint that is usually found with black hair done in a Psyche knot. And then her lips lay flat together, pressing the sneer into worried alarm.

"You've got an idiotic case of heart-wabble," she said to Hiram. But not out loud. Not even out-eyed. She looked at the floor and she worriedly sneered it in that lobe of her brain nearest the Psyche knot.

"I haven't got a case of heart-wabble," Hiram said firmly to himself. "Far from it. That would be idiocy—donkeyishness. Only—she certainly has some nose!"

"I'm going out for a bowl of soup and a cocktail," said Jessie, licking her tongue over the mucilaged flap of an envelope. "Give me some money for stamps. The drawer is empty, and I'm tired of digging into my own pocket."

Abstractedly Hiram pulled out a bill

and tossed it over. "Have another on me," he advised generously. "We'll get out another batch of invitations this afternoon. And you don't type good stuff unless you're feeling good—"

"Thanks," cut in Jessie. "I know when enough's enough." She looked pointedly at the time-tables. "You don't mean—"

Hiram interestedly looked into the cigar box. "I don't see any reason for leaving the city,"—pleasantly. "I always did like Chicago in August. The lake breeze is a tonic—oxygenous—"

Tuesday, Lenora came back, whitely garbed, brightly smiling, rampant to shake seventeen hundred dollars from the tight brown covers of the bank book to the loose white blossoms of an orange grove. She was delighted when Hiram recalled himself to her remembrance. She laughed over the unpainted sled. She soberly confided that her parents were dead and the farm had been sold and the seventeen hundred dollars was her share. Her brothers and sisters were married and scattered. And a girl in the office below had bought some land for a trifle and sold it later for twenty-seven times what she had paid for it.

From Miss Walcox's flat-pressed lips came a sibilant choke—such as a panther emits when a woolly white sheep walks up and says "Howdy." Hiram frowned—Jessie then smiled out loud—Lenora looked at both with innocent wonder.

Lenora did not like the wrinkled old man for whom she worked. He was crusty, and had varicose veins all over his nose, and liver spots, and a thick yellow neck, and a mad finalness over commas. Also he chewed tobacco. And the way he treated her! She'd sit idle all day—and at five o'clock he'd begin to dictate, and she wouldn't get away till seven.

"Ought to be a law against it," said Hiram fiercely.

When Lenora had gone, Hiram smoked silently for an hour. Some days later, he showed a most unbusinesslike churlishness to a gentle, addle-pated old man who wandered in with five United States bonds and a hot desire to trade them for a half-acre of malaria, alligators, mud and swamp grass.

"Please take them," the old gentleman begged, holding out the bonds with tears in his eyes.

"My dear sir," Hiram impatiently waved them away, "I'm afraid that the land I advertised is not up to my representations."

"They say," crisped Jessie, as the old man sorrowfully lugged them out, "that if you change your diet and have a long rest in a sanitarium, you can ward it off."

"What?" absently bit Hiram. Then he guiltily looked at the polished toe of his left shoe.

"Softening of the brain!" stormed his Company. "Are we running an advice-to-the-brain-shy bureau or are we earning our daily bread?"

Hiram muttered something unintelligible. It sounded like "being tired of crooked bread." Then he retreated to the editorial of a progressive-if-they-win, stand-pat-if-they-don't morning paper. Humanity never seems able to outgrow its need of some brand of soothing syrup.

But the editorial syrup brought nausea. He descanted loudly: "Bunch of thieves!"

"Dear me!" said Miss Walcox. "Since when have we been wearing this coat of righteousness?"

Hiram looked as comfortable as a blasé old alderman confronted by a dictograph. "Oh well," he excused, "I'm an out and out crook"—Miss Walcox scowled at the unnecessary candor—"and so are you,"—her scowl blackened dangerously,—"but I never,"—virtuously—"went about crying that my country was an ailing child in need of my tender care, and then pulled the gold fillings out of her teeth while pretending to insert the nipple of a milk bottle. I haven't lived the way I should,"—the Company forgot to be surprised in her alarm at the November-rain timbre of his voice—"but I guess I'm as good as some people!" It was the old-as-the-hills self-solace.

Miss Walcox listened without other comment than the darker sparkle of her too-green eyes and a flat indrawing of her almost-too-red lips. Then her fingers flew in so fierce an orgy of key-clicking

that in some eight or nine seconds K. N. Rustikins of Ravenswood was informed that there waited for his money and signature ten acres of elegant orange (as soon as the trees were planted) grove right next door—or next acre—to an elegant bungalow to be erected (sometime) by Mrs. Studebilt (provided she could be induced to buy the mudhole, dredge the alligators and build) of Newport and Reno fame. Words in parentheses not typed.

Afterward she got out several small

notebooks—the kind you can slip in your stocking—and summed the cost of many things: a ticket to—"San Francisco, I think," she decided; some eighty warranty deeds witnessed by J. B. Walcox, notary public; some thirty fake abstracts—"That printer is a robber," she mourned; a new hat, tailor-made suit, toothbrush, suit-case—she had lost a perfectly good one in the hasty departure from Louisville. While she was thus engaged, Hiram carelessly approached the typewriter. Carelessness fairly oozed



"Please take them," the old gentleman begged, holding out the bonds with tears in his eyes.

from his approach. Miss Walcox paused in her summing, and her eyes bulged like those of a calf that sees its mother slip over to nibble at the house dog's bones. Hiram had learned many things in his career, but he had never learned to love a typewriter, and he fumed whenever Jessie's absence made it necessary for him to pick out a letter. Now he sidled toward it, and earnestly laid hold of the carriage.

Jessie mixed the prices of sleeper and toothbrush. With his middle finger, Hiram typed hard, folding the finished letter, licked the flap of an envelope, and pulled open the stamp drawer. Then—"Oh, doggone it," in a hurt tone. He tossed the sealed envelope to Jessie. "Mail that when you get some stamps," he directed, and swiveled around in his chair to talk kindly to a hard-eyed old suffragette who wished to expend four-sevenths of the collection of a recent meeting in a strip of land for her own—not the Woman's Party's—old age. She didn't tell all this—Hiram wormed it out.

"She can't yell," said Jessie gladly, "even if we'd sell her a strip of Tampa Bay. She'd have to tell where she got the money."

Hiram chuckled. That was the safety and the charm of the most of his clientele. So many couldn't explain where they got the money. And then his chuckle weakened—died. His clean-skinned, almost-round face was sadly seamed. And then—he deliberately tore up the perforated contract slip that he was preparing for the lady's return.

"I'm dreaming," gasped Jessie. "He tore up real money."

In a few minutes he went out to take Lenora to lunch. It was the sixth time that week and the day was Friday. Jessie fingered the sealed envelope yearningly. She hesitated—at least, she waited until the door of the elevator at the end of the corridor clanged evidence that Hiram had entered and was going down. Then—zip!—she twirled the pointed end of an orange-wood stick under the flap. Who had a better right to read all the correspondence of the Balboa Real Estate Company than the Company and gold-embossed-certificate typist?

As she read, the dark sparkle of her eyes hardened—froze till it was curiously like the glint of green ice. The letter was addressed to a real estate firm in Jacksonville. Jessie happened to know that it was a real real estate firm. She had taken a brief but deep course in the land business of that state before she threw out the Balboa bait. Poaching nets must be careful not to sag against lawful seines. And Hiram wanted to buy—think of it! Hiram buying!—a piece of land suitable for an orange grove and a home. He would go as high as a thousand dollars an acre—"And believe me," he wrote candidly, "I was born among the green fields, but I've caloused my heels for some time on macadam. And Blackstone is my other soul. Don't steer me against an alligator's trysting place, or a mud-turtles' prayer-meeting or a necklace of ague geysers. I want land, and I have the cash." And it was signed: "*Hiram Saidle*."

"I didn't think," meditated Jessie, "that he would let loose of his real name for his death certificate." The sparkle of her eyes seemed to fling green shadows on the outspread sheet of paper.

She meditated long and hard. She forgot all about a new suit-case and an upper berth. When a man abandons the name of his youth for some twenty or more different names at some twenty or more different times, it means that he would be ashamed to have published the day-by-day itinerary of his moral nature. And when later he harks back to the name of his youth—for his own free will—it means that the aliases and all those various aliases stood for are to be buried as deep as silence and remorse and fear can dig the grave.

"He reformed!" ejaculated Jessie. "I'd sooner believe that I was watching Mrs. Pankhurst brush Asquith's bedroom slippers. And for *her*!" Jessie flung out "*Her*!" much as an angry owl, disturbed in its tree trunk snugger by a young freckled hand, flings out "Hoot!" She replaced the letter in the envelope and later mailed it.

Then for some time the business of the Balboa Real Estate Company played seesaw. Jessie with her glowing letters sent it up; Hiram let it dangle while he

meditated; then he glumly but firmly sent it down by pushing willing investors out of the office. "He'll get over it," Jessie comforted herself.

Presently Lenora was wearing a ring—a big pink stone centering a herd of smaller white ones. It represented a goodly share of the last dividends of the Benevolence Company—now defunct at the request of the federal powers-that-be. Later she displayed a bracelet, jade twined with sapphires, that Jessie sourly calculated must have dipped deep into the profits of the Mutual Affection Mine Company, now cremated by the fire of Maryland's blazing edict. Shortly afterward, when the three dined at a big, brilliant restaurant, Lenora flaunted a frail red necklace that had scooped the middle of the spoils of a splurge called the American Friendship Agency. Jessie had plenty of such truck on her own person. She had a fair share of the profits. But she did not fix pleasant eyes on what Hiram had bought for the pretty girl across the table.

Lenora was prettier and more smiling every day. From Jessie she coaxed a difficult friendship—much the sort that a sociable little meadow-lark might press upon an I'm-tending-to-my-own-business-and-you-can-do-the-same woodpecker. And one day she confided, blushing and smiling, "I think Hiram is awfully brainy—don't you?"

"Well,"—evenly—"he isn't a convict—yet."

"I should say not!"

"And he isn't in line, either, for the presidency of the U. S. A."

"Oh"—Lenora palpably caught back a rhapsody. "Not yet—but maybe. I like the way his hair nearly curls back of his ears, don't you?"

"Never noticed,"—drily. "I hate that sickeningly sweet apple blossom toilet water with which he's taken to drenching himself."

"Do you?"—coldly. Lenora was not all namby-pamby sweetness, it seemed. "It is my favorite."

"So I imagined," returned Jessie. She jammed the space bar down vixenishly. But she had fairly good reason to be peeved. It is trying on any hard-working Company's nerves when your employer

not only tears up your gay gold-embossed certificates but comes down for twenty consecutive mornings representing a different synonym of melancholy.

The next day, however, he had sloughed off sadness. The office scintillated under the brisk brightness of his entrance. His shoulders set erectly, and his heels hit the floor hard. Decision coated him.

"Confessional to-day?" guessed Jessie. "Don't feel conscience-obliged to tell all you know about me," she warned him. "Those forfeited bonds in Toledo—"

"Oh, I sha'n't," he snapped. "I'm glad you seem to understand, Jess, that I'm through—done with everything."

"Why tell her?" Jessie asked calmly.

"I'm not a saint,"—coldly—"but I couldn't take advantage of her innocence by pretending to be one. I think she loves me enough to overlook the past. If she doesn't—" He dropped back into three or four of the discarded synonyms. Then he raised his head defiantly. "But I'm sure she does."

"She may," said Jessie equably.

Hiram wandered around the office nervously till noon. Then, after he had left, he came back to say: "See here, Jess, I haven't anything against you, don't you know, and we've always been friends, but—she's different, you know. And I'm clean through—if I have to get a ten-dollar-a-week job—" He paused irresolutely. Manifestly he wished to say more—and plainer words. In his candid brown eyes lay a flicker of something like fear.

"Oh, sure," said Jessie. A sneer came and sat upon her lips, twinkled greenly in the depths of her green eyes. "Don't worry,"—shortly. "I sha'n't grease the mail chutes for a grand jury summons—if that's what you mean!"

Nevertheless Hiram was not altogether reassured, and the fear still flickered in his eyes, to shoot up sharply when Lenora, over mineral water and salad, said tentatively: "Hiram, when we're married, why can't I take care of your mail?"

Hiram shivered—it was a desired opening. But he shrank from plunging into it. Smiling, he shook his head.



"Oh, she's—well enough. But she isn't our kind."

Lenora pouted. "I don't like Miss Walcox," she said. "Oh, she's—well enough. But she isn't our kind. And— and she seems to know you so very well."

"Don't worry," said Hiram tenderly. And then he shut his eyes and plunged. "There won't be any mail to take care of. And, Lenora, I want to tell you that there's a big part of my life not fit for your sharing. But the future will be clean—I promise. I've turned upside down all my ideas of what's worth while—since I've known you. I've learned that if people really love, lack of money doesn't matter. And—"

"Say all that again," said Lenora soberly. She leaned toward him, her pretty face strained.

Hiram said it again—in detail and with full explanations. "But I'm through. I've cut every string that tied me. I'll start fresh—"

"You mean you've given up all your business—your schemes?" The words clicked from between her soft red lips like the hard-jabbed keys of a typewriter. Her straight white nose dilated—the nostrils reddened under the rush of

blood to her head. "Given up everything?"

"Flung everything so far that I can't pick it up!" he said with shamed pride.

"Oh!" Lenora gasped, "You fool!"

"Lenora, you don't understand! It was trickery—"

"What difference what it was?" snapped Lenora. "You were making money!"

Hiram looked at her stupidly. Then he gulped at the mineral water—forgetting that it was nothing stronger. "Faugh!" He slammed the glass down. "What do you mean?" he demanded hoarsely of Lenora.

She shrugged her white-clad shoulders impatiently. "You heard me. You haven't clear pulled out?"—hopefully.

"Yes," he returned sullenly.

"Then start something else,"—airily.

"You knew pretty well what the place was when you came in that first day?" he asked queerly.

"Maybe!" she admitted, laughing. "Oh, Hiram, I've worked for five years in the office of the crookedest broker in the state. And what I don't know—"

She laughed with patent braggadocio. "Aren't you glad," she asked sweetly, "that you don't have to pretend with me that you are better than you are?"

"We live and learn," said Hiram calmly. There was no expression in his brown eyes save their usual affectionate candor. But when he left Lenora at the entrance of the office building where she was employed, he walked on with curiously dragging steps to his own place.

"Confession over?" Jessie asked. Her voice was quick to breathlessness. "Hiram—"

"Cut it out!" he ordered roughly. "I don't want to hear anything."

Jessie looked at him inquisitively. "You've got to hear this,"—in a tone as rough as his own. "A chap was here this morning, letting on that he wanted to buy land—as if I can't spot those steady sharp eyes that only one class of men in the world have. Ferrets have 'em, too. And the innocent spiel he gave me—about his family. He's after you. I lied and said I was running the place—that you were a hired stenog-



"Good heavens, Jess, I didn't know that you knew how to cry!"

rapher. You better hurry away. I'll rush, too. I only waited to tell you. And—Hiram, I'm glad you're cutting loose. I've wanted to cut it out myself. I've come to loathe the crooked, tricky, hateful way of living. I'm tired—tired to death"—with a gasping emphasis on the word—"of dodging, running, fearing. I'd rather sell notions at six per. But I hung on—you— Anyway, I'm glad that you're going to be happy—and I wish you all the luck—"

"Good heavens, Jess! I didn't know that you knew how to cry!"

"Well, I do," she sobbed. "Good-by. I'd like to have you name one of the kids after me—if Lenora doesn't mind. You know my real name,"—sniveling, "is J-Jane."

"Is it? I don't think Lenora will

mind—or know." Hiram shook off melancholy and its twenty cousins that had crept back upon him, as a frolicsome pony shakes off flies. With quick, eager hands he swept some papers from the desk into his pockets. "Come on," he cried. "How'd you like to live in Florida, Jane?"



LETTERS from the VALLEY

A WONDERFUL STORY FROM LIFE
PRESENTED BY THE AUTHOR OF "LIFE"

By **FREDERIC ARNOLD KUMMER**

Author of "The Brute," "Song of Sixpence," "The Other Woman," etc.

Illustrated by William Van Dresser

IT was in Florence that I first met the Rutherfords. I happened to be standing near a noted Correggio in the Uffizi Gallery, when the easel of a young girl who was copying the painting collapsed. I hastened to her assistance—and thus came about my introduction to Dorothy Rutherford and to her father, a well built and handsome man of fifty who had been standing across the room. Later I met Mrs. Rutherford, one of the most delightfully interesting of women. With her husband, she was engaged in

writing a history of the early Etruscan civilization of which so many interesting remains are to be found in the vicinity of Florence; and their daughter Dorothy was studying to be a painter.

During the several weeks of my stay in Florence I came to know the Rutherfords well. Almost every afternoon, when my day of sightseeing or work was over, I would drop in at their studio for an hour or two, and as we had much in common, we soon became good friends.

I had once or twice commented, as people will, upon the singular lack of

resemblance between Dorothy and her mother. They were almost totally unlike in feature, in coloring, in the intangible something which constitutes personality. On the second of these occasions, Mr. Rutherford changed the subject so abruptly that I perceived at once that I was treading on dangerous ground.

What was my surprise, therefore, when one evening, we being alone in the studio at the time, he proceeded to tell me the astonishing story which is set forth in the subjoined letters.

He had, it seems, preserved them and later on permitted me to read them. I was impressed at once both by the value of the letters as human documents and by the dramatic story which they laid bare.

It seemed to me at the time that there were many things in these letters which might do good, could they be made public. Some of the sentiments expressed in them would, I felt sure, make many people think. I broached the subject to Rutherford, explaining my reasons for making the suggestion, and pointing out that by changing all names and localities, and omitting certain too personal references and passages, the identity of the various persons concerned could be readily and completely concealed.

I do not think that he liked the suggestion at first, but later on, when he came more fully to appreciate my reasons, he not only gave his consent but volunteered to assist me in preparing the letters for publication.

As they stand, they represent the deepest thoughts and emotions of an earnest and straightforward man, writing with the icy hand of death already closing about his pen. Further comment as to their significance would be superfluous.

CHICAGO, JUNE 3, 19—

Robert H. Henderson, Esq.
Care of Rutherford & Henderson,
New York City.
My dear Bob:

I have some bad news for you. On my arrival here from St. Louis last night I was suddenly seized with severe pains in my side, and this morning the doctor tells me that I have an acute and highly aggravated case of appendicitis and must undergo an operation at once. He

seemed so grave about it that I insisted on knowing the truth, whereupon he admitted that the chances are rather against my pulling through.

I am to go on the operating table this forenoon, and as I therefore have very little time in which to arrange my affairs, I have merely jotted down a few memoranda which I enclose. Please attend to them in the event of my death.

I shall not communicate with my family before the operation, as it would be quite useless. They could not possibly arrive here until all is over, and to subject them to such suspense to no purpose would be an act of cruelty.

I am enclosing herewith, in addition to the memoranda of which I have spoken, four letters. One of these is to my wife, one to my mother, one to my little girl Dorothy, and the fourth to a woman friend, Miss Helen Morgan, of whom you have heard me speak many times during the past few years.

If you receive word from the hospital authorities of my death, please see that these letters are safely delivered. If on the contrary all goes well, retain them until I return to New York. I have given the people here your address.

Well, old man, you and I have had ten years together, fat ones and lean. Your friendship has made them all worth while. If I do not see you again, good-by, and God bless you.

Yours as always,
STUART RUTHERFORD.

The letter to his wife:

CHICAGO, JUNE 3, 19—

My dear Grace:

I hardly know how to write to you in the confusion which has come upon me this morning. Like most people, I have been too busy, all my life, to think much about death. Now that I must face it, it terrifies me to realize that all the things I had planned to do must be left undone.

I wonder whether you will quite understand this. You have not had much sympathy with my work, I'm afraid. You have reproached me so often for devoting so much of my time to my business, so little of it to you. It may even be that



Dorothy was studying to be a painter.

you will feel hurt, because my thoughts at this hour are of my unfinished work, rather than of you.

The time has come for the truth, Grace. My work has been worth while. You have not. Through it I have built up a career of which you might have been proud, had you cared to interest yourself sufficiently in my efforts to understand them. Dorothy at least need not be ashamed of what I have done.

For a long time my work has compensated me for the lack of other things which the years have not brought. That is why I have hoped for so much, through it. What could I have hoped for, through you, except to make of myself the small creature of your tawdry social ambitions?

I do not write these things to reproach or hurt you. My time is far too short for that. I write them in the hope that I may be able to make you understand things which up to now you have refused to understand, and that, through this larger understanding, you may be better able to fit for the battle of life the daughter I am leaving in your care. She is barely twelve. Her life is all before her. What it is to be depends largely upon you.

If you will teach her, as I had hoped to teach her, to become a strong, courageous and thinking woman, my efforts for the past fifteen years will not have been in vain. If you insist upon making of her nothing more than a reflection of yourself, then those efforts will have come to nothing.

This is where your responsibility lies. This is what I want you to do for me. Will you try, for her sake, to understand?

I am afraid that you will say to yourself that I am cruel, heartless, unjust. You have always said that. You may even try to convince yourself that you do not know what I mean, although I have often enough before tried to tell you. It is to tell you for the last time that I am writing this letter. Please—please do not misunderstand.

For fifteen years you have stood still. For fifteen years you have had but one object in life—pleasure. I am sorry that I must say such things to you. I would

far rather say good-by and go my way in peace. But there is the whole future of my child—my flesh and blood—to be considered. Beside that question, neither your feelings nor mine are of any importance.

I have watched you, in your bringing up of the child, seeing your mistakes, yet always believing that when the time came, I could correct them. Now I know that for me there will be no time.

You have taught her to dress, to dance, to mimic all your own social graces, but you have not taught her to think—to know right from wrong. Only last week, you became very angry because I blamed you for smoking cigarettes in her presence. You said that I was stupid—narrow. My dear Grace—it wasn't the cigarette. Can't you understand? What if "all the women in your set" do it? Do you want Dorothy to grow up to be as they are? They, like yourself, worship wealth, social position, idle pleasure. Do you want her to become like them? Isn't right thinking more important than social success? Don't you want her to devote at least as much time to the development of her mind as she does to the beautifying of her body? You have so often said that a woman must trust to beauty, to physical charm, to make her way in the world. It isn't true, except in your own frivolous circle. I want her to be bigger than that.

We quarreled about that school you have selected for her. You brushed aside my objections with the statement that it is the most fashionable, as well as the most expensive in the city. They will teach her nothing there but selfishness and snobbery, and the day has gone by when such things are a sufficient equipment for a woman's work in the world. If you had not stood still for fifteen years, you would realize this.

Teach her that work is the salvation of women as well as of men; that idleness breeds ignorance, and selfishness, and vice. Do not let her grow up to believe that marriage and money are the sole aims of existence. Try to give her health of mind, as well as of body. Let her realize that morality is a bigger question than one of sex. Do not try to make her like yourself. Set for her a big-

ger and better ideal. Strip yourself bare, and then ask yourself, honestly, whether you are all that you might be.

For years you have encouraged her in your worship of money, your pride of class, your contempt for the unfortunate. Already she has begun to think far too much about her beauty, her clothes, her attractiveness to men. By preaching to her the doctrines of idleness and luxury you are sapping the very foundations of her character. If you would only point out to her the dignity of labor, the joy of achievement, by teaching her to work, to develop, it would mean so much to her future.

Will you understand, I wonder, and try to do what I ask? I have asked so little of you, all these years—so little, that is, that you were willing to give. We have grown very far apart. You have called me cold, unfeeling, selfish, because I would not sacrifice my work to meet the requirements of your ceaseless round of social inanities. Did it never occur to you that you might have sacrificed some of the useless things in *your* life, and shared my burdens with *me*? It is what I have wanted, all these years, and you refused it to me. I wanted your help, your companionship, your interest in my work, my hopes, yet in your foolish indolence you complained that I had no right to bring my business affairs into your life.

Is it any wonder that I have gone away from you—beyond you? You might have seen it, but you stayed behind, and contented yourself with trifles. You laughed with your friends, over your cards, at the settlement work I was trying to do. You called my study of Roman law a stupid hobby. My book on "Marriage Rites and Customs" you never even read. You always complained because I did not dress as smartly as some of the men you knew. You were annoyed because I refused to give up my time to bridge clubs, and dancing. You found me too serious and went your way with men who made you have a "good time."

These two words sum up your whole idea of life—to have a "good time." When I was making five thousand a year you insisted on spending six. When I made ten, your desires increased ac-

cordingly. Had not my abilities as a money maker exceeded even your senseless and wanton extravagance, I should to-day be leaving you penniless.

Not only have you done nothing to help me, but you have done much to pull me back. Your flirtations with Clark, and Edmondson, and De Mornay, harmless though you contend them to be, have given many people opportunity to sneer at my expense, and have even caused some to lose confidence in me. It hurts a man, professionally, to have people sneer at him behind his back. I know of at least one important case that I have lost through the De Mornay affair. It has not helped me, to have you laugh at me, and call me "an old fogey, with his nose always stuck in a book." Yes—I heard that, and much besides.

If, under these conditions, other women have come into my life—if there has been some one else who has meant more to me than you have meant, can you wonder at it? *Remember that another woman could only fill the place that you had left vacant.* For eight years I gave you my every thought. Long after you made it as plain to me as you could that you desired no real part in my life, I tried to be loyal to you. I wanted at least to play the game squarely.

Even after I came to understand fully the smallness of your nature I sacrificed, and have continued to sacrifice to you, and to my ideals of loyalty and faith, all the happiness which I might so readily have found elsewhere. Even now I can honestly say that I have taken nothing to which I had no right. To the interest and sympathy and companionship which another woman has given me I feel that I had a right.

Well, I must stop. No doubt you will think me small and petty, thus to blame and reproach you for the past. Yet I have said what I have, in the hope that I might show you yourself as you really are, since only by realizing wherein you have failed can you help Dorothy to succeed.

I had hoped, had I lived, to see her take up some work, some profession or art, into which she could throw the energy that you would have her waste upon a round of social follies. I wanted

her to have the happiness which comes to those who have a purpose in life other than the mere enjoyment of it. She will not be obliged to work; I thank God that I am able to leave you both enough to live on comfortably. But if you value her welfare, her happiness, you will be guided by what I have written, and you will encourage her to try to be useful in the world in some way, to make of her life something broader and finer than that of the women by whom you are surrounded.

It hurts me to tell you these things. I would not do so, but for her sake. No doubt I have disappointed you, as you have disappointed me. I am sorry that I could not have moulded my life upon the lines of your ideal, but I feel that the fault lay with the ideal, not with me.

And now—good-by, Grace. Believe me when I say that there is no bitterness in my heart, but only a great hope that when you have thought over all that I have said, you will come to understand that my love for Dorothy is back of every word of it. I have written her a letter, which Robert will give her, and I have left everything in his hands, so you will have no trouble. Again, good-by, and God bless you both.

Your husband,
STUART.

The letter to his mother:

CHICAGO, JUNE 3, 19—

Dearest Mother:

I have just learned that I must go to the hospital for a serious operation, and it may be that I shall never leave it again. If I do not, Robert will see that you get this letter.

It is very hard to write—to say good-by. We have always been so close to each other—you and I. It seems impossible that we may never see each other again, and yet, should that happen, I know you will bear it as you have always borne your sorrows, bravely, with a firm belief that there is One who knows better about these things than we do.

How can I ever tell you how much you have been to me? If you could know, I think it would make it easier for you.

All my life I have never done anything without first thinking whether or not it would bring any unhappiness to you. Once, nearly forty years ago, I lied to you, about a knife that I had lost—how strange that I should remember it now—and you talked to me a long time, about being honest, and brave, and I have never forgotten it. Whatever I have tried to be, or do, I have had before me the example of your own bravery and truth, and they have inspired me as nothing else has inspired me.

If I could have seen you, I would have talked to you about Grace, and Dorothy. You realize the child's needs, and you may be able to do for her much that I shall now be unable to do. Talk to Grace, Mother. Tell her that I wanted you to do so. I do not like to say it, but she is making so many mistakes. You have seen them, I know. If you can help Dorothy to be what I had hoped to see her, you will be helping me, at a time when I can no longer help myself.

Good-by—dearest, dearest Mother. It seems hard, to stop, but my time is short, and there is no more that I can say. I wish you could have kissed me, as you used to, long ago, but that cannot be, so we must all do our best, and believe that sometime—somewhere—we shall see each other again, and know a greater happiness than we have ever yet known. Good-by—I can't tell you how much I love you, but maybe you will know.

Your loving son,
STUART.

His letter to his daughter:

CHICAGO, JUNE 3, 19—

My dear little girl:

When Daddy said good-by the other day, he did not know it would be for such a long time. Mother will tell you about it, and explain why it is that we shall not see each other again.

You must not worry about this, for it is, in some way that we do not just understand, for the best. We shall miss each other much, and we shall not be able to do all the things we had planned, but Mother will be there with you, and Grandmother, and they will do for you all that I cannot.

To you, dear Dorothy, life seems all a thing of joy, and pleasure, and this is right, and as it should be, for you are young, and should be happy in God's blessed sunshine. But I want you to remember, too, that life is not all sunshine, that beneath the happiness must be earnestness and sincerity of purpose, without which there can be no real happiness.

You are perhaps too young, dear, to understand all this now, but I must say these things now because I shall not be able to say them later. As you grow older, you will perhaps read this letter again, and see clearly what I mean.

Do not think for a moment that I would not have you enjoy the pleasures of life. You know, I am sure, how hard I have always tried to give them to you. It is only that I



"What if 'all the women in your set' do smoke cigarettes? Do you want Dorothy to grow up as they are?"

William Van Dresser

want you to realize the importance of the greater things which must come into your life, if you are to make of it something worth while. These greater things are like the trees and flowers in life's garden. The sunshine is given us, to make them grow and bear fruit. But if we play about always in the sunshine, and neglect our gardens, they will grow full of weeds, and there will be no fruit or flowers, but only regrets for us to gather.

I want you to try always to be honest, to value the truth above everything in the world. This does not mean merely to tell the truth. Most people do that. It means to live the truth—to act it—to make your life true to some ideal that you will let nothing take from you.

Set up for yourself such an ideal. Let it be to make of yourself a force for good. Only that which is good is worth while. Should people try to confuse you by saying "What is good, and what not good?" let your conscience answer them, and do not be afraid.

If you are ever in doubt as to what you should do, ask yourself whether the thing you propose to do will help or harm anyone else. You may think that there are many questions to which this test might not apply, but if you consider the matter carefully, you will see that every action of which you are capable has an effect for good or evil upon some other human being, if in no other way, then at least by the force of example.

Do not set too great a value upon money. It does not bring happiness, unless both rightly gotten and rightly spent. There are people who will tell you that money is the only safeguard against the ills of the world, but do not believe them. They are thinking only of their own ills, and their selfishness will not bring them happiness.

Yet I would not have you despise money. Honestly earned, it will bring you self-respect, and freedom from poverty, which is a great ill. Rightly spent, it will bring you the great joy of giving happiness to others.

Think well of work. It is the salvation of us all, not merely because it is work, for then it becomes drudgery, but be-

cause through it we may win independence, the joy of achievement, and the ability to make of our lives what we will.

All about you, as you grow older, you will hear much talk of marriage, of making a good match, of getting a rich husband. Already, in your day dreams, you have begun to think of it, although you do not yet know what it means. Do not be greatly influenced by this talk. Marrying and the getting of a home are not the sole purposes of existence. I should rather see you go out into the world, thinking not of finding a husband, but of finding work to do. You will not be obliged to work, dear girl. You will start free from the handicap of poverty. And for that very reason, there will rest upon you a greater obligation, for the temptation to lead an idle and useless life will be greater. For you, things have been made easier. Show yourself worthy.

To marry a man who has the ability to provide for you and your children is right. But to make this ability the sole reason for your choice is not right, and no happiness can come of it. It is far better to marry a man who has his future to make, and *help him make it*. Choose also one who has the same ideals as yourself. You will know how to choose, for your work will have made you strong and self-reliant, capable of knowing men and judging them. You will not be a silly child, looking on marriage as a means of securing a pretty home and freedom from care.

Try, also, to understand love in its greater sense, and to distinguish it from passion. Yet do not despise the latter. It is a part of love, as the root is a part of the tree, but only those who, like blind moles, live forever in the earth, make the mistake of thinking that it is all of it.

When you come to marry, as I hope you will, some day, give up your work cheerfully, if you find that you must do so, for you will be taking up other work, far more important. You will be assuming the duties and responsibilities of motherhood, the greatest work of all. And in giving children to the race, remember that you must also give them a father whose respect and love you have

earned, a father who has found with you not alone love, in its narrower sense, but help and comfort and comradeship, and sympathy and understanding in all his efforts. You owe such a father to your children. Your first work for them begins on the day of your marriage—your last, when you give them your last farewells. You will not be a good mother unless you are a good wife, and to be that, you must think first of sharing your husband's joys and sorrows, his cares and responsibilities, his successes and failures, and last of all, of sharing his money.

And now, my dear little girl, I have written you a long, long sermon, when all the time I have wanted only to hold you close in my arms and protect you against all the world. I love you so greatly, so tenderly, dear. All these years I have watched over you, hoped for you, dreamed for you; and now it is ended, and it may be that I shall never even know the way the dream comes out, but I have done my best. Now only this poor letter remains, to tell you of my dream, to help you, in what way is left to me, to realize it.

I have kept some things in a little box—some things that have to do with you, and with me. Mr. Henderson will give them to you, and also my ring, with the seal. I know how you have always liked it. The arms are those of my mother's people, and tell of their position and their pride, but I would rather have you think of the motto, which shows how they valued courage, and truth.

Love your mother always, and try to do as she wishes. Should a time ever come, when her wishes and yours are different, be very, very sure that you are right, before you go ahead. But should such a time ever come, and you feel beyond all question or doubt that your course is the right one, do not hesitate to follow it. I am sorry, dear, to imply for a moment that you could ever have cause to disobey your mother. I do not believe that you ever will have. But there must inevitably come a time, some day, when you will have to think for yourself, when even your mother cannot decide for you, and when that time comes, act fearlessly, for what you believe to be right.

Good-by—good-night—my darling. My heart goes out to you with longing. I wish I might kiss you, just once again. God bless you and keep you always.

DADDY.

His letter to the woman he loved:

CHICAGO, JUNE 3, 19—

Dear, dear Helen:

As you will know when you read this letter, it is indeed good-by. We always felt that there could be nothing else, for us. Perhaps it is better, this way. The love I have given you could never have brought you happiness. There never was any way for us but the right way.

All my life I had longed for such a love, and when it came to me I was glad, although I knew that I had no right to it. I could not regret it, for the ideals for which I have striven made it right that it should come, even though these same ideals demanded that I should stand aside, as you have stood aside, empty-handed.

Now, in the shadow of death, I can tell you what indeed you already know, that I love you with a love that reaches beyond the littleness of earthly things, and brings us, hand in hand, to the throne of Him who gave it being.

Often, when I have thought of you, and of our love, and of what life might mean to us, together, I have tried to convince myself, by a sort of logic, that I was making too great a sacrifice—that in some way I had a right to your love, but I always knew that beyond all logic there was something deeper, something finer, that made it impossible for either of us to take even so precious a thing as love at the expense of self-respect.

Yet sometimes it has been very hard, and I have wondered whether it might not have been better, after all, to have taken the happiness which lay within our grasp. Now that I may never see you again, it seems somehow wrong, that all the beauty and sweetness of our love for each other has been wasted.

Once we came so near to going—out into that dream-life which has at times been so much more real to us than the one we have lived. I do not think you

have ever realized just how near we *did* come. I was very desperate, that night at Shelter Island. I could have done anything. The sense of duty within me had for the time being been swept away by the wonderful night, the call of the sea, the pressure of your hand. I knew that you too would have gone—out into the world with me, hand in hand, had I but said the word. I did not say it, because I knew that, deep down in the souls of us, was something which made it impossible for us to take happiness in that way.

And then, there was the time when I was so ill, and you, in your frantic state, would have come to me. I wanted you—how I wanted you!—and I knew very well that you would come, if I did not prevent you from doing so. I also knew that if you did, it would mean the end of all things as they had been, for in your great love for me you would have swept all conventions away, and taken the place at my side that another was so carelessly trying to fill. You would have brushed her aside, helpless and amazed in the presence of a real love. I prevented you from coming by lying to you. I sent you the wire, telling you that I was better, that all danger was past. Will you forgive me for that lie, now?

I need not tell you how much you have meant to me, during these past years. When I first met you at Professor Ramsay's, I was attracted at once by the sincerity with which you spoke of your work, but I could not know, then, the depth of your understanding, the beauty and simplicity of your nature. Later, when you undertook to help me with my book, I came to see how much a woman like you could mean to a man in my position.

You will never know how eagerly I looked forward to our evenings at your studio, our talks, the books we read and discussed, the many hours we spent in revising and amplifying my first rough notes. Your skill as a writer helped me beyond any power on my part to express. To you I owe much of the book's success—without you I fear it would have been but a poor thing. And as we built between us its chapters, we also built the foundations of a love which has endured,

unchanged, during all these years. It has been beautiful, wonderful—without it my life would have been very empty.

But I need not tell you all this. Perhaps it was because I knew that you felt as I did, that I came to care for you so greatly. You have always given me encouragement, help, strength to do what was right, even when it plunged the iron into your own soul.

There is no more to say, my beloved. It may be that to those who try to do their duty in this world there comes some sort of compensation in the next, but I cannot say that I have allowed this thought to influence me greatly. I would have done the same, knowing this to be the end. Should there, however, come a time, beyond this life, when we shall meet, I am glad that we will be able to clasp hands and look into each other's eyes unafraid.

To say good-by to you forever seems unreal, impossible. The very greatness of my love for you seems to tell me that somewhere—somehow—we shall meet again. Should this be so, I shall be glad that the love which came to us brought with it no sorrow, no stain.

Good-by, my beloved. All my soul goes out to you now. I can write no more. This letter is my last. They have just come to tell me that my time is up. I do not feel afraid. You seem to be here with me now, bidding me God-speed. I feel the sweetness of your presence, the tenderness of your love, the strength of your clean, pure soul that has kept us in the right path all these years. Well—it was better so. Living or dead, I fear it could only have been—good-by. Hold me close, sweetheart. I can never really go away from you. We are one—in our hearts—in our souls—in our love—good-by—good-by—

STUART.

Another letter to his partner:

CHICAGO, JUNE 6, 19—

Robert H. Henderson, Esq.
Care of Rutherford & Henderson,
New York City.

Dear Bob:

The operation is over and the doctors say I will get well. To-day a letter came

from my wife which has been a great shock. It was sent to the hotel. She did not, of course, know of my illness when she wrote it.

I am enclosing the letter to you. Please take charge of things at the house, old man, until I can get back, and send Dorothy to my mother's. No more now—I am too weak.

Yours,
STUART.

The letter from his wife:

NEW YORK, JUNE 3, 19—

My dear Stuart:

I have made up my mind to leave you. I suppose this will shock you, but I can't help it. I don't imagine that it will hurt you. For all I know you may be very glad of it. I'm sure I am. I've wanted happiness too long to pretend to any regrets. We just didn't hit it off, Stuart, and that's all there is to it.

Of course there's no use blaming you, though it is all your fault. You never would understand. When I look back I wonder that I was able to stand it as long as I have. You might have done a lot to make me happy, if you had wanted to, but you just wouldn't.

I'm tired of being opposed at every turn. You never had any sympathy with my social duties, though you might have helped me greatly in them, if you had cared to, instead of wasting your time in useless work among the lower classes. You wouldn't even let me raise Dorothy to be a lady. I suppose you'd prefer to see your child working in a store.

The trouble with you, Stuart, is that you take life too seriously. You don't seem to have any understanding of the finer, the more delicate shades of existence. Sometimes I have thought that it actually hurts you to see others gay and lively and having a good time. I've stood it as long as I can. Now I'm through. People were meant to be happy. I'm going to be. I'm thirty-five, now, and I can't wait any longer or it will be too late.

I suppose I've disappointed you, as you have me. Well—it's too late to remedy that now. You ought to have married a different sort of a woman, I guess—

one who would look at things as you do. I can't. I crave life, and love, and freedom, and I'm going to have them.

I'm going with De Mornay. You've guessed as much, no doubt. We love each other, and he is a man who understands what love really means. Foreigners do understand these things better, I fancy. You will divorce me, of course, and then he and I will be married. Don't make a fuss, please. Marriage is only a civil contract, anyway. When it becomes a burden, it should be thrown off, like any other burden.

Dorothy I leave to you, but I expect to see her whenever I wish. I think you should send her to that boarding school I had picked out. It is one of the most select in the country, and certainly the child has a right to the training which other girls in her position enjoy.

I suppose you will blame me terribly, but I am too happy to care. I am going away from all the stupid conventional things which you call life, out into the open, where people are not afraid to love and be happy.

Don't worry about me. De Mornay has plenty of money as well as his title, and as his wife I shall move in the circles to which I rightfully belong.

Of course I've taken my jewels, and the bonds you gave me, and my other money. The furniture I leave for Dorothy, as I shall not need it. I have also taken the car, but that of course was mine.

I beg of you in conclusion not to spoil Dorothy's life with your absurd ideas of making her a working girl. I should think you would have enough pride to remember that on her mother's side at least she can claim some of the bluest blood in America. The Carringtons have always been ladies and gentlemen.

I hope that you will apply for the divorce at once, so that my marriage need not be delayed. We are going to Cairo now, but I should rather like to be in Paris this winter, and of course I can't go there until we are married.

Good-bye. Perhaps some day you may meet a woman who will realize all your expectations. I never could.

Yours,
GRACE.

The Chapel of the Madonna

AN ADVENTURE OF THE
GALLANT COUNT SAROS

By L. J. BEESTON

Author of "Pauline March," etc.

Illustrated by Frank Craig

ONE evening, when the small bells in the lesser tower of the cathedral were chiming a sweet invitation to service, who should stroll into my *salle d'escrime*, into my fencing school, but that very Count Ferdinand Rocco with whom I fought for my life—whose scheming heart, in fact, it was hoped in superior quarters I should pierce, he being a doubtful friend to king and country.

He walked in, I say, after a long disappearance from Assila, and his bow left nothing to be desired.

"*Bon jour, mon cher ami*," said he, speaking in the French language which alone is used in my school. "It was told me that Maître Rudolf Heussler, who reigned in this academic hall, is dead, and that you teach passes in his place?"

I answered with a bow, uncertain of him.

"Ah, bah, Count Saros," he laughed, "your look probes for malice in my innocent sentences. I bear not a whit. Shall I tell you why I am here? I have meditated long and seriously on that fortuitous thrust of yours which discovered my lungs, and which I recognize belongs to your favorite Italian school as exemplified by Capo Ferro, that immortal, and which is said, in the parlance of that master, to be *di scannatura*. Well, I am

your pupil where that stroke is concerned. If you will give me a lesson upon it with the foils I shall not be ungrateful."

I complied, in courtesy bound. But I must say that the *rencontre* was not to my relish, and so I will dwell no longer upon it. We exchanged a cold adieu half an hour later.

The chiming bells were silent, and the red glory of the westering sun was gone from the ramparts, on one side of which is the fashionable promenade of Assila's capital. The service in the cathedral was not over, and casual impulse sent me through the open doorway which leads into the north transept.

At once there broke upon my ears the sound of some one singing in a beautiful tenor voice the anthem which begins "By Thy strength Thou hast set fast the mountains—" And mingling with the singer's notes, murmuring with them, rising when they rose, dying when they died, the great organ pealed.

There was but a poor light in the vast interior. At the end of the transept I saw a mere handful of worshipers sitting in chairs by the nave. Having advanced a few yards I stood by a pillar, finding that soothing sensation, that mental narcotic, which good music sends.





The girl sat listening, like myself, to the majestic voice of the organ.

And I needed this narcotic, this vague comfort. Have I not told you of my star-high divinity, who would not come down to my level any more than those stellar points to which I have compared her? Katrine, daughter of Otto Thalberg, who had a château in the mountains, I loved. I will not dilate in superlatives. If one loves, one loves; that is all. And it is enough, God knows. And when her bright eyes give you no smile, and her red lips no kind word, and her hand no caress... ah, ah, that is suffering, *n'est ce pas?*

I suffered, therefore.

And, of course, I sought a possible rival. A girl like Katrine must give her love somewhere, if but in secret. I had heard a whisper or two which hinted that Nicolas, King of Assila, whose dear friend I was, filled a large share of Katrine's heart. I recalled a hundred times the strange words of that Cistercian monk in the affair of "The Four Vaucaires," when he had said that Katrine would dance the cotillion with the man she loved, and she had danced it with Nicolas. What insanity, if true! And what a hopeless misery for me. Yet I knew her well, and was sure that she would never let Nicolas suspect, for a second, such a secret. She could not have him, that was certain—unless he should lose his kingdom, his throne. And it seemed to me, in my sorrow, that passion in a girl like Katrine would welcome such an event, would even desire it, might possibly even scheme for its consummation!

Ah, bah, to the devil with such morbid musings! I pulled myself together. The service was finished; the few people began to leave, some by the nave, some by the north transept, their heels clattering on the stone flags. But the organ still continued to peal, and I sat down to listen to the music which surged with a deep rolling sound through the great cathedral.

I was not alone. A dozen chairs to my right, and in the row in front of me, was a young girl, very poorly dressed, kneeling upon a hassock, her face buried in her hands. A girl of the working class.

My position enabled me to look along

the nave, which had six lofty bays, and beyond the carved gates of the choir, to where the high altar was placed under a rose window in which were depicted the forms of angels and archangels, glowing with color, with luster. Above me the stone vaulting was merged in thick shadow a hundred and forty feet high. There was a gallery up there, in that profound, which could be reached by a staircase running round and inside one of the towers. I had a tolerable acquaintance with the interior of the cathedral, as you are going to find out, an acquaintance which, before midnight, was to put a breaking strain upon my nerves, and they are tough enough, I assure you.

The girl rose from her kneeling posture, and sat listening, like myself, to the majestic voice of the organ rolling through the abandoned aisles, and nave, and chapels, and galleries. Presently the sound ceased. A few seconds later I saw the player emerge, coming forward between the choir stalls. He opened the iron grille, descended the three steps, crossed the chancel. At the same moment the girl rose and went to meet him. I did not know then, though I was soon to make the discovery, that the musician was stone blind.

The girl put her left hand on the other's shoulder. It was a gesture of compassion rather than of guidance, for this organist had spent a score of years in the cathedral and its precincts, and with a mental eye he saw every stone and the crannies in it, as well as the columns, the frescoes, the stairways and the tombs, and he had no need of any directing hand or word.

I regarded him contemplatively as he came down the nave. He had an oval, delicate face, the face of a mystic, a poet, of one who is always dreaming, dreaming in eternal dark the strange, formless dreams of the always-blind, who have never seen anybody, or anything.

Then I glanced at his companion, whose face was now easily to be seen.

A shock of amazement stiffened me in my chair. I looked a second time—a third, dumfounded, yet believing. It was the face of Katrine!

Katrine in the costume of a poor work-

ing girl, in tatters, almost, seeming to lead this blind man. Her gaze did not travel in my direction. The two passed, turned into the transept, and so out from the cathedral.

I permitted them fifteen seconds' start.

The poorer quarter of the city is eastward of the cathedral, descending by long stages to the river which heaves a soiled flood between the piers of three bridges. Beyond this river are the marshes, sadly undrained. The evening was one of sultriness, and the air heavy, stagnant, tainted.

Katrine and her companion went forward unhesitatingly through a purlieu of badly-lighted streets, and turned into a lane near the quay. Suddenly they stopped; I heard a knock; they vanished.

I reconnoitred with care. The only light which glimmered through the short lane came from a lamp at an end of it. The house into which they had gone was at one time an inn, for the iron frame from which a signboard had once swung jutted out over the low door.

Concealed in the dark mouth of an alley opposite I found time for meditation. Katrine, my beloved, was in that unsavory-looking old house with the blind organ player, and she so strangely disguised! I did her no injustice in any surmising which tried to lighten the darkness. Jealousy did not torture me. I only wondered, wondered; and I was still engaged on that profitless occupation when I perceived some one else coming up the lane, picking his way carefully through the mud. The moment I recognized him I felt that he also would find admittance to the old house. He did.

This man was Ferdinand Rocco.

Even then jealousy found no part in my continued surprise. Assila's cosmopolitan capital reeks with conspiracy, with ferment of discontented spirits. Count Rocco, the once strong minister, had returned. He had been feared so much that I had been compelled, innocently enough, to strike at his life. Why was he feared, this man of intrigue? I suspected that he knew too much. He had almost certainly come back for his revenge. As he was in this house with Katrine, she was probably his tool.

He emerged after a few minutes and took himself off. Katrine still remained. After another hour had elapsed, I could stand it no longer. I crossed the lane. Suddenly a figure loomed unexpectedly out of the darkness and raised a hand to knock upon the door. Quickly as I stepped back, the figure was too sharp for me.

"Ah, so that is you, Count Saros?"

Pardi, that was yet another surprise. I was looking into the face of Nicolas of Assila!

I will confess that then I did feel a dart, a stab, a deadly pang which hurt more than a clean thrust of Andrea Ferrara. What was the King doing outside this house which held Katrine?

I gripped that thought as one catches a snake by the throat to strangle it. Never man had a truer friend than I in Nicolas, who so honored me in becoming my illustrious pupil in the rapier game, and in seeking my companionship in those secret adventures which his romantic soul cherished.

"It is I, sire," was my response.

"What were you about to do?"

"Knock at that door."

"How strange!"

"Why, sire?"

"Because such was my intention."

"Two others have preceded you."

"The Count Rocco and the Lady Katrine."

"You saw them, sire?"

"Obviously."

"And you saw me?"

"I have been waiting an hour for you to go away."

"Then you do not admit me to your present confidence?"

"If I do not come out in fifteen minutes' time, you will knock in just the same way as you hear me—so. Climb to the highest floor and wait on the landing there—Hide, Martini!"

I slipped aside as the door opened. Nicolas vanished.

He had permitted me fifteen minutes. I waited but three. I had given no promise, and then the knowledge that he had gone alone into a likely hornets' nest spurred me. I imitated his knock. A woman with a pleasant face and shrewd eyes opened to me. I gave her a nod and

went straight forward without a look to right or left. Half a dozen flights of wooden stairs, very shallow, rat-gnawed, took me to the upper landing. I made no sound in ascending the last flight. Three doors opened from the landing. All were closed. A light streamed from under one, badly fitted, with a full inch of space between it and the floor. No sound could I detect. I stooped and peered through the keyhole, and right before me, at the further end of the room, I saw a young girl sitting facing the handful of fire. Her back was towards the room, and a shawl was over her shoulders and hair. She was Katrine—as I had seen her in the cathedral.

I waited a couple of minutes. She did not stir. The room was quiet as the grave. All I could see was a table with a cheap lamp upon a red cloth, and Katrine by the fireplace. There could be no one else here, apparently. I took hold of the handle, and was on the point of entering when, with dramatic abruptness, came the voice of Nicolas, speaking with intense emphasis:

"She is as dear to you as that?"

"Never mistress was so beloved," answered the voice of the blind organist.

I started as if a scorpion had nipped me.

"You owe to her solace in your great misfortune? Allow me to put an earnest question: you find in your music contentment?"

"A tranquil mind, monsieur, yes."

I breathed easily again. They had been speaking of the muse of music.

"Ah, ah," said Nicolas thoughtfully. "It is good of you to tolerate my intrusion here."

"You are not the first, monsieur. Tell him so, mademoiselle."

Katrine, appealed to, made no sound, did not turn her face, deceiving herself; for it was evident that Nicolas knew perfectly well who she was. He ventured:

"You owe this charming companionship to your music, then?"

"It drew Mademoiselle Thalberg here as it did you. She is a poor girl, a girl of the people. She comes to me for lessons, and she sings to me—to my playing of the violin, for I play that also, mon-

sieur. She is a gleam of sunshine. Only I cannot make her understand that I want for nothing, that I am contented. She tries to spur me to ambition, speaks of power, of a kingdom, of a crown. Of course, monsieur, she alludes to my music, to the heights reached by the great professors."

"Yes, yes; that is her meaning, of course," said Nicolas, very slowly.

"And although it is a wonderful kingdom, monsieur," continued the other in his melancholy voice, "yet I have no longing to climb to the highest steps of its throne."

"In which case a king is no happier than you?"

"I would not change places with the greatest on earth."

I saw Katrine move slightly.

"I almost believe you," answered Nicolas in the same slow, deliberate tone. "Listen, my friend: I am not without influence in Assila. I can do you good, if you will."

"You mean advancement? I thank you, but I decline. I am often pitied because I am blind, because I have never seen the sun whose rays I feel, nor the trees whose voices I hear, nor the flowers whose perfumed breath awakes in me such passionate longing. I repeat, I want for nothing, and would not barter my dreams, my ecstasies—call them what you like—which inspire my playing, which transfigure it, for ball and scepter, a jeweled crown, domination of armies. These things, about which Mademoiselle Thalberg sometimes loves to talk, are to me matters for amusement, almost for compassion."

The sound of a chair being pushed back sent me swiftly down the staircase. I left the house without adventure, and was rejoined by Nicolas a minute later. He said no word as we walked away together, but kept his eyes fixed upon the ground; and a full ten minutes elapsed before he broke the silence.

"Count," said he dejectedly, "I have learned a lesson. My kingdom has the worth of a bubble ere it bursts."

I made no answer.

"I am not sure that it has not burst already."

I was still silent.

"The devil! What are you thinking about?" he exclaimed angrily.

"That you have work for me, sire."

He threw up his head. "True. Martin, you know the little Chapel of the Madonna which abuts from the cathedral at the southwest extremity?"

"Yes, sire."

"It has two doors. One is called the Porch of the Innocents. Wait near there, in concealment, between the hours of ten and midnight. You will see five people enter, either together or singly. When the fifth has gone into the chapel you will follow."

"That is perfectly clear."

"You will get as near to these five people as you can without being discovered; and you will wait."

"For what, sire?"

"Just wait."

"I will do so."

"And you may bring, under your cloak, that inordinately long Italian rapier, with the ringed guard, with the inscription '*Sans pitié*' on its monstrous five-foot blade."

"I will not forget."

"And remember, Martin, one must not lightly desecrate the house of God."

"I will remember, sire."

II

When I passed under the Porch of the Innocents, ten notes surged from the clock tower high in the upper dark. I tried the handle of the door. It turned under my grip, and the thick, riveted portal swung inwards under pressure. This was no matter for surprise, since five men would not arrange a secret meeting here without previously making sure of ingress. I decided to go in, closing the door after me. This left me in utter blackness.

I was in the little Chapel of the Madonna, which opened from an aisle at the southwest extremity of the cathedral, and which was furnished with half a dozen rush-bottomed chairs and an altar. Although privacy was secured by a second door facing the porch entrance, the little chapel had no roof save the immensely lofty vaulting of the aisle itself.

At a height of fifty feet a gallery ran along the outer wall, a gallery with carved pillars and an exquisite tracery of stonework between them. Anyone in this gallery, therefore, could look down into the interior of the chapel, and across it to the massive pillars of the aisle.

I waited, I say, in a profound gloom and a silence deep as the sea, which seemed to press upon me from the vast height of the place, causing a touch of lethargy, of sleepiness, which was shattered by the sound of footsteps approaching the porch. At first I drew back against a wall, but when I heard the splutter of an ignited match I made a dart for the door which led into the aisle. At a distance of a dozen paces I halted and looked back. Two persons had entered the chapel. One was Katrine, holding a lighted candle; the other was her blind companion.

He had come here, doubtless, for a quiet hour with his beloved organ, and having brought him, Katrine would go. But she did nothing of the sort. She applied her light to the two tall tapers on the altar, and I heard her beseech:

"We will kneel together, dear master, for five minutes."

He sank to his knees, but Katrine went to the porch door and stood looking out. Three minutes passed, and then I heard more footsteps. Three others appeared, three men. I recognized Rocco immediately; the remaining two I knew not.

They came in and closed the heavy door. The blind man started to his feet. Katrine said soothingly: "They are only friends come—" and I heard not another word, because Rocco crossed over to the door leading to the aisle, banged it to, and dropped into place a securing bar.

I was cut off, could see nothing, could catch but the faintest murmur of voices in the chapel.

I swallowed an oath. Fool to have left the chapel! I should have concealed myself in some corner of it—behind the altar, even. As it was, I might have been a thousand miles away.

Suddenly illumination relieved my chagrin. I remembered a door at the bottom of the great tower, which admitted to a newel staircase leading to the

gallery I have mentioned. Sufficient light filtered through the high stained windows to guide me to this interior door—a mere slit in the stone. The staircase wound round spirally, broken in places, in pitch darkness. It ascended right to the summit of the tower from which rose the mighty spire; but I quitted it on reaching the aperture which led to the gallery. I turned leftward, stepping on my toes, and I came to the Chapel of the Madonna, from which the gleam of the lighted altar tapers rose but a few feet into the shadows.

A growl of voices reached my ears. That was all. The distance of fifty feet between me and the speakers was far too great.

Perdition! Was I to be beaten at every turn? The King, who had many private sources of information, and who had known of this meeting, had sent me to learn what I could, and that was likely to be but a poor modicum.

I leaned over the fretted stonework and perceived, faintly reflecting the far-down tapers, the rich glass of a large window in this outside wall, which figured three angels in meditation. Three slender stone columns divided the leaded panes, and on either side, set in niches one above the other, was a perpendicular row of figures representing the ancient patriarchs, each having a crook in one hand, a scroll in the other.

This was a means of descent which would take me appreciably nearer. I threw aside one or two garments, placed between my teeth that lengthy rapier in a leather scabbard about which Nicolas had spoken, climbed over the carved front of the gallery, and lowered myself by holding on to the tracery of it. By this means I found foothold in the niche in which was placed the topmost sculptured figure. I clung there, a fly upon the wall, in almost perfect darkness, the stone flags forty feet below.

Ticklish work, you will allow. There were eleven more figures in the row below me. To reach down to one I had to swing from that above, and the thought that it would come away in my grip sent a trickle of ice down my spine to cool me.

But slowly I came within hearing distance, catching a word here and there.

Yet, as you will understand, I had lost much time, so that when at last I was in some sort of a position for listening I was puzzled through lack of context.

"If I had eyes to see you I might be sure that I am not dreaming," said the man without sight. "You may convince me that I do indeed hear you, but it is a colossal jest, a strange game."

"Should I jest with you?" asked the voice of Katrine, and the quivering earnestness of it answered its own question.

"Ah, you are there, child?" replied the other. "You heard what has just been told me?"

"Let me add to it. I am indeed Katrine Thalberg, but the Baron Otto Thalberg is my father."

"So," said the other, very solemnly, after a long pause. "I have heard of the Lady Katrine. You came to me, then, not as a pitying admirer of my music, not as a poor pupil, but as a conspirator?"

"As your true friend, sire."

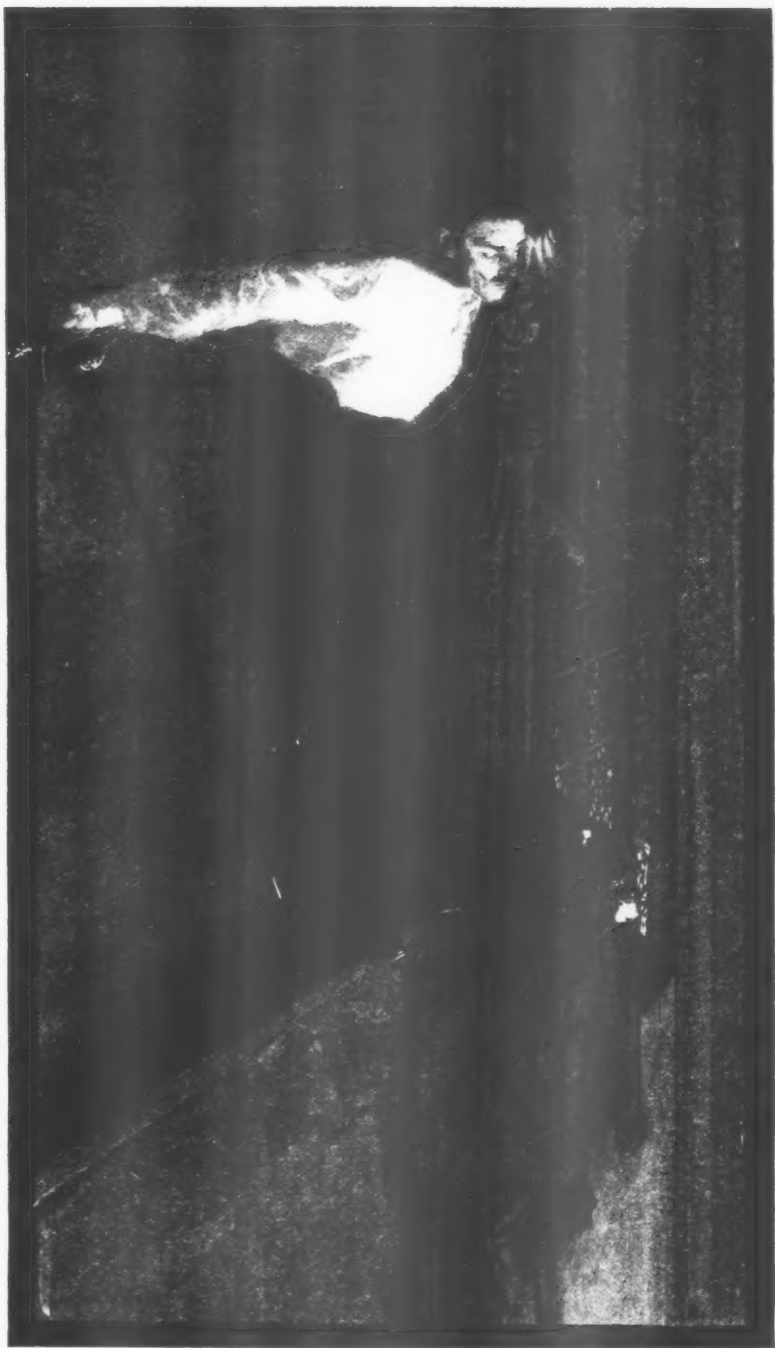
"I would it had been otherwise."

The voice of Count Rocco interposed:

"The Lady Katrine has been of great help to the Cause, and we are grateful to her. Come, sire, we await your decision. One word of affirmation, of agreement, of command. You need do no more. I assure you that a thousand devoted servants, a thousand swords wait upon your acquiescence."

So much I heard, and the bewilderment of it would have affected me still more deeply but for an accursed cramp which gripped the sinews of my right leg and sent groan after groan of agony from my lips. The sound must have penetrated the consciousness of the party below had they not been so intent on their own matter.

My left arm embraced the marble effigy of one of the minor prophets into whose niche I struggled in vain to squeeze myself for additional security. Below, Katrine was standing on one side of the little altar, Rocco on the other, and the blind organ player between them. The two remaining men stood at the other extremity of the chapel, with their backs against the wall. I must say I did not like the looks of those two silent fellows at all.



I clung there, a fly upon the wall, in almost perfect darkness . . . slowly I came within hearing distance.

"Give me your hand," said the blind man abruptly to Katrine. He held it between his palms. "It is flesh and blood, and I must then grasp the reality of this stupendous awakening. When you tell me, my friends, that only live men rule in Assila's throne, men of force, of physical and mental power, you tell me nothing new. And when you add that, two years before the birth of Nicolas, he was preceded by a still-born child, you remind me of only what is common knowledge. But when you affirm, and swear that you have proofs, that the child was not born dead, but blind, and that I—I am no other than he, then you strike at my very senses, and they are numbed."

"It is but momentary, sire," urged Rocco. "The report that the child was still-born was necessary, for, as you say, only strong men rule in Assila. The boy was secreted away, but never lost sight of; and he—that is, yourself—was allowed to fill but a lowly position in order that he might never dream dangerous dreams!"

"Yet am I not still blind?"

"True, sire; but you have the mind of a ruler."

"A false flattery. A visionary, rather. Nicolas, my brother—how strange that sounds!—he is the strong King."

"A bad one, sire."

"What of him, if you justify my claim?"

Katrine answered quickly: "He will be exiled, sire."

"You are sure of that?"

"Yes, yes; it was promised to me."

Still holding her hands in his, the blind man seemed to peer into the depths of her eyes. "Why do you imperil yourself in such schemes as these?" he asked gravely. "It is strange, because now and then I have heard it whispered that Otto Thalberg's daughter thinks too much of King Nicolas for the good of her soul."

I heard no reply from Katrine. By this time I had got the mastery of my cramp, yet I was far from being able to give a proper attention to the dialogue, and that for the very simple and dangerous reason that the ancient figure of the ancient prophet showed horrible signs of coming loose from its niche under the weight of my position upon it!

Rocco interposed: "We await your permission to go forward, sire. Much has been done in secret, but an expression of your willingness is now imperative. It is all we ask at present."

"My brother knows?"

"Of your existence? Yes. There is little that can be kept from him and his creature Martin Saros."

"It was he who visited you to-day, sire," interjected Katrine.

"Ah! In that case he suspects forces at work?"

"It is likely enough," said Rocco.

"And that does not make you afraid?"

"Oh, we are able to deal with him."

"You hint at no personal injury?"

"No, sire," cried Katrine. "He will be exiled, I repeat. If I thought otherwise I—I—"

"I should not advise a further waste of time," interposed Rocco warningly. "If we go forward on your behalf, you will not fail us when the time comes for open declaration?"

"You set me on a pinnacle, on a mountain, and show me a kingdom and its glory. An hour ago I should not have thought hesitation possible. I remember my brother's words when he asked me if I would change my contentment for a realm. I smiled at the suggestion. Now—now—"

"Regard it, sire, not as a prize to be snatched, but as a duty to be borne," besought Katrine.

"You were sunk in obscurity, in poverty, by those who knew the truth," insisted Rocco. "I will not say 'Revenge yourself!' I urge you to rise, to grant us permission to put you in the light."

The blind man turned his sightless eyeballs from one tempter to another.

I muttered to myself: "A 'No.' will save him, but it must be a resolute one."

He answered: "I will consider."

"He is lost," I murmured.

"Pardon, every passing hour is so important," urged Rocco impatiently. "The King—"

"—is here!" interrupted a calm voice.

Nicolas stepped from behind the altar!

He had arrived before me.

Katrine uttered a low cry of astonishment.

The blind man folded his arms; his head drooped; he remained perfectly motionless.

I measured with my eye the distance between me and the stone flags of the chapel. It was far too great for a jump.

I will do Count Rocco the justice to admit that, brought up suddenly in this dramatic fashion, he maintained an admirable coolness.

"You are here—yes," said he, insolently. "That does not surprise one who knows your habits. It was to be expected—and provided against. This is not so much a secret meeting-place as a trap!"

He motioned to the two silent figures against the wall.

An assassination, by the great devil.

Katrine flung herself before the King. She shrieked—"No—no—no! Remember your promise!"

That wild cry of agony sent a terrible shiver down my spine.

The two silent figures leaped forward, and in the right hand of each I saw steel flash.

Nicolas, the calmest there, moved not an inch. He simply cried out, in a ringing tone:

"Where are you, Count Saros?"

"Here, sire!"

The depth of the leap even then might have made me pause, but the marble effigy came away from its socket at that instant, and down we went together. The thing exploded with a fearful crash upon the stones, and for a full five seconds' interval I groped in a mental darkness, having a sensation that my brain had been struck by a steam hammer, and altogether at the mercy of those assassins.

The King saved me, and himself, by dashing the two tapers to the ground. An instant later he felled one of the villains by a splintering blow with a chair which he caught up. The other bolted through the porch door, which Katrine tugged open. I got to my feet in time to snatch up my long Italian rapier, which had fallen with me, and to cut off from the open doorway Count Rocco, whose figure I could just discern.

I thrust at him in a wild lunge which Capo Ferro, that immortal sworder, would have discredited wholly. It went

an inch wide, and before I could recover he had stepped back and vanished through the other door, which led into the aisle—the north aisle of the nave, to be precise.

I went after him like a tempest.

These things take time to relate; as a matter of fact, ten seconds only had elapsed between my tumble and my rush into the body of the cathedral after Rocco's shadowy figure.

It was absolutely dark in the aisle, and if the fellow had stayed there I might have missed him, but he ran straight on into the broad nave, turned sharply to the left and made for the choir stalls. Here there was sufficient light, for the painted panes of the great rose window at that end admitted the sheen of the full moon.

The closed gates of the choir, elaborately carved into a history of the Magdalene, momentarily stopped him. I howled:

"Surrender, you scoundrel!"

He vaulted over the obstacle, beating me for quickness. But then I was still dazed a little by my fall, and, unlike him, there was no fifty-inch rapier menacing my backbone, I followed, however. Obligated to turn again by the altar rails, he darted between the marble tombs of two saints whose folded hands, in stone, prayed everlastingly; and reaching the opposite side of the cathedral, he leaped into another chapel—that of Our Lady of Sorrows.

I whirled in after him.

"Come out—rat!"

For a second I thought he had escaped; then he darted from behind a statue of St. Christopher and into the main cathedral again. A chair which had been detached from its place tripped him; he reeled forward against a pillar, and I lunged with all my strength. I was a fraction of an instant too late; the point struck the stone. The steel of Milan, of "the ice-brook's temper," doubled back, jarring my arm through every nerve, and flying from my grip. By the time I had regained the weapon the fellow had got a long lead. He had reached that slit of a doorway at the bottom of the great tower, and was in hiding on the darkened steps.

I rushed through, inflamed with a sort of madness. His panting breath told me that he still fled. The narrow stone stairs were broken in places, and in places, also, an iron bar extended from wall to wall in the round tower, strengthening them. I collided with these obstacles, stumbled a dozen times over the rotting steps, and emerged at last, after a desperate climb of a hundred and eighty feet, upon the tower roof.

At once a flood of moonlight burst upon my eyes, dazed by the dark of the newel stairway. The battlements stood vividly silhouetted against a deep indigo sky speckled with points of light from the stars. From the center of the tower arose the spire, the enormous spire of lead-covered wood, its two-hundred-foot majesty crowned by a great iron cross.

The wind whistled round this spire, the shrill wind of high spaces, rising and dying and rising again.

Where was Rocco? I howled:

"I see you, scoundrel and vagabond!"

But I did not see him at all. I rushed round and round the spire, which flung a broad black shadow along one side of the roof; but my quarry had disappeared. I looked up with an idea of finding him in the act of climbing the dizzy steeple, but he was not there. Had he jumped from the parapet? Not unless he was maddest of the mad.

Where, then—ah! a hiding-place still remained to him. I had not looked into the interior of the spire, which could be reached through a doorway in the sloping surface.

The door refused to give. Rocco was at the other side. I got my shoulder against it and it yielded slowly. Suddenly it burst open, and I sprawled headlong.

If the coward had had his wits about him he might have pounced on me, but he fled still. There was a fairly wide ledge round the inside of the steeple, and in the center of the enclosed space a drop which went straight down into the vaults of the cathedral. This space was bridged by a windlass from which dangled a rope, and which was used for

the sole purpose of raising building material to the tower roof.

My quarry, I say, flew around the ledge between the inside of the spire wall and that terrible hole; and here again I had no clear view of him, since the only light came through the narrow doorway and the slits in the spire's surface. I followed, flinging at him taunts that I do not care to remember. He flew four times round the platform, and then my heart seemed to rise into my mouth as he poised himself for a leap for the swinging rope which went down into that darkened abyss.

"Stop!" I yelled.

But he jumped as I shouted. More, he caught the rope, but with one hand only. In the dim light I saw his body swing round under the impetus of his spring; and the movement tore his fingers from their grip.

A fearful scream broke from him: "My God!"

Only those two words, only that single cry, but enough to turn me faint with sudden emotion, with something like horror.

It was the voice, not of Count Rocco, but of the blind man!

The semi-darkness had deceived me.

If Count Ferdinand Rocco would only appear once more, unexpectedly, at my *salle d'escrime* on the Ramparts!

And was that blind man the King's own brother—submerged because of that fatal physical defect which made him unfit to rule in a kingdom of men? Presumably. It would seem so. You know as much as I.

Katrine went off that eventful night to her father's château, the château of the Baron Thalberg—that savage old recluse, in the mountains, where the desolate pine-trees climb up in serried ranks, and the were-wolf yells. I have yet to tell you how I went after her, into that forbidding château. And did she really love Nicolas, and seek to depose him from a height which she could not reach and keep her love pure? I must believe it.

The fourth adventure of Count Saros and his King will be that of "The Three Vultures." It is even more thrilling than the first three have been.



A TALL, DARK MAN *from* FAR AWAY

By JAMES VALE DOWNIE

Author of "The Frowardness of Fripley," "A Bunch of Violets," etc.

Illustrated by Alexander Popini

POLLY was not a coquette. She was merely a rounded, soft-seeming, gently-spoken girl with a pair of appealing blue eyes, which she tried, commendably, to keep out of one's way as much as possible. It was not in the nature of adolescent man to look upon her without feeling a mighty impulse to take and protect her henceforth from the cold and brutal world. The cold and brutal world was, perhaps, in more urgent need of protection than was Polly; but this did not affect the case.

Her voice, to quote Artie Malden, poet of the *Bickford News*, was like low-fluted melodies upon the hills of Arcady. That it had a gentle, full-throated quality that charmed the ear, could not be denied. She spoke slowly—almost lazily—sometimes in naïve, wonder-laden accents, like a child.

It was to Malden, who was short and very blond, that Polly confessed her conviction that the man she was destined to marry would be a "tall, dark fellow, from far away." A gypsy woman had so informed her, when she was sixteen years old, and Polly had the utmost faith in gypsies. Malden strove to shake this belief for some months, but at length resigned in favor of Jim Bonham, son of

the largest lumber dealer in town. Jim was dark, but deficient in stature. Besides, he had never been a hundred miles from Bickford in his life.

After that, the young men of the place began to exchange intolerable doubt for dismal assurance as rapidly as might be. Those who were tall were invariably blue eyed and flaxen haired; and the swarthy ones, if they measured up to five feet eight, were too obviously home grown to have the slightest chance.

Through it all, Mr. Percival Boggs, proprietor of the local post office—the word proprietor is used advisedly, since it had been in his family for twenty years—maintained a strange reserve, cogitating the while upon the noteworthy facts that he was six feet two inches tall, wore a dark (red) complexion and had once spent two weeks in Kansas City visiting relatives. As he walked the streets of Bickford he felt that everybody in town must be struck by these strange co-incidences. He strove not to emphasize them any more than was necessary, and he acquired a positive stoop trying to look shorter; but it was only too evident to him that, behind his back, people were coupling his name, in whispers, with that of Polly.

Mr. Boggs now began to find frequent

occasion for the delivery of important looking mail, after hours, at the young lady's home. It was generally a newspaper, laid aside in the morning for the purpose. There was also a marked change in his manner as he greeted the girl

chance to the town of his nativity, after a complacent absence of ten years, encountered, within a block of the railroad station, a young and bewitching girl. He looked—coolly, at first, then not so coolly—into her frank blue eyes.



"How do you do, Mr. Rix Van Arden?" she said, smiling confidently.

upon the occasion of her daily visits to the office.

The time was almost ripe, he felt, for a decisive move, when a curious and disconcerting thing occurred.

Mr. Rix Van Arden, returning by

"It cannot be—not in the un-mapped village of Bickford," he murmured.

Becoming aware that he was staring in a manner that might be offensive, he turned his attention upon a passing hotel hack, resolving that it should go hard

with him and the village of Bickford but he would find therein some resident of sufficiently long standing to be able to give him a lawful and orderly introduction to this fairest of the rural maids. It cost him no small effort to look in any direction except that of the girl; but he managed it and, in consequence, nearly butted her into an adjacent lawn; for, as he drew nearer, she got in front of him and held out her hand.

"How do you do, Mr. Rix Van Arden?" she said, smiling confidently.

"I'm very well," he stammered, dropping his suit-case, lifting his hat and taking the outstretched hand.

"I knew you immediately. You haven't changed a bit," smiled the girl, shyly.

"Haven't I?"

"No."

"Neither have you," ventured Van Arden, at random, "except that you are, if anything, prettier. How—how are the folks?"

"All well. They'll be glad to see you."

"And I'll be mighty glad to see *them*. I've been looking forward to it with pleasure. So you are still in Bickford. It seems odd."

"Nothing odd about it. I've been here for twenty years—except when I was away at school. You may as well 'fess up, Rix—Mr. Van Arden—"

"No, you were right the first time."

"You don't know me."

"Sure, I know you—everything but your name, at least," declared Mr. Van Arden stoutly.

The girl laughed.

"Polly Dane."

"Not little Polly—Jack Dane's sister?"

"Certainly."

"Well, I'll be—"

"Jack will be glad to see you."

"Why, the last time I saw you—"

"Was when you and Jack locked me in the granary. Didn't you expect I'd ever get out?"

"Not—not so soon. You must have picked the lock. But I'm glad you did."

It developed that she was on her way to the delicatessen store and the post office.

"We'll go to the post office first—it's

in the next block—and you can leave your suit-case there until we return," said Polly.

Van Arden mumbled something about putting up at the hotel—it was just beyond the corner; but Polly said he just wouldn't. On the contrary, she expressed an adorable determination to take him home along with her charming self. He ceased to resist.

The little post office was crowded with villagers: farmers in blue overalls and straw hats, girls in clean white dresses—these predominated; they took a vast interest in Van Arden—bare legged lads and the common variety of rustic loafer. The mail was not yet distributed. Nevertheless Polly had barely entered the office when the shutter shot back from the little delivery window and a cadaverous face, equipped, but not ornamented, with a badly hung nose and two lusterless gray eyes and prominent red brows, appeared thereat.

"Miss Dane," called the postmaster. He had a voice like a violoncello.

Polly hurried to the window for her letter. His eyes, his voice, his whole mien—as much of it as you could see through an eight by twelve aperture—seemed to breathe of sorrow and reproach. He clung to the missive so that she had to reach for it twice. Obviously it cost him a struggle to part with it.

"There may be something more. I haven't been all through it, yet," he wailed, as one would observe that in the grave—ah, precious hope—peace might yet be found.

"Then we'll come back in half an hour," chirruped Polly. "I have to go up town anyhow. And, by the way, Mr. Van Arden—you will remember Rix Van Arden, of course—is leaving his baggage here. Will you please keep an eye on it, Mr. Boggs?"

The postmaster gazed coldly through the window for perhaps half a minute. He observed a tall, well-groomed young man of a dark—an unmistakably dark—complexion. His hair was black and trimmed in a manner beyond the skill of Bickford's barbers. His eyes were brown and smiling. Van Arden bowed and uttered a phrase of recognition.

Mr. Boggs snapped the wooden shutter and went on sorting the mail of Bickford.

To be Polly's guest, Van Arden now discovered, was to experience the maximum of human felicity. It was to receive, at the hands of her parents, the reception of a returned prodigal; and to know oneself the object of culinary solicitude out of all proportion to one's necessity or honest deserving. It was to be, not so much a welcome visitor, as a dear brother reclaimed and restored to his rightful place. It was to lie down in a chamber freshened and garnished by her own gentle hands amid countless comforts appointed by her kindly consideration. It was to breathe Polly, to dream Polly, to bless her and, perforce, to love her.

Van Arden did not scruple to hint as much, although he was careful to do it somewhat indirectly, in order to save his hostess embarrassment.

His vacation was to last three weeks. In the mornings they played tennis or drove; in the afternoons they rambled about the town—Van Arden renewing old acquaintanceships and making new ones. They paddled Jack Dane's canoe up the river, and on other days, they played mumblety-peg on the lawn.

Whether or not it is right for a man to take advantage of his opportunities as a guest to lay open siege to the affections of his hostess is an undetermined question. But for a young fellow with a negligible balance at the bank and a salary of only twenty dollars a week to ask such a girl as Polly to marry him, out of hand, is plainly without the pale of a nice discrimination in conduct.

Van Arden, having a finely developed sense of honor, did not, therefore, tell Polly that he loved her.

What he *did* do, on the evening of his departure, was to take her into the shadow of the watering tank, at the station—the train was two or three minutes overdue—and deliver himself as follows:

"It's been the greatest, the happiest vacation I've ever had, Polly. Why, I've only just learned what happiness is. It's curious, isn't it, that a fellow could live

for twenty-six years without discovering what it means to be really happy— But the strangest thing of all is that, although I feel downright rotten just now, on account of leaving it all, I know I'm going to be gladder every day for having met you again—gladder than I have ever been before. It'll be pretty bad for a few weeks. I'll keep listening for you and looking for you and longing to see you. And it'll hurt not to have you near me; but I'll be glad, even when it hurts the most— Why, what's wrong, girlie?"

Polly was dabbing the tears out of her eyes with a diminutive handkerchief.

"I just hate to have people go away," she said.

"You don't hate it half as much as the people, in the present case, hate to go. Now remember, you promised to write at least three or four times a week."

"That's pretty often, isn't it, Rix?"

"Too often?"

"N-no. I guess not."

"And I'll answer each letter twice. It will give me something to do in the evenings."

The limited rumbled into the little station. Polly came a step closer.

"And you'll be sure, sure to come at Christmas?" she said.

"Criss-cross, Polly."

"Then here's something to make you remember."

A dazed young man with a suit-case was presently assisted by a conductor and two porters into the waiting Pullman.

Polly—incomparable Polly—had of her own free and gracious will, in the shadow of the watering tank, put her hands on his shoulders and offered him a kiss.

He had not declined it.

The departure of Van Arden was noted by Percival Boggs with feelings of unmixed delight. During the presence of the hated rival he had been unable to find opportunity for a single call at the Dane's, despite numerous hints directed at Polly through the general delivery window, when she called for the mail—all of which she elected stu-

diously to ignore. The city chap had thus made himself more formidable in three weeks than all the other dozen and odd admirers of Polly had managed to become in all their lives.

Besides, Percival was consumed with a vast curiosity as to the stage achieved by Van Arden in his relationship with the girl; and he now saw a probability of being able to put himself in possession of the facts.

To comprehend what follows it is necessary to know that the Boggsses were hereditary postmasters of Bickford. They had always, as a matter of course, opened and read such part of the mail as they deemed likely to be of interest. Letters that were lightly sealed, so that the flap could be easily lifted with a paper knife, were likely to be re-closed and transmitted in good order, when their contents had been fully digested by the three or four families in the clan; but any piece of matter that was so tightly stuck that it could not be opened without noticeable injury to the envelope was apt to be suppressed. Certain residents of the district had raised so much complaint, upon receiving letters that bore evidence of having been tampered with, that the Boggsses had been compelled to discontinue forwarding such mail altogether. The result of this was that a good deal of matter was lost in transmission, and it became a common practice, in Bickford, for anyone who had a letter that he particularly desired to reach its destination, to deliver the same at the office *unsealed*.

Boggs lived with a married sister, Mrs. Bloomfield, and their home was gladdened by the presence of their cousin, Miss Jennie Crider, a seamstress. Her knowledge of affairs in the neighborhood was intimate and extensive; but she was always glad to add some new tid-bit to her stock of information. Mrs. Bloomfield was much of the same predilection as her boarder; hence Percy was required to bring practically all the first class mail home with him, for examination in the evenings. (Incoming second-class matter, such as newspapers and magazines, was apt to linger in the connection for weeks.) They could scarcely

trust him to sort out the significant letters himself; for he had been known to let several items of the very newsiest description slip by him entirely, to the imperishable mortification of his sister and the seamstress. Bickford had a newspaper; but it was scarcely a paying proposition. It never reached the interested people, nor arrived at the inward facts, as did Jennie Crider.

On the day after Van Arden's departure, Polly purchased a large, new box of stationery and wrote a letter to her late guest. It was a nice little letter, as soft and sweet and curvilinear as Polly herself, and withal, as sensible and wholesome. When it was finished she kissed the address—then blushed and pouted wistfully at vacancy; after which she made a special journey to the post office and mailed it.

Twenty minutes later Percival Boggs, having carefully steamed the flap, perused this friendly epistle. His original intention had been merely to make himself familiar with its contents—as he felt at liberty, or, in fact, obligated, to do with regard to any correspondence passing between the girl he hoped to marry and another man—and then to re-seal the missive and let it go on its way. The letter was of such a nature, however, that it was clearly impossible to transmit it to the loathed Van Arden. Why, she positively encouraged him to believe that she cared for him—not directly, but by the plainest inference. Polly was not very adept at circumlocution.

Boggs was regretfully compelled to retain this letter and, when his sister asked him that evening at supper, whether Polly Dane had written to Rix Van Arden yet, he replied that no letter from Polly to Rix had passed through his hands. Thus Percival side-stepped the sin of lying.

Subsequent letters of Polly's proved to be so much of the same tenor that scarcely one of them was fit to go to its destination. Furthermore she began to refer to previous missives in a way that must excite surprise and suspicion in the mind of her correspondent. Boggs concluded to make a clean sweep of it and



Percival Boggs carefully steamed the flap.

suppress the entire correspondence. It would be easier to account for the loss of *all* her letters than the miscarriage of a single one, by the simple suggestion of a wrong address or, better still, a change of heart on the part of Mr. Van Arden—which in the course of time would no doubt occur to Polly.

If *her* letters were a shade too cordial to get by, Van Arden's were beyond the pale. They glowed with tenderness and affection; they hungered for Polly in every syllable; they bloomed with flowers of sentiment that brought a flush even to the cordovan cheek of Percival Boggs.

Blind with jealousy as he was, the postmaster had to admit that this was the sort of letter a clever and gallant lover ought to send to his beloved. He made a serious study of Van Arden's style and diction with a view to improving his own.

About one letter in three he took home and read to his sister and Jennie Crider, carefully skipping such sections as he deemed unsuited to their ears. They evidently suspected him of lack of candor; but this was not to be helped. They took what they could get and made the most of it.

At the end of the month the letters, on both sides, began to breathe suspicion and disappointment. They became less frequent and finally ceased altogether, to the no small gratification of P. Boggs, notwithstanding he was now deprived of a valued diversion. It was the most interesting series of epistles that had come to his office in a long time.

As for Polly, her blue eyes seemed wider, by a hair's breadth, than formerly, and more wistful. Nobody had ever lied to Polly before. It was a new and curious experience and required to be thought over and wondered about through many gray autumnal days.

Nobody had ever hurt Polly before; and, when she knelt down in the evening, she asked God to show her why Van Arden wanted to do it now.

At length she reached a settled belief. It was not a pleasant one, but it served better than the distressing uncertainty that had preceded.

"I was just a little fool," she assured herself gravely, as she let down her hair, before the little white dresser in her room, "and that's all there is to it. I thought he cared for me. He never said he loved me, but he surely meant me to think he did. Now I suppose he's glad he didn't say it, because he's found some other girl that he likes more. I was just a little fool—that's what I was. It was the first time and it will be the last." (fiercely, for Polly.) "for I'll never see another fellow that I'd let kiss me in a thousand years!"

Then Polly, having waited all day for this moment, would turn out the light, slip into bed and permit herself such paltry comfort as may be found in tears.

We have little sympathy for the cult that insists on setting down things simply because they are so. Everybody knows that the truth is frequently impossible, and there are many malodorous details of human character that are best passed over in silence.

Nevertheless, we are compelled to refer, very briefly, to the following fact. Polly presented herself in Bickford's post office the day after Van Arden's last, forlornly hopeful letter arrived. The

date was late in November. It is perhaps essential to know that she wore a little red velvet toque, edged with fur, and a fur scarf around her neck, all very becoming.

"Have you anything for me, Mr. Boggs?" she asked, smiling sweetly, although her eyes were misty.

Van Arden's letter lay on the table at Boggs' right hand, invisible, of course, from in front of the window. It had been there since the day before.

"Nothing has come to-day, except your father's paper," said Boggs.

Polly took the paper. Her eyes glistened and she turned away.

The postmaster opened and perused the letter, after which he filed it with his collection in the iron safe.

A week later Polly chanced to receive a visit from her cousin, Henrietta Dane, an older, wiser and, it may be observed, less lovable girl.

"Your friend, Rix Van Arden, is doing quite well. I hear," she remarked.

Polly's heart stopped beating.

"It's nothing to be horrified about," went on Henrietta. "I was glad to hear it and I suppose you were, too."

"I am," said Polly. "He—he hadn't mentioned it to me."

"I understand Tomlinson & Co. have raised his salary to eighteen hundred a year. That's not bad for a Bickford boy. You can live on that very nicely, Polly, if you decide to marry him."

"No danger of that," laughed Polly. "Who told you this, Henrietta?"

"Millie Grim; and if you didn't tell her, why—of course—it's plain she got it from Jennie Crider, who has been sewing at her house."

Polly was sorely puzzled.

"I didn't know he knew Jennie Crider well enough to—to—"

"You little goose! Certainly he doesn't know Jennie Crider. Aren't you aware that Percy Boggs reads half the letters that go through the post office, and his sister and Jennie Crider read the other half?"

The astounded Polly got up and stared distractedly at her cousin.

"No," she said presently, "I didn't know it."

"Well, it's a fact and no doubt the story comes from one of Van Arden's letters to you. I don't know anybody else around here that he'd write to. There is something else—something that I would not tell you if I didn't know it was a lie. Millie says he's going to be married—has and apartment all picked out on West One Hundred and Third Street."

Polly quietly laid down her embroidery and left the room. Henrietta heard her slowly climbing the stairs. Then a door closed above.

Polly spent a wretched night; but in the morning she arose to look on a world of loveliness. The ground was covered with a soft white blanket and the motionless trees were festooned with clinging snow. The sun was bright and the skies were clear. Polly was vastly cheered.

"I believe it *is* a lie," she told her mirror quietly. "Anyhow, he wrote to me and that mean, hateful Percy Boggs kept my letters. I'm never going to speak to him again—except to ask for the mail, and then I suppose I'll have to. What right has he, I'd like to know, to give my letters to Jennie Crider?"

It is a pleasure to record that this disgraceful exhibition of vindictiveness and temper took place in the privacy of Polly's bedroom. She quickly regained her usual composure and, later in the day, after a good deal of Polly-esque reasoning, she determined to confer upon Van Arden one more epistle. It was a very friendly, but cautious, missive; it could not have caused the slightest embarrassment, even to the husband of another girl. She merely drew attention to the fact that Christmas was near at hand and she was expecting him. In a postscript she mentioned that some mail had been lost, recently, in transmission through Bickford P. O. This she thought might account for the fact that, although she had written to him many times, she had never received a response.

That afternoon Polly went upon a shopping expedition to the neighboring town of Brompton, whence she despatched her letter to New York.

Several days went by and no reply came home from Van Arden. On the Sat-

urday before Christmas, which holiday happened to fall upon Monday, Polly, on her way to the post office, encountered Miss Jennie Crider. The seamstress was in great excitement. A neighbor's boy had reported that the post office was closed—closed at four o'clock in the afternoon—and queer sounds had been heard to issue from within.

Jennie was of the opinion that Percival had fallen into the clutches of a gang of assassins or daylight robbers.

Three or four citizens of Bickford sat on the steps of the post office and seemed not greatly alarmed, despite the fact that the green blinds were drawn down close, in the big front windows, giving the place an appearance quite funereal.

Miss Crider suppressed a scream. She ran up the steps and tried the latch, without success.

"Percy's probably taking a little nap," conjectured a bystander. "Maybe you'd better go in the back way and wake him up."

"He's not!" cried Jennie Crider. "He's likely murdered. Some of you lazy louts come and break in the back door."

She flew to the rear of the building, followed by the terrified Polly and one or two hardier spirits. They rounded the corner with caution.

It proved unnecessary to break down the door, which stood open. From within came the sound of a voice that brought all the colors of the rose to Polly's cheeks. It was not raised stridently; on the contrary, it spoke calmly and dispassionately; but the language it employed was scarcely fit for the hearing of a young lady. Miss Crider clapped her hands over her ears and shrank back in horror.

Presently the voice dropped from pure invective into simple statement of fact.

"I shall not inform the authorities, Percival; for that would simply force the Federal Government to put you in prison. Now the prisons are designed for the incarceration of erring human beings, and to ask the unhappy inmates to consort with a crawling, white-livered muskrat like you is too much. So you can stop your whining; it annoys me. I don't want to be interrupted again."



Polly was sorely puzzled.

Polly, followed by Jennie Crider, mounted the steps.

Comfortably ensconced in a swivel chair, at the postmaster's desk, sat Mr. Rix Van Arden. One tan-shod foot was on the desk; the other dangled in the air. Before him on the desk were two piles of letters, one carefully tied with a cord, the other loose. He was reading one of the letters. His casual remarks were addressed to an object lying half against the wall.

The object was Percival Boggs. He had one very pulpy eye and, having bled profusely at the nose into a handkerchief now being used to poultice that organ, he had a peculiarly sanguinary appearance.

Miss Crider screamed.

Van Arden leaped to his feet and turned. He beheld Polly and flushed darkly, but gave no other evidence of embarrassment.

"You have come for your mail, no doubt," he said gently. "It is there on the desk. Mr. Boggs has saved it all for you very carefully. It was extremely kind of him. He was equally solicitous about mine—so much so that not a single one of your delightful favors even leaked through his hands. I have just been trying to express my appreciation. I trust you didn't overhear a remark—my last but one—"

"Not distinctly," replied Polly. "I could only make out that you seemed annoyed about something."

Mr. Van Arden seemed relieved. He picked up the two bundles of letters and put them in the side pockets of his coat. Then he turned to Jennie Crider and the two gaping citizens.

"Mr. Boggs has, as you will observe,

met with an accident. He himself will explain the details. Suffice it to say, briefly, that he fell—fell into a sort of aberration, from which I have tried to extricate him. I would suppose that in falling, he struck his eye against something, with the deplorable results you must observe. I'm sorry I can't be of any more assistance personally; but I suggest an antiseptic bath and a bandage for the injured parts. I hope, if this course is followed, that Bickford's admirable institution for the non-transmission of mail will be open within the hour. You will find the key to the front door in P. O. Box Number 23."

When Van Arden had finished his harangue he turned, picked up an overcoat and suit-case and led the way to the street, Polly following.

That night, after supper, Polly made sure that Van Arden was entirely comfortable, in a big chair before the library fire; then she got out her bundle of letters, sat on the edge of the divan near-by, and deftly tucked one foot up under her.

"Now I'm going to read my letters," she said, lazily contented, looking into the fire. Happening to glance from the fire to Van Arden, she flushed a little and bent over the budget in her lap.

Mr. Van Arden presently got up and went to sit beside Polly on the divan.

"Would you rather read it in the letters, Dearie, or let me *tell* it to you by word of mouth?"

Polly considered. No girl ever "considered" more attractively than did Polly.

"I can read the letters later," she said softly.

The Old Order—



A POWERFUL
SHORT STORY

By JOHN BARTON OXFORD

Author of "The Knight and the Day," etc.

Illustrated by Hanson Booth

A CERTAIN distinguished moralist warns us that we are becoming too carnal-minded. He points out deplorable tendencies in our literature, our drama, our social life. He does not say it in so many words, perhaps, but he hints more than broadly that we are walking after the flesh, and that, in so doing, we shall of the flesh see corruption.

A certain eminent sociologist is much elated over the present era of unrest which is sweeping over us. In that very unrest he finds the most hopeful and wholesome symptoms. It shows that we have come to recognize at last that certain human institutions almost as old as the race itself have outlived their usefulness. In the march of progress (so he tells us) these institutions, heretofore supposedly the basic principles of race existence but which in reality have been holding back our development for years, will be swept aside and relegated to the moral scrap-heap along with Calvinism and magic and the persecution of witches.

Now what is the right and what the wrong of it? Are we decadent or do we at the present time make for true progress? Are we looking at conditions with the blurred eyes of self-satisfaction and too much prosperity, or, shaking our-

selves free from enmeshing precedent, are we seeing with clearer, saner, better vision? Who shall dare to say?

At any event, one thing is perfectly patent to the most sluggish thinker. There is a mighty onward sweep of something—either progress or decadence. The old order changeth.

Corlett Quilleen was a simple man, a quiet man, a pious man. Being such, his God was a simple God—no Supreme System or Divine Intelligence, but a very personal God to whom he could go with his joys or his troubles in a very personal way. Nor were heaven and hell, to Corlett Quilleen's way of thinking, either allegories, myths or states of mind. To him they were very real, tangible physical entities—the one to spur you to your best by glowing promises, the other equally to spur you to your best with cringing fear.

A very simple man was Corlett Quilleen, with his personal God and his personal devil and his physical conceptions of streets of gold and jasper or of fiery pits and undying worms. One of the old order, truly.

On the sloping hillside back of Caer-fraigel is a thatched cottage. It is crumbling to decay now. But for generations there lived in that thatched cottage over-

Polly, followed by Jennie Crider, mounted the steps.

Comfortably ensconced in a swivel chair, at the postmaster's desk, sat Mr. Rex Van Arden. One tan shod foot was on the desk; the other dangled in the air. Before him on the desk were two piles of letters, one carefully tied with a cord, the other loose. He was reading one of the letters. His casual remarks were addressed to an object lying half against the wall.

The object was Percival Boggs. He had one very pulpy eye and, having bled profusely at the nose into a handkerchief now being used to poultice that organ, he had a peculiarly sanguinary appearance.

Miss Crider screamed.

Van Arden leaped to his feet and turned. He beheld Polly and flushed darkly, but gave no other evidence of embarrassment.

"You have come for your mail, no doubt," he said gently. "It is there on the desk. Mr. Boggs has saved it all for you very carefully. It was extremely kind of him. He was equally solicitous about mine—so much so that not a single one of your delightful favors even leaked through his hands. I have just been trying to express my appreciation. I trust you didn't overhear a remark—my last but one—"

"Not distinctly," replied Polly. "I could only make out that you seemed annoyed about something."

Mr. Van Arden seemed relieved. He picked up the two bundles of letters and put them in the side pockets of his coat. Then he turned to Jennie Crider and the two gaping citizens.

"Mr. Boggs has, as you will observe,

met with an accident. He himself will explain the details. Suffice it to say, briefly, that he fell—fell into a sort of aberration, from which I have tried to extricate him. I would suppose that in falling, he struck his eye against something, with the deplorable results you must observe. I'm sorry I can't be of any more assistance personally; but I suggest an antiseptic bath and a bandage for the injured parts. I hope, if this course is followed, that Bickford's admirable institution for the nontransmission of mail will be open within the hour. You will find the key to the front door in P. O. Box Number 23."

When Van Arden had finished his harangue he turned, picked up an overcoat and suit case and led the way to the street, Polly following.

That night, after supper, Polly made sure that Van Arden was entirely comfortable, in a big chair before the library fire; then she got out her bundle of letters, sat on the edge of the divan near by, and deftly tucked one foot up under her.

"Now I'm going to read my letters," she said, lazily contented, looking into the fire. Happening to glance from the fire to Van Arden, she flushed a little and bent over the budget in her lap.

Mr. Van Arden presently got up and went to sit beside Polly on the divan.

"Would you rather read it in the letters, Dearie, or let me *tell* it to you by word of mouth?"

Polly considered. No girl ever "considered" more attractively than did Polly.

"I can read the letters later," she said softly.

The Old Order—



A POWERFUL
SHORT STORY

By JOHN BARTON OXFORD

Author of "The Knight and the Day," etc.

Illustrated by Hanson Booth

A CERTAIN distinguished moralist warns us that we are becoming too carnal minded. He points out deplorable tendencies in our literature, our drama, our social life. He does not say it in so many words, perhaps, but he hints more than broadly that we are walking after the flesh, and that, in so doing, we shall of the flesh see corruption.

A certain eminent sociologist is much elated over the present era of unrest which is sweeping over us. In that very unrest he finds the most hopeful and wholesome symptoms. It shows that we have come to recognize at last that certain human institutions almost as old as the race itself have outlived their usefulness. In the march of progress (so he tells us) these institutions, heretofore supposedly the basic principles of race existence but which in reality have been holding back our development for years, will be swept aside and relegated to the moral scrap-heap along with Calvinism and magic and the persecution of witches.

Now what is the right and what the wrong of it? Are we decadent or do we at the present time make for true progress? Are we looking at conditions with the blurred eyes of self-satisfaction and too much prosperity, or, shaking our-

selves free from enmeshing precedent, are we seeing with clearer, saner, better vision? Who shall dare to say?

At any event, one thing is perfectly patent to the most sluggish thinker. There is a mighty onward sweep of something—either progress or decadence. The old order changeth.

Corlett Quilleen was a simple man, a quiet man, a pious man. Being such, his God was a simple God—no Supreme System or Divine Intelligence, but a very personal God to whom he could go with his joys or his troubles in a very personal way. Nor were heaven and hell, to Corlett Quilleen's way of thinking, either allegories, myths or states of mind. To him they were very real, tangible physical entities—the one to spur you to your best by glowing promises, the other equally to spur you to your best with cringing fear.

A very simple man was Corlett Quilleen, with his personal God and his personal devil and his physical conceptions of streets of gold and jasper or of fiery pits and undying worms. One of the old order, truly.

On the sloping hillside back of Caerfraigel is a thatched cottage. It is crumbling to decay now. But for generations there lived in that thatched cottage over-

looking the blue waters of St. George's Channel the Quilleens of Caerfraigel—weaver-folk, all of them, and like Corlett, simple, quiet, God-fearing and devil-hating.

But there was one way in which Corlett Quilleen differed from his weaver ancestors of Caerfraigel. Like them, when he had come of years, married and settled down in the thatched cottage, he worked away at the clumsy, clicking loom; like them he sat at service in the stone kirk at the foot of the hill; but unlike them he looked out at the blue of St. George's Channel with dreamy, speculative eyes—seeing beyond its froth and tumble to lands beyond, lands where life meant more than it did in Caerfraigel, where gold was plenty and one could look forward some day to freedom from the ceaseless click-click of the loom.

Wherefore Corlett Quilleen and his young wife went to America. Being a weaver, it was but natural he should drift into a mill town. There he took up his work at the loom again, but this time no clumsy old-fashioned affair, but one of many thousand like it, rattling and clacking and booming from early morning till dark on the banks of a great river.

It has already been stated that Corlett Quilleen was a simple man. He did as he was told; he performed faithfully whatever the task before him. His store of imagination and initiative seemed to have been exhausted by his inception and execution of the trip to America. In a few years he was in the dreary rut of the mill town, working away for dear life for a bare existence.

The gold came not, nor the prospect of ever getting away from the looms. He lived in a stuffy tenement on one of the hopeless streets behind the miles of mills which lined the river bank. But he did not complain, nor did he lose faith in his simple and his personal God.

Children were born to him—a daughter and then a son and then another daughter. Corlett Quilleen worked away at his speeding, power-driven loom, even as he had worked at the old hand loom in the cottage in Caerfraigel. He made his daily bread and he thanked his God for it. That was quite enough now. The

dreams he had had standing before the Caerfraigel cottage and looking out at the blue of St. George's Channel were dead long since, as most of the dreams of youth are prone to die.

The children grew up, and from economic conditions, perforce went to work in the mills. Then Mally, the oldest girl, died at nineteen; and two years later Mellish, the son, of the same age then, also paid the penalty of the too heavy burdens he had borne before his time.

Still Corlett kept his simple faith; still he went to his simple God with all his tribulations and drew therefrom a strange and an abiding comfort.

There was still left to him and to his wife the youngest girl, Mona—a sprightly creature of hectic spirits, beautiful of face, starry-eyed, lithe and rounded: at sixteen, a laughing girl-woman to make men turn and stare hard after her as she trod the dingy streets from the mill to the still dingier street where they lived.

Corlett loved her in his quiet way; yet he dared not show to her or to the world how great this love really was, lest in it might be read the worshiping of earthly things—and that was something Corlett was very positive his God would dislike. So Mona never knew that it was other with her than with the other two; that old Corlett worshiped the ground she tread on; that he had long, agonized talks with his God over this idolatry he had set up in his heart and which, strive as he would, he could not seem to conquer. Perhaps this made him a little more austere with Mona; perhaps that was why he did not show her even the small affection he had shown to the other two, now dead. In his simple mind he was afraid of putting her before his God, and the second commandment of the decalogue was perfectly clear on the point.

Somehow the mills could not take the roses out of Mona's cheek, nor the spring from her steps, nor the joy of life from her heart. A worldly little creature she, with far more love for a gay bit of ribbon for her hair than for the things of the soul which Corlett felt it now and again his duty to talk to her about.

And then one morning Mona was gone—gone with never a word or sign. She had brought home her pay from the

mills the night before. She had wanted two dollars of it to buy a pair of cut-steel shoe buckles in a window downtown. The household could not afford her those two dollars at that time. Also Corlett had spoken to her drearily on the sins of vanity.

Mrs. Quilleen, already crushed by the

Quilleen, worn out by grief and by the life she had never fitted, died with the first breath of winter. Quilleen talked it all over with his God, sold the household things, moved to a near-by boarding-house and went daily to his looms.

And now came a strange psychological process. The dreams, which had been de-



In his simple mind he was afraid of putting her before his God.

rushing life in this new land, wept incessantly and would not be comforted.

Quilleen took the matter to his God in a personal way and got his usual comfort. It was just a flash of youthful folly. Mona would come back. There was absolutely no use to worry.

But Mona did not come back. Mrs.

nied him save for that brief period in the cottage in Caerfraigel, came back. Only now they were all dreams of Mona. She was coming back to him some time—coming back the same girl-woman she had been when she left him. Her laugh would be the same, her steps the same, her cheeks the same. She



Mona was gone . . . Mrs. Quilleen wept incessantly and would not be comforted.

would go back to the mills as before. She would go with him every morning and come with him every night. Quilleen talked it all over with his God; and his God, so Quilleen felt, seemed to think this would be the way if it too.

Corlett Quilleen was well content, waiting there in the shabby, noisy boarding-house for Mona, tramping daily to his work in the mills, dreaming, hoping, trusting.

Fayle Tyndall, who came from the hilly country beyond Caerfraigel, and, like Corlett, worked in the mills, came slouching one gray November night over to the boarding-house where Quilleen lived. His footsteps dragged as he

climbed the stairs. He was smoking furiously a pipe of amazing length and amazing blackness. He rapped on Corlett's door and entered.

Corlett sat under the flickering gas jet, a big Bible open on his knees. His fingers traced the lines and his lips moved incessantly as he read.

Fayle Tyndall shut the door behind him and sank down on the edge of the bed. He pulled harder at the black pipe. He spoke at last in Gaelic—the Gaelic of the hill country behind Caerfraigel.

"Thy daughter Mona—" he began.

The book went clattering off Corlett's knees. He was out of the chair instantly.

"What of her, Fayle?" he said huskily.

"My son Ewan has seen her," said Fayle.

"Where?" Corlett had clutched the footboard of the bed. The veins stood out on the back of his hairy hands and in his temples, but there was a wonderful light in his eyes.

Tyndall smoked harder. "I thought you ought to know it," he mumbled. "In the city," he answered Corlett's question.

"Go on!" said Corlett in the rasping voice of an impatient child. "Go on!"

"In the city," Tyndall repeated. He seemed at loss to continue. He cleared his throat. He was looking into the bowl of the pipe. "She had much money. Also a fine place to live, rich clothes. Her face was painted and powdered—"

"No," screamed Corlett like a stricken man.

"Ewan met her in a café."

"No!" screamed Corlett again.

"She is loud and stubborn; her feet abide not in her house," Fayle quoted from the seventh chapter of Proverbs. "Now is she without, now in the streets, and lieth in wait at every corner."

Corlett staggered back to his chair, collapsed into it and covered his face with his hands. Fayle prodded viciously at the pipe bowl, despite the fact that the glowing tobacco was searing his finger.

"Ewan—he's a wild one. I could never do anything with him. I imagine he sees many such as she. He told about it in his cups—more's the pity. But he told it, and I have told you. This is the name she goes by," he went on, consulting a slip of paper he drew from his pocket. "and this is where she lives."

Then he went out. He could hear Corlett praying to his God—still in the Gaelic of their conversation.

It was morning before Corlett, worn out, finally fell asleep. It was past noon when he awakened. He dressed himself carefully in his best clothes and the faded black overcoat he wore to church. Then he took the three o'clock train to the city. At five he stood in the vestibule of what seemed to him a very imposing apartment house, with its imitation marble entrance and its imitation mahogany doors. Its number corresponded with the street number on the paper Tyndall had given him the night before.

There were rows of names on either side of a little mouthpiece, beside which a small round receiver depended from its hook. Corlett read through those names until he found the one he sought—a name also written on that slip of paper in his hand. He tried the inner door of the vestibule. It was fast. It did not occur to him to press the little button beside the name and hold the receiver of the house 'phone to his ear. So he stepped back in the vestibule and stood staring at that name until some one, coming out, left the inner vestibule ajar.

Corlett slipped inside, tramped up several flights of stairs, always noting the numbers on the various doors, came to the one he wanted at last and thumped loudly upon it. From within came a silken swishing; the door opened the barest crack; he thrust out his foot, brought his knee into play, forced the door open and stepped inside, closing the door carefully after him.

Mingled heavy odors of some haunting perfume and cigarette-smoke assailed his nostrils. There was a feminine squeal of alarm. A switch snapped; the light in the ceiling above his head sprang into life; and Corlett Quilleen was face to face with his daughter.

She was swathed in a long kimono of silk, and, although her hair was disordered and her lips too red and her cheeks too smooth, she had never looked so radiantly beautiful to him. Her great twin-star eyes were wide open in frightened surprise; the kimono but faintly concealed the wonderful curves of her lithe figure.

"Father!" she said in a voice scarce more than a hoarse whisper.

He moved clumsily forward, upsetting a little nude plaster figure on a teak-wood table and sending it to its tinkling ruin. Neither of them seemed to notice it.

"So it's true," he muttered, his eyes on her.

She tried to speak, but could find no words. Her right hand went to her breast, clutchingly, as if she sought to stifle some overpowering pain there.

"So you *do* lead a life of sin then, as Fayle Tyndall told me," he croaked. "You—who bear my name and the name of your dead mother—Mona."



"So it's true," he muttered.

Hanson Scott -

She made a throaty sound, but it was not articulate.

Corlett drew himself up. Something flashed out of the right hand pocket of the shabby overcoat.

"I have talked it over with my God," he said slowly and very distinctly. "I have come to kill you."

Words came then to the frightened girl. She flung herself forward, sinking to her knees. She clasped the hand that held the gun, begging piteously.

"No," she cried wildly, "no, no, no!

Listen to me. Don't—not here—not now. I'm afraid to die. Listen to me! I had to have life—I had to have—to have love. You never gave it to me—either of you. It's not my fault. I had to have it—and pretty things. I earned money in the mills, but I never had a cent of it to spend. Why once—once—I wanted a pair of steel shoe buckles—just a little pair of buckles that cost two dollars, and you wouldn't let me have the two dollars out of the money I'd earned. That's what did it. If you'd given me just a little

affection—or just some little pretty thing now and then—don't you see? I had to have them, I tell you. I couldn't live without them. This—this is not all my fault!”

Corlett Quilleen began to shiver. The girl felt it. She pleaded the harder. She let go his hand and clasped his knees. She was aware at last that he was making deep sounds in his throat, that he was trembling harder. Then suddenly he unclasped her hands, stepped quickly to the door, opened it and was gone.

She toppled over on her face and lay there on the floor of the tiny hallway, spent, nerveless, shaken with the terrible sobbing grief that knows no tears.

Krissler's is a shabby little hotel. The elevated trains roar past it. Heavy drays on their way to the wharves keep it continually a-quiver.

It seemed to Corlett Quilleen that it was years and years after he left his daughter that he came to Krissler's. He scrawled something on the greasy register; and a boy, whistling blithely between his teeth all the time, conducted him to a room on the top floor. He threw up the window and sat down by it. Elevated trains went roaring past. Now and again maudlin voices drifted up to him from Krissler's notorious “palm room” two floors below.

So the bleak November night shut down on him, sitting there by the open window, staring out at the myriad winking lights of the city, stationary and moving, and the flare of them on the gray November clouds overhead.

But Corlett Quilleen saw none of it.

Assailing his nostrils was the mingled odor of cigarette-smoke and some heavy perfume; two arms seemed to twine, pleading their agony, about his knees. All he saw was a pair of shoe buckles—of cut steel, they were, and glittering beyond the brilliance of all the lights. And so he came to his decision.

Two porters and a clerk boosted an eel-like bell-boy up to the transom of one of the top-floor rooms at Krissler's, next afternoon. The boy wriggled through, dropped to the floor—and then he was clawing wildly at the lock on the door.

In a moment it opened. He shot out, white-faced and trembling. He was a new boy at Krissler's.

The clerk looked at the bed, then stepped to the telephone on the wall to summon the police. After which, he and the two porters sat down just outside the door to wait. The clerk proffered them cigars, but neither cared to smoke.

Presently the clerk arose and tip-toed into the room. What puzzled him was the smile on the face of that man on the bed. He had never seen such a smile as that frozen one. It bespoke a great and an abiding peace and satisfaction. It was uncanny, yet one couldn't help looking at it.

Then the police came down the hall from the elevator—a sergeant and two plain-clothes men. The clerk and the trio entered the room.

“Didn't see this note on the dresser, did you?” asked the sergeant, picking it up. “Say, what's it written in—Polish?”

“That aint Polish,” said one of the plain-clothes men. “Send for Bruce.”

So Bruce came, but Bruce couldn't read that note. Bruce, however, knew a man who could, and telephoned for him.

This latest arrival proved to be a thoughtful young man with the eyes of a poet. He picked up the note and ran it over.

“What's it say?” asked the sergeant.

Now in the hour of death a man's mind goes far backward. He is apt to call his mother's name, although she may have been dead for years. In the same way, if he has learned other tongues since his childhood, he will revert to his earliest speech. So it is not strange that this note was written in Gaelic.

“What's it say?” the sergeant was asking again.

The young man with the big spectacles looked at the bed where lay the weaver of Caerfraigel with that frozen smile of peace on his face. Being something of a poet, it is very possible the young man had some subtle understanding. Anyway, his voice was hushed and very gentle as he translated:

“I have talked this over with my God. The fault is mine. Therefore, I go to suffer her damnation for her.”

The Previous Chapters of "What Will People Say?"

LOVELY Persis Cabot, member of an exclusive circle in New York, is the dominant figure of this, the most powerful story of society life since Thackeray's "Vanity Fair" held the mirror up to English follies and ostentation. She is born and bred to our metropolitan maxim, "What will people say?" Her world considers being found out the only unforgivable sin.

Persis lives her season-chasing, pleasure-hunting life coldly and evenly. In constant attendance on her is "Little Willie" Enslee, an insignificant weakling but heir to enormous estates. Persis is secretly engaged to him, as her father is in constant business trouble and she wants to be prepared to "get aboard the ark" in case of financial deluge. Then suddenly, Lieutenant Harvey Forbes, U. S. A., a handsome Southerner, comes into her life.

Forbes is just home from fighting Moros. He is introduced by Murray Ten Eyck, a Knickerbocker of fashion. At first Forbes looks on society display with disgust. He thinks of the constant parade of luxuriously dressed women: "All these women are paid for by men. What do the women pay?" And he is contemptuous of their fragile and languorous appearance, but he is to learn they are capable of making or breaking the lives of strong men.

Forbes becomes fascinated by Persis and follows her about to the different cafés where society folk turkey-trot. He learns the dance and is in a rapture when Persis is his partner. Ten Eyck warns Forbes not to fall in love with Persis if he isn't a millionaire. Forbes has only his army pay of two thousand a year, but he doesn't heed. Everywhere he hears Persis' name linked with Enslee's. Even Mrs. Neff, dictator of this "set," expects Persis to marry Enslee without loving him, just as she expects to force her daughter Alice, who loves young and impecunious Stowe Webb, to marry the elderly Senator Tait.

Forbes gives a luncheon for Persis' party at the Ritz-Carleton. He is dazed at the cost. While they are eating, Enslee declares he is going to take a day to run up to his country place, which is not yet opened. Winifred Mather, a substantial beauty al-

ways in the party, exclaims that they will all go along. And so a servantless house-party is arranged.

Forbes takes Persis home from the luncheon in a taxi. The windows of the taxi are made opaque with rain. Forbes takes Persis in his arms and she allows the embrace. But she is furious with herself a moment later for fear some one has seen.

Forbes now decides to win Persis. He goes to Enslee's house-party, where his host's stately mansion and magnificent estates—Enslee's strongest fighting weapons—will be arrayed against him. The first morning there, Persis slips out with him and they roam while he tells his love. Persis keeps him at arm's length, because she is afraid of what the people at the house will say if some one peeps through the blinds. That day Enslee urges Persis to marry him at once. She refuses and meets Forbes again late that night for a walk.

The moon is gone when they creep back into the house. They stop to kiss good-night again in the upper hall, and as they close their doors, Forbes hears a third door close. Some one else has been in the hall!

The listener was Willie Enslee. But he did not recognize Persis; he tells her he is going to lock out the romantic couple the next night as a joke.

The following day, Forbes tells Persis of his poverty and begs her to marry him. The girl is stunned at finding he has only what to her is a good chauffeur's salary, and tells him she cannot. That evening Enslee announces their engagement and tells the party it is of long standing. Forbes shows how deeply he is wounded, and Persis offers to explain. So they go into a dark, un-opened parlor, after the others have gone to bed; and while Enslee lies on a hall couch waiting for the culprits he thinks he has locked out, Persis acknowledges she is willing to sell herself to Enslee for what he can give her. Forbes hurls her from him in a rage as something cheap, unclean, then clenches his arms about her in a different ardor from the lover who protects; and only Persis' cry to him to help her, saves her. They go silently into the hall and Forbes points to the shriveled figure of the sleeping Enslee and is tempted to say tauntingly, "There is your husband. Go to him."

What Will People Say?



A "VANITY FAIR" OF NEW YORK

By RUPERT HUGHES

Author of "Pop," "Excuse Me," "Miss 318," etc.

Illustrated by James Montgomery Flagg

XLIII

WHEN Forbes shut the door upon Persis (and unwittingly shut out her little gesture of appeal to come back, be stronger than she was and rescue her from herself in spite of herself) he looked from his room upon a world that wore the colorless color of the glass in his window.

There was a menace of rain in the sky, and the dawn, too, was a colorless affair, neither night nor morning. The day woke like a sleeper that has not rested well.

As a mere formality, Forbes took off his clothes and lay down. Life was colorless ahead of him. The woman who had fascinated him utterly had utterly disappointed him. She loved Forbes, but not his penury; she would marry Enslee's money, but not Enslee. She wanted "success" in marriage—called it her "career!"

Men, he knew, put their careers first, made everything subservient to success, asked their women to kowtow to it. Per-

haps women were going to do the same thing. Perhaps they had been all these centuries hunting success and disguising the materialism of their ambition under more romantic words. Perhaps Persis was not different from millions of women except for being frank where the others were hypocrites, more or less intentionally.

This thought softened his heart toward Persis; and he regretted it. He did not want to think softly of her any more. It unnerved his resolution; and uncertainty and irresolution were terrific strains on a man of action and precision. If he could renounce Persis with contempt, he would be able to close that incident and resume the progress of life. But to find in every beauty of hers something of ugliness, and to find in every cruelty of hers something of intelligence, was the paralysis of decision.

For how could he hate her when he loved her so madly and was so unhappy out of her sight? How was he to endure it that she should marry another man? And how was he to prevent it?

He tossed between sleeping and waking, between condemnation of Persis and acquittal, between resolutions to cut her out of his heart and his life, and the resolution to win her yet. Eventually he heard people stirring about the house, and he rose drearily.

The shower bath gave forth a lukewarm drizzle that neither stimulated nor soothed him. Outside, the rain was falling lazily in a gray air that hid the hills and gardens as if the sky too were a curtained shower-bath.

He began to pack his suit-cases. As he was folding one of his coats, there dropped from its inside pocket a mesh of be-ribboned lace. It surprised him by its inappropriateness. He picked it up, and it was the nightcap that had fallen from her tousled hair as she looked from the window into that wonderful dawn of day before yesterday. What a liar that dawn had been! It was illustrious and spend-thrift of promises. To-day's dawn was the fulfillment. That was romance; this was truth. The nightcap itself was but a snare, a broken snare.

He flung it angrily back to the floor, and went on packing his bachelor things to take back to his bachelor future. The little cap lay huddled—as she had crouched when he had flung her out of his arms. She had whispered, "I understand," and it seemed also not to reproach him. But it was very beautiful. He could not leave it there for some servant to find. Especially not, as she had prophesied just such a result and he had promised to keep it secret. He picked it up. It was fragrant and pink and silken and lacy—as she was.

He rebuked himself for venting his spite on an inanimate object, a nightcap, of all things! This led him to reproach himself for condemning Persis. She too was knitted and bow-knotted together with the sole purpose of being exquisite. As well blame the nightcap for not being a helmet, as blame Persis for not being a heroine.

He found himself caressing the cap and almost murmuring to it. He folded it tenderly and put it in the inside pocket of his waistcoat. It seemed to nestle there and he felt a lurch in his heart as

if Persis had just crept back into it, and curled up to sleep. He buttoned them in, Persis and the nightcap, and closing his suit-cases, carried them downstairs as one does in a hotel where there is no bell-boy.

He found Willie Enslee staring at him, rubbing his eyes. Willie had wakened only a moment before, had realized the hour with bewilderment, had tried the front door and found it still locked. He was just wondering where Forbes and Mrs. Neff had spent the night, when Forbes walked down the stairs and said "Good morning!"—but with a queer tone and an odd something in his eyes.

Willie drowsily answered "G'maw!" and stared harder, for Mrs. Neff came down the steps after Forbes. She was sneezing so violently that she had to cling to the banister rail to keep from sneezing herself into space.

She did not see Willie, but her appearance and her sneeze confirmed his theory. He backed out through a side door and made his way through the kitchen and up the stairway there to his own room. His mind was still fumbling with the riddle of how Forbes and Mrs. Neff got in.

After breakfast the three automobiles rolled up through the rain, all shipshape for the storm, with tops hooded and side curtains buttoned down snugly.

The cars pushed southward, with no passing scenery to indicate progress, only the bumps and teeterings, the swerves and slitherings and the nauseating belches of noise made by the horns. Eventually the wheels ceased to run upon irregular ground and glided on asphalt. This must be New York.

At Seventy-second Street they turned off Broadway and crossed Central Park. At the eastern gate Mrs. Neff's chauffeur checked his car alongside a whale-like mass from which Willie Enslee's voice was heard shrilly calling through the rain:

"Good-by, Mrs. Neff. Good-by, Alice! Good-by, Mr. Wa-er-Forbes. Awfully glad you could come. See you again. Go on to Miss Cabot's house." This last to his own driver.



As he was folding one of his coats, there dropped from its inside pocket a mesh of be-ribboned lace . . . it was the nightcap that had fallen from Persis' tousled hair as she looked from her window into that wonderful dawn of day before yesterday. What a liar that dawn had been!

Mrs. Neff and Alice cried in unison. "Good-by! Had lovely time. See you soon!"

And out of space came the disembodied voice of Persis as from a grave: "Good-by, Mrs. Neff: by-by, Alice. Good-by, Mr. Forbes."

"Good-by, P-Miss Cabot!" he called. Her voice trailed away as if it were her soul going to death, and his voice followed with an ache of despair in it.

It is doleful travel that takes one home from an unaccomplished errand—only, Forbes was not returning even to his home. His home was as shiftless as a Methodist minister's. At present it was a hotel and after that the army post.

And now those duties which he had dreaded so to resume became in his mind a refuge. After such a maddening recreation there was a kind of heaven in the thought of living according to a rigid program. At such an hour a bugle would exclaim and drums would ruffle, and the day's work would begin. At such an hour was a roll-call, or a sick-call, or a guard-mount call, or a headquarters call. Certain books were to be inspected and corrected; certain men were to be taught to do certain things exactly so. If there were ever a doubt, the answer was printed in a book or in an order numbered and dated.

He paid his bill at the hotel—with further erosion of the bank account, and took the subway and the ferry to Governor's Island. The first sentinel he encountered on the Island recognized him for an officer at a distance, by his shoulders and his carriage; and halting on his post at just the right distance, faced outward, and presented arms with decorative rigidity. As Forbes' hand went to the brim of his straw hat, it felt a visor there and his heart went up in thanks, and his eyes went up to the colors!—the little piece of wrinkling sky in the corner and the red stripes swimming in luxurious curves.

And next he met two officers he had known in West Point and in Cuba and at Manila. The small army of the United States seemed hardly more than a large club. One of these officers, Major Chatham, dragged Forbes to his home

for dinner—as pretty a home as a man could wish, with as pretty a wife, and two children. And they had a maid to wait on them; and they kept a little automobile, too, the Major being his own chauffeur. They seemed happy. Perhaps it was only manners, but the wife seemed as happy as a lark—or rather a canary.

Forbes left after his first cigar, on a pretext of unpacking. In the late twilight the sea-gulls that swung and tilted and dipped about the bay like little air yachts did not seem so desirable after all. He declared himself emancipated and contented. He thrust his head high and bulged his chest and walked soldierly.

And so he prospered till he was alone in his quarters, and the dark closed in, and he turned on the light, and set about the establishment of his effects with all the fanatic neatness and order a West Point training could give a man.

He put his coats and overcoats on the hangers and the trousers in their holders flat and creased, and set his shoes out in rows, and the boxes of belts and spurs, and the sword cases, and the various hat-boxes. He took off his civilian coat and waistcoat and found in the inside pocket that perfumed nightcap.

And then he wanted Persis. He thirsted and hungered for her. He fevered for her. He called himself names, reasoned, laughed, cursed, tried to read, to write, but "Persis!—Persis!—Persis!" ran among his thoughts like a tune that can neither be seized nor forgotten.

Only last night she was in his arms, in his power, and so afraid of him that she cried to him for help from her love—and he had given her up! given her back to herself!

He had kept her pure that Enslee might take her intact! His nobility seemed very cheap to him now. He repented his virtue. If he had taken her then, he could have kept her for his own. Now she had escaped; she would never risk the danger again. She had told him so. And she could be very wise, very cold, very resolute.

That night was a condensed eternity. The next morning's duties were performed in a kind of somnambulism.

The second day brought his commis-

sion as captain. He glanced it over listlessly and tossed it aside.

For years he had fretted for this document, focused his ambitions on it, upbraided a tardy government for withholding it so long. And now that it was here, he sneered at the accolade of it. The increase of pay was a mere sarcasm; it brought him no nearer his planet than going to the roof and standing on tip-toe would have done. The commandant congratulated him. His fellow officers wrung his hand. He was no longer "Mr. Forbes." He had a title. But what was the good of it? It did not even make him a rival of Enslee, whose only title was "Little Willie."

Now and then the profundity of his gloom was quickened with resolutions to seek Persis, to storm her home and carry her off. Perhaps that was what she was waiting for. He had often read that women love to be overmastered. Then his pride would revolt. It was not his way of courtship.

But at least he would telephone her. Then he remembered a fruitless effort he had made to discover her number—that mystical "private wire." Ten Eyck would know it. He would call up Ten Eyck. With the receiver off the hook and Central asking "Number, please?" he changed his mind. It would only invite one of Ten Eyck's fatherly lectures.

Besides, if Persis cared enough for him to grant him an interview she would seek it herself. Perhaps she had called up the hotel and found him gone. Perhaps she was afraid to call up the post and have him summoned.

He tossed hope and despair like a mad juggler who cannot rest. On the third day, when he came from the parade-ground, he was informed that he had been wanted on the telephone. He was to call up such a number. "Yes, sir, it was a lady's voice, sir."

It must be Persis. No, it might be an operator in a hotel. It might be her maid. It might be anybody. It proved to be the telephone girl in the office of Senator Tait.

In a moment, by the occult influence of the telephone, the unknown woman vanished and Senator Tait's soul was in

communication with his. The genial heart seemed to quiver in the air.

"That you, Harvey?"

"Yes. Hello, Senator."

"You sound mighty doleful, my boy. Anything the matter?"

"No, I'm all right."

"Can't you come up to the house for dinner to-night?"

He realized that this would mean meeting Mildred and dressing in his evening things. He did not want to put on his evening things. They had danced with Persis last. He did not want to meet any woman. He was in mourning. All this flashed through his mind while he invented an excuse of official duty.

"To-morrow night, then?" the Senator persisted.

"Terribly sorry. I can't get off."

"How about lunch—at the club—to-morrow."

"I'd like that."

"I have something to discuss with you."

"I'll be there! At one?"

"Fine! One o'clock! Metropolitan Club. Do you know where it is?"

"I'll find it."

"Good! Perhaps Mildred can be there."

"Fine!" His voice answered. He was trapped. He had not guessed that the club would have an annex. The Senator felt the constraint across the wire. It hurt him but he laughed.

"Cheer up! Maybe she can't come!"

"Oh, I—I hope she can. She's—I'd love to see her, I assure you."

"All right. Don't worry. Good-by."

The Senator was laughing, but there was a wounded pride in his voice. Forbes hung up the telephone, feeling a cad and an ingrate.

XLIV

The next afternoon, having obtained the privilege of absence, Forbes took the ferry, the subway and the cross-town car to the Metropolitan Club. As he passed through the carved and colonnaded court, a motor-car deposited two women at the door of the annex. He feared that one of them was Mildred,

but he was unnecessarily alarmed. Mildred had pleaded official duties. She had shown the same reluctance Forbes had revealed. Perhaps she saw through her father's motives. But the old Senator was willing to wait. He was a born compromiser, a genius at making fusions out of factions.

When Forbes entered the club, and asked for Senator Tait, the doorman consulted the roster-board and finding a cribbage-peg opposite the Senator's name, sent a page for him. He was not far to fetch and he was in a humor of Falstaffian heartiness. He came upon Forbes' foggy mood like a morning sun. He was just what Forbes needed.

He clapped his arm across Forbes' shoulder, and as he registered him in the guest-book, wrote the new word "Captain" large, and pointed to it; then he dragged Forbes to the cigar-case and commanded the biggest cigar there was, "one with a solid gold wrapper." He treated the forlorn victim of a woman's jilt, as a notable worthy of notable entertainment. It was the lift that the prodigal son got when he slunk back home and was met with a feast instead of reproach.

He led Forbes into the great central hall with its white marble cliffs and its red-velveted double stairway mounting like a huge St. Andrew's cross, placed him on a settle where a platoon of men might have sat a-knee, and gave the bell a royal bang. He recommended a special cocktail and joined Forbes in it—in joyous disobedience of his physician's warning. When the cocktail arrived, Forbes gave him the army toast of "How!" and Tait answered "Happy days!"

On the top floor their luncheon awaited them at a table by the window. As Forbes drew his napkin across his knee, he gazed down at the corner of the Park, and the lake where white swans drifted like the toy-sloops of children. From this height the hills and curving walks looked miniature as a Japanese garden.

When the clam shells were emptied, they were replaced with chicken, one waiter serving rice and another curry. It was strangely comforting to be well served with choice food in a beautiful

room above a beautiful scene. He felt that in places like this wealth justified itself. Wealth the upholsterer, the caterer, the artist, the butler.

Forbes wished that he himself might belong to this delightful place that they called the "Millionaires' Club." He longed for riches, especially as they would mean Persis. He remembered what she had said: "The rich can get anything the poor have, but the poor can't get what the rich have." The rich Enslee could even get Persis.

He sat musing bitterly, forgetting that he had a host, and unaware that the host was looking at him with sad affection; not resenting his listlessness but hoping to relieve it. Remembering Forbes' father, Senator Tait knew that he must move warily about that sensitive Forbes pride, as swift to strike an awkward hand as a caged tiger that greets an unwelcome caress with a wound.

He hesitated to open his real business and he began obliquely.

"Well, I've just fired the first gun in my war with Mrs. Neff."

"Yes?" said Forbes drearily.

"Yes," said Tait positively. "Just before you came, young Stowe Webb was here—nice young fellow; I sent for him and said to him, 'Young man, Miss Alice Neff—whom I believe you know'—he blushed like a house afire—'tells me,' I said, 'that her mother objects to you because you have no money.' He flashed me a look of amazement, and I said, 'If you need money, why don't you make it?' And he said, 'How can I?' 'Why, money is growing on bushes everywhere,' I said, 'just waiting to be picked off: poor men are getting rich every day,' I said, and he said, 'Yes, and rich men are getting poor. My family is one of the bushes and we've been pretty well picked. My father left me nothing but his blessing and I can't pawn that,' he said. 'But I'm not dead yet,' he said; 'I'll show you all some day.' And I said, 'There must be something in any man that a good girl loves and believes in. And any girl that's worth having is worth working for, and if she really wants you she'll wait for you.' And then I lowered my voice about an octave and

said, 'I wonder if you have the grit to go out in this hard old world and work for that girl and—and earn her?' He said, 'You bet I have,' so I said, 'Well, I know where there's a job you might get: it's a small salary and a lot of work at first and by and by a little more salary and much harder work, and you won't be able to see her often; perhaps not at all for a long while—but eventually, if she'll wait, you'll be able to support her as well as any girl needs to be supported who has love in the bargain. Do you want that job, young man?' I said, glaring. And he said, 'Lead me to it!'

Forbes listened with eagerness and envy. The portrait of Alice, who would wait till her lover worked his way up to a competence contrasted sharply with Persis, who would not accept the competence Forbes already had. He asked with an effort at enthusiasm:

"And what is the job?"

"I'm going to make him my secretary at twelve hundred a year, at first. He won't be worth it and I'll have to do all my own work for a while, but I'll give him his chance. I won't pamper him. I'll test him out—and her, too. If they can't stand the test, they wouldn't last long in the battle of matrimony."

"Your secretary?" said Forbes. "Does he know any law?"

"I'm not going to be a lawyer. I'm going to be a diplomat—in Paris."

"Splendid!" cried Forbes, reaching across to squeeze his hand. "I congratulate the country—and France. I envy you Paris. I've never been there."

"How would you like to go?"

"How would I like to be a major-general?"

Tait opened his lips to say something, then stammered and finally said with abrupt irrelevance:

"I was wrong. I see, about old Cabot."

"Were you?" Forbes mumbled, with a sudden flush at the broaching of that dangerous theme.

"Yes, I said that he was to be closed up, forced into involuntary bankruptcy and all that."

"Wasn't he?" said Forbes weakly.

"No, he got money and credit and a new start from the Enslee Estates. There

is a rumor that his daughter is to marry Willie Enslee. I thought that you might—did you—did you hear anything of it—from Enslee?"

Senator Tait made an elaborate pretence of indifference and showed a violent interest in the curry-gilded leg of a chicken. Forbes felt green with shame as he answered: "Yes, Enslee announced the engagement himself—the very day I saw you last."

His head drooped as if his neck could no longer hold it up. Senator Tait noted his harrowed look, and broke out angrily:

"Don't be cut up, my boy, just because she's fool enough to marry a bigger fool than herself."

"Oh, please!" Forbes protested. He could have struck a younger man in Persis' defence, but he could only appeal to so old a man as Senator Tait. The Senator, however, persisted:

"You ought to be glad to be revenged so neatly."

Forbes was in a desperate case; he laughed bitterly. "Revenge is a little late. My life is ruined. I might as well put an end to it."

The old man stared at the tragic face, the brow corded with veins, the eyes fanatic with despair. He could not believe that so brilliant an officer could kill himself. And yet men did kill themselves—several thousand a year. When Forbes' father was a young man, courting the fickle young beauty who was later to become the steadfast wife and mother of Forbes, they quarreled, and Forbes' father was frantic with grief; he too threatened self-destruction. Senator Tait himself had taken the revolver away from him and helped to lift him across the dark waters of jealousy. It startled him to see the father's black despair repeated in the son. Yet, as humanity is constituted, tragedy becomes grotesque when it is repeated. He felt a certain helpless amusement at finding the son just as desperate as the father had been. He had laughed the elder Forbes out of his gloom. He attempted to ridicule the son free of the same obsession. He spoke in a low tone surcharged with an anxiety whose exaggeration Forbes was too dolorous to catch:

"You say that you can't stand the loss of Miss Cabot and you might as well commit suicide?"

"I might as well."

"I'll tell you—let's commit suicide together."

Forbes' haggard glance showed that he was not yet awake to the old man's parody of his solemnity.

"Do you mean it?" Forbes asked.

"Yes," Tait murmured. "All good Americans go to Paris when they die—let's go to Paris."

Now Forbes caught the twinkle in his eye. It took him off his guard. It was as if some one had made a funny face at a funeral. A guffaw of laughter escaped him. It shocked him and shamed him, but it shattered his depression.

Senator Tait seized the opportunity of Forbes' disorder and urged his idea:

"I've got to have a military attaché, you know. I could get the billet for you."

"Why select me for the honor? You'll be beset with applications."

"Yes, but I like you. You are your father come to life again. I love you—as if you were your father—or my son. I'm old. I need young shoulders to lean on. I've nobody else but you. And you need me. You've had a whack on the solar plexus. You're seeing stars. But you mustn't let them count you out. Once you get your breath, you'll be as good a man as you ever were. But don't lie down and take the count. And I can help you while you're helping me. It's a new world for you, Harvey. Nobody ought to die without seeing France, and England, the old world that's so much newer than ours and so much wiser in so many ways. It's your opportunity. It may mean wonderful things for you. You can't refuse. You won't refuse, will you?"

The very impact of his blows pounded Harvey's cold heart to a glow. The word "opportunity" glinted like a shower of sparks in a smithy. He smiled in spite of himself. He felt such a leap of new blood in his arteries, such a rush of fresh air into his lungs, that he seemed to waken from a coma. He could not speak, but he thrust his hand across the table and wrung the Senator's fat old fingers till they ached.

XLV

Willie Enslee was as little masculine as a man could be without being in the least effeminate. Ten Eyck, whose French was more fluent than exact, called him "*petite*." His head was small and childish and the more infantile for a great rearward overhang that would have looked better on a yacht. His voice was high and trebling in its sound. His costumes were always of next season, or the season after next. Yet carefully as he dressed, his clothes never dignified him nor he them. Rich as he was, he attracted few parasites.

Now no one realized Willie Enslee's defects half so thoroughly as did Willie Enslee. But his failings did not amuse him as they did other people; he could not laugh with the world at himself. He knew the world laughed at him and not without cause, and yet he hated the world for its laughter. He hated everybody he knew, almost as much as he hated himself. To this misanthropy there was one exception—Persis. He hated her too, in a way, for she never concealed her scorn of him, and she ridiculed his foibles before his face; but he found her so beautiful that he loved her while he loathed her, desired while he abhorred.

He found her cold and flippant to his most earnest moods, but he assumed that she was cold and flippant to everybody else. She certainly had that reputation and he comforted himself with the feeling that while she may have failed in response to his ardors, it was not because she was in love with anybody else.

So little jealousy he had—or rather so slow a jealousy—that the silly theory of Forbes' flirtation with Mrs. Neff sufficed to prevent him from paying the slightest attention to Forbes' conversations with Persis. Lack of jealousy is sometimes a form of conceit. Perhaps it was this feeling that no woman could prefer any other man to an Enslee that led him to ignore the ordinary caution of a lover. Perhaps it was just his idolatry of Persis, his inability to believe her capable of the infamy of duplicity.

But somewhere in his soul there must have been a latent spark of suspicion

which might some day burst into a consuming flame; for into his dreams came now and then little glints of uneasiness. He dismissed them as the results of indigestion, but they persisted.

One day, shortly after his return from his Westchester estate, he sat down in the living room of his town house to read the evening papers. There were portraits of Persis—in various poses and costumes. Willie saw no pictures of himself, and the allusions to him were mainly concerned with "William Enslee, Esq., son of the famous William Enslee."

Willie took so much pride in the fame of his betrothed that he was not jealous even of her monopoly of the newspaper attention. He felt only a great pride in being the future owner of all that beauty.

He lolled on the divan and smoked the cigarettes of prosperity. The divan was so comfortable and his satisfaction so soothing that he grew drowsy. His jaw fell open as his eyes fell shut. The newspapers dropped to the floor and he was asleep.

Into the room which was already almost ready for the closing of the house and the emigration to Newport or the country, came his mother, the most unmatronly of mothers. Her aristocratic face and figure were markedly Spanish. Her black hair was touched with gray at the temples as if with a careless powder puff. She pushed back the covering of the mirror over the mantel that she might catch a glimpse of her hair. She brightened at the vision she saw within—and not without reason, for she had broken many hearts in Cuba and New York, before the elder Enslee won her and married her. The only result of the union was that at his death he left a widow who was more attractive than a widow has a right to be, and a son who was less attractive than is expected even of a millionaire's son.

As she stared at her image in the looking glass, Willie's heavy breathing caught her ear and she heard that he was asleep before she saw him. And then she spoke sharply:

"Is that you, Willie? And are you asleep?"

"Yes; it's me and I am."

"But you mustn't sleep here. Go to your own room—or the club."

"Let me alone," Willie protested and dropped back to sleep.

"When I was young, parents weren't spoken to like that," said Mrs. Enslee, forgetting how she used to speak to her parents. She paused to muse upon her man-child. She felt sorry for him but sorrier for herself for having him. As she watched him, he began to mumble some gibberish, which she bent closer to hear. Then his hand, hanging limply outside the covers, began to clench and twitch.

Suddenly from his lips broke a half-strangled scream, then a wild shriek of "Persis! Persis!"

His own outcry seemed to waken him. His eyes flew open and he stared about him as if searching for some one whose absence bewildered him.

His mother peered into his eyes and he clutched her by the arms, staring at her. Then he mumbled:

"Oh, it's you," and he smiled foolishly and laughed as with a great relief.

"What is it, my boy?" said Mrs. Enslee.

"I must have dropped off to sleep again. It was only a dream."

"What was it?" Mrs. Enslee repeated, but he spoke with a sickly cheer:

"That's the one consolation about nightmares, when you wake up—thank God they're not true."

"But what did you dream?" Mrs. Enslee demanded and he explained: "You see, it seemed to be my wedding day. And I was standing there by Persis—I was fumbling in my pocket for the ring—and feeling like a fool—because she's so much taller than I am—and the preacher said 'If anybody knows any reason why these two should not wed, let him speak now, or forever—'"

"Yes—yes," said his audience of one; then he went on:

"There was silence for a minute. Then a man stood up in the church—I couldn't see his face—but he was tall—and he called out 'I forbid the banns! She loves me. She is only marrying that man for his money!' I turned to Persis and said:



Persis was thinking of her new name. "You'll be Mrs. Enslee, and I suppose I'll be Mrs. William Mrs. Enslee?" "As you like, my dear,"



JAMES MONTGOMERY FLACC

Enslee, or Mrs. Little Willie, sha'n't I—Mama?—do you want me to call you Mama, or shall I stick to said Mrs. Enslee with a little shudder.

"Is that true?" and she said: "I don't know the man. I never saw him." And then when she had said that, he gave her one look, and walked out of the church. And the ceremony went on. But Persis shivered all the time, just shivered—and when I kissed her, her lips were like ice. Then the music began and we marched down the aisle—and then—then we—no, I won't tell you."

"Go on—please go on," the mother pleaded, but Willie grew embarrassed; and his eyes wandered as he went on:

"Well—at last—we were in a room—and I—she shrank away from me as if I were a toad. And swore she hated me—and loved the other man. Then I saw everything red; I hated her. I wanted to throttle her—to tear her to pieces. But she ran to the window and fell, all tangled up in the veil and the long train. I tried to save her—but I couldn't! And then—when it was too late—my love for her came back, and I cried, 'Persis! Persis!'—and woke up." He sat panting as if he had run far. The dream which had been condensed into a moment's doze, seemed to have been the real experience of hours. He gasped:

"Mother, do you believe in dreams?"

"No—no—of course not," said Mrs. Enslee. "Or else they go by contraries."

"Ugh! How real they are while they last. I can't get over it."

"Well—of course—I'm not superstitious," Mrs. Enslee insinuated, "but—if you are—perhaps—I just say, perhaps—it might be a sort of omen that you'd better not marry Persis after all."

"Not marry Persis?" Willie gasped.

"There are other women on earth," Mrs. Enslee suggested.

"Not for me!"

Mrs. Enslee pondered a moment before she took up the debate again: "But do you think she loves you as much as you'd like to be loved?"

Willie laughed: "Huh! Nobody ever loved me—like that—nobody ever will."

"Except your mother," said Mrs. Enslee, laying her hand on his hair. Willie hated to have his hair smoothed and he edged away, as he laughed bitterly: "I'm afraid even you've found me unattractive, Mother. I couldn't have been much

to be proud of even as a little brat. I never had a chum as a boy. I never had a girl sweetheart. It wasn't that I didn't like other people—but other people can't seem to like me."

He pondered the mystery so tragically that Mrs. Enslee caressed him and said: "You mustn't say that. I adore you."

Willie eyed her with a cynical stare: "Don't be literary, Mother. Why, I remember when I was a little boy how lonely I used to get in this big old house. Poor Father was so busy heaping up money, I hardly knew him by sight. Once he passed me on the street and didn't speak to me! Then at night you used to give big dinners, I had to eat early and alone up in the nursery. But I used to lie awake for hours, and when the doors opened I could hear laughter. And often there was music. You used to go down to dinner after I had gone to bed."

"But I always stopped in to kiss you good-night, didn't I?" the mother urged in self-defence.

"Sometimes you would forget!" Willie sighed. "Then I'd be left there alone with the governess. I didn't want to speak French to a governess. I wanted to talk to my mother. And when you did stop in, to kiss me, your lips sometimes used to leave red marks on my cheek."

"Willie!" Mrs. Enslee gasped, but Willie went on: "I couldn't put my arms around your neck for fear I'd disarrange your hair—and even that was dyed!"

Mrs. Enslee turned on him in rage and gasped: "Willie! how dare you?"

He turned on her fiercely: "You know it was, you know it was!"

"You little beast!" Mrs. Enslee cried, but Willie laughed maliciously: "See? See? Now you're showing your real feelings to me."

Mrs. Enslee controlled her pain and her wrath, and implored: "Come, my boy, let's be friends."

"Oh, that's all right, Mother," said Willie. "Friends is a good word. It's too late for anything else."

"You're in one of your nasty moods, Willie," said Mrs. Enslee. "But we were talking of Persis. You must decide about her."

"I have decided."

"You wont marry her, then?"

"Not marry her?" Willie repeated like a sarcastic echo. "Of course I will. And why not?"

Motives are hard tangles to unravel, especially a mother's. Perhaps Mrs. Enslee was really afraid of Persis. Perhaps she wanted to reassure herself of the future ability to say, "I warned you." Perhaps it was just motherly jealousy of the new proprietress of Willie's time and attention. In answer to Willie's "Why not?" she insinuated: "People might say that she is marrying you for your money."

"Well, what of it? What if she is?" Willie stormed. "What else is there to marry me for? My beauty? What does it matter, so I get her? Why do dukes marry chorus girls—when they can afford 'em? Because they want 'em! That's why, isn't it? What fools they'd be not to!"

His mother shrugged his troubles from her shoulders and left him to ferment in his own vinegar. She went to pay her duty call on Persis, to welcome her formally into the family and proffer her the use of the family name. There was the most gleaming cordiality on the surface of their meeting, but the depths of both streams were a trifle turbid. Willie's mother understood now why her own husband's fierce old mother, known as "Medusa" Enslee, had received her with such constraint on a similar occasion. That mother had had to give up part of her name, too, and step back from being queen to being queen mother, with endless confusion in the newspapers, the invitations, the correspondence—and the gossip.

Willie's mother felt now a sympathy for the old woman she had hated. But it crowded out the sympathy she should have felt for Persis, who was suffering what she had suffered as a young-woman-afraid-of-her-mother-in-law.

It was bitter for Willie's mother, still beautiful, feeling herself as young as ever, to realize that henceforth she must be the "elder," or worse yet, the "old Mrs. Enslee;" perhaps in a year or two a grandmother! It would be just like Persis to hasten that ghastly day.

At present Persis was not thinking of that. She would have called it quite a ghastly day herself. Persis was thinking of her new name.

"You'll be Mrs. Enslee, and I suppose I'll be Mrs. William Enslee, or Mrs. Little Willie, sha'n't I—Mama?—do you want me to call you Mama, or shall I stick to Mrs. Enslee?"

"As you like, my dear," said Mrs. Enslee, with a little shudder at being "Mama" to a strange woman, and a rival. Persis rattled on in ill-managed embarrassment. "It will be pretty mixy with two Mrs. William Enslees, wont it?—like two in a single bed—oh, pardon me! I'll have to be awfully good or awfully careful, sha'n't I?—for fear my letters may fall into your hands. But I'll promise not to give away what I find in yours, if you wont tell on me."

Mrs. Enslee was rather pleased than offended at this. At least it credited her with the ability to create scandal. No one likes to grow too old to be suspected.

She smiled with Spanish coquetry and offered her aid in the appalling details of announcing the engagement by telephone, by letter, by call, by advertisement and by luncheon and dinner in all the exquisites degrees of familiarity.

XLVI

The woman who was causing such anxiety to two men was in no apparent distress herself. When she got back to New York and found her father helpless and dejected, the offer of Willie's aid was like a magic elixir. It meant the payment of old bills, or their enlargement and the opening of new credits. Dealers whom the mercantile agencies had secretly filled with alarm for the Cabot accounts were subtly reassured.

In place of letters of pathetic appeal for a little something to meet a payroll, there came letters announcing private views of new importations. Persis' own father called her his loan broker and said that she had earned the usual commission; he ordered her to buy new things.

Persis was like a child waking from a bad dream to find that it is Christmas

morning and that its stockings are cornucopias spilling over with glittering toys. And what woman lives that does not find more rapture in shopping with a full purse or an elastic charge-account than in any earthly or spiritual pleasure? The barbaric love of beads and red feathers and mirrors has never been civilized out of the sex.

The male succeeds in love and elsewhere by what he thinks and makes and gives; the female by what she looks and wears and extracts. The shops are her art-museums, her gymnasiums, her Paradises, and the privilege of reveling among them is more voluptuous than any other of her sensualities. That is her one true Wanderlust.

And so when Willie Enslee arrived at the Cabot house with all his weapons ready to force Persis to an early marriage, he was astounded to find that she greeted his proposal with delight. It was like making ready to besiege a castle and being met half way there by flower girls instead of troops. Persis was so instant with acceptance that he took credit to himself. He cherished a pitiful delusion that she wanted to marry him—was actually in a hurry to marry him!

But it was because she had seen in the shops the new things for this year's brides. They were absolutely ravishing! Whatever they are in reality or in retrospect, fashions are always ravishing to women as they dawn on the horizon. Such beauties brighten as they make their entrance and wither as they take their flight.

To prepare herself for a wedding did not mean to Persis at least—whatever it may mean to other women—that she must prepare her soul for a mystic union with a stranger soul. It meant that she must prepare her wardrobe for the inspection of all sorts of critics, from the most casual to the most intimate. It meant not only buying a veil and some orange blossoms and a meekly glorious white dress, but it meant outfitting a private department store. It meant preparing for travel and a prolonged campaign known as a honeymoon, rather than entering shyly into obscurity and domestic bliss. It meant not half so much

what the groom should think and see as what to show and what to whisper to the bridesmaids, hysterically envious and ecstatically horrified.

Persis' father had nearly bankrupted himself once before over the wedding of Persis' sister into the British peerage, when she ceased to be the beautiful Miss Cabot and became the Countess of Kelvedon and had the privilege of being nineteenth in the fifty-seven varieties of precedence among British women.

Mr. Cabot had learned nothing from that investment. He encouraged Persis to extravagances she would never have dared even in her present mood. It was like churring and taking the whip to a horse that was already running away.

They sent a long cablegram to Persis' sister, insisting that she come over at once for the wedding, and bring the Earl and the six year old Viscount of Selden, the four year old Honourable Paul Hadham, and the two year old Lady Maude Hadham. They received at once a brief reply from the Countess:

Congratulations old girl snooks
says awfully glad to be with you if
papa pays the freight we are stony.
Elise.

"Snooks" was the Earl of Kelvedon. Sometimes Elise called him "Kelly" for short. Papa cabled the freight—and "freight" was beginning to describe his burdens. But he was in for it and he felt that, come what come would, he could henceforward lean comfortably on the Enslee Estates.

Persis kept him signing checks till he was tempted to buy one of those ingenious machines by which one signs twenty at a time. Persis was running amuck among the shops. She was in a torment of delight—a cat in a world of catnip.

The equipment of the humblest bride is a matter of supreme effort. To make a Persis Cabot ready to enter the dynasty of the Enslees was a Xerxian invasion.

The wedding gown, though it was designed and builded with almost the importance of St. Paul's cathedral, was the least part of the trousseau. Willie was to take her yachting and motoring and touring—perhaps around the world. They

were to be presented at court if the Queen forgave the Countess her latest epigram in time. They were to visit capitals, castles, châteaux, gambling palaces, golf links, beaches, spas. Costumes and changes of costumes must be made for all these; for each costume there must be a foundation from the skin out. If it had been possible, the skin would have been changed as well. They do their best in that direction, these women with their pallor for a gown of one color and their carmine for a gown of another.

And so Persis had to have a going-to-the-altar gown and a going-away gown and going-to-bed gowns, getting-up gowns and going-motoring costumes and going-in-swimming costumes, dinner gowns, house gowns, tea gowns, informal theatre gowns, opera gowns, race track suits, yachting flannels. And these were of numberless schools of architecture, from train gowns to tub frocks, semi-tailored suits to lingerie dresses, smocks, one-piece and two-piece suits, coats and coatees and coat dresses, and sport coats, travel coats, opera wraps, rain slip-ons.

And there were colors to choose from that made the rainbow look like a study in sepia. And there were fabrics of strange names, crêpe, tulle, serge, taffeta, brocade, charmeuse, paillette, jet, batiste, voile—what not?

And there were the underpinnings to all these, the stockings and garters, the corsets and chiffon corset-covers and combinations and petticoats. And there were the accessories, hats, caps, bonnets, fans, gloves, parasols, veils, jabots, collars, aigrettes, boots, shoes, slippers, powders, paints, cerates, massage-creams. And in every instance there must be a choice.

The complexity of a woman's wardrobe! A man is fitted out in a small haberdashery and a tailoring establishment, a hat shop and a shoe store. For woman they build Vaticans of merchandise, that she may make an effect on—other women!

Persis had so many dresses to try on that she had two pneumatic images made of her form, to stand in her stead. She kept the servants with their tongues hanging out from running errands. The

delivery wagons and messengers kept the area door-bells ringing early and late.

She had so much mail to send out that she hired two secretaries. Ten Eyck called on her just once, and was used as telephone boy, package opener, stenographer, change-purse, box-lifter, memorandum-maker, door-bell-answerer, gift-cataloguer, till he was exhausted.

"How does a man ever dare to marry one of you maniacs?" he said. "Marriage isn't a sacrament with you; it's a massacre. They have a money macerator at the mint that destroys old green-backs. Why don't they get a couple of brides to do the work? A wedding costs as much as a small war."

She might have retorted that wars were quite as foolish a waste as fashions, and not half so pretty. A new style in projectiles, the latest fabric of armor-plate, the mode in airships—these things, too, came and went, cost fortunes and were soon mere junk. But Persis' head was too full of other things and her mouth too full of pins, to make any answer to Ten Eyck.

If Forbes had called he might have seen that Persis was a great general, or at least a great quartermaster, equipping not an army with one uniform, but one poor little frantic body with an army of uniforms. And Forbes would have been glad to take that body without a shift to its back and wrap it in one of his own overcoats and ride away with it. But for Willie she must loot cities.

Still, it was her career. Forbes would not give up his for her; why should she give up hers for him?

If Forbes had been leading his company to war he would have felt sorry for Persis, bitterly sorry to leave her, afraid for her, but he would still have gone, as men have always gone. He would not have been immune to bugles, or the gait-quickenning *thrup* of drums. He might have hummed love-songs to her but "Dixie" would still have thrilled him. He would not have neglected his uniform nor his tactics. He would not have skulked from a charge or dodged a shell on her account.

That was his trade. This was hers. And Persis was as happy as a man is

when he is going into battle. She was happy because she was busy and because she was buying, exercising choice, spurning and pillaging among isles of beautiful things. She fell asleep standing while skirts were draped; she fell over on her bed and was asleep, and her maid drew her skirts from her hips as if she were dead. But the next morning she woke without being called and began the day with all ferocity of attack.

She had not forgotten Forbes. The thought of him hovered about her heart. She paused now and then with hand on cheek and eyes far away, thinking of him so intently that the saleswoman had to speak twice to her or the dressmaker to lift her arms into the position he wanted for the try-on.

Sometimes she woke from dreams in which she seemed to feel Forbes' arms about her. As she woke they were withdrawn as if he fled. She would pout at Fate and muse: "Why couldn't it have been Harvey instead of Willie? Oh, what a pitiful sacrifice I am making of my life!"

But her anger or despair in these humors was not half so intense as her despair at finding that some color could not be matched, or her anger because some tradesman failed to keep his word.

A President could hardly have given more thought to selecting his cabinet than Persis gave to the choice of her bridesmaids, those four lieutenants who must stand by in the same uniform like moving caryatides. There was the enormously important subject of their costume to debate. Since the livery that suited one style of beauty was loathsome on another, there was no little politics to play.

Persis invited the four elect to a luncheon at her club, and by having her ideas clear and enforcing them in a delicately adamant tone, she managed to close the session in two hours. It was good work, and it was necessary, for the bridesmaids' costumes must be ready in time for the photographs.

She managed the luncheon so well that she finished it ahead of the time she had told her chauffeur to call for her. She had an appointment with one of her

dressmakers, so she left the bridesmaids all talking at once. As she came down the steps of the quaintly colonial Colony Club, she found no taxi in sight. She would not wait to have one summoned. The brief walk would do her good. She set out briskly down Madison Avenue and turned into Twenty-ninth Street to cross to Fifth Avenue.

This brought her to one of the few churchyards in almost grassless New York, the pleasant green acre of the Church of the Transfiguration, known to theatrical history as "The Little Church Around the Corner," and to the elopement industry as another Gretna Green.

As she approached it, a taxicab drew up at the curb, and Stowe Webb and Alice Neff bounced out, almost bowling Persis over as usual. Both had a much dressed up look and Alice carried a little bouquet.

Persis was in a hurry but she scented excitement.

"And what are you children doing in this dark alley?"

"Oh, we're just—just—" Alice stammered.

"Mischiefs' brewing. I've got to know."

"Can you keep a secret?"

"That's my other name—Inviolable."

Alice looked up and down the street cautiously, then spoke in a whisper of awesome solemnity: "Well, then, Stowe and I have given Mama the slip and we're going to—to—to run away and be married."

Persis nodded her head gravely: "That was what I was afraid you were going to say. But why this haste?"

"Well, you see Stowe has just got a job—umm-humm! It's a terribly important post—secretary to Ambassador Tait."

"Ambassador?"

"Yes, he's going to France and Stowe is to help him out."

The young secretary spoke in, trying not to look as important as he felt: "I simply can't endure the thought of leaving Alice all alone over here. So we're going to get married."

"Fine!" said Persis with subtlety. "I

suppose you get a whopping big salary."

"Indeed he does," said Alice. "Twelve hundred a year. It's wonderful for a beginning."

Persis suppressed her emotions at the talk of salary: "Wonderful!" she echoed. "Does the Senator know you're going to bring a bride along?"

"No, I'm supposed to wait; but I'm afraid to leave Alice without any protection."

Persis thought of her appointment. It was vitally important, but she felt a call to duty. She thought it was rather good of her to heed it. She bundled the two young people back into the waiting taxicab, in spite of their protests.

"Take us for a little drive, Stowe," she said. "I want a word with you. Tell him to go down Washington Square way. You're not so likely to meet her mother."

XLVII

Stowe obeyed reluctantly, and the taxicab groaned on its way. Persis sat Stowe on the small flap seat and turned so that she could skewer both of them with one look.

"Now, Alice," she began, "let us be sensible." Alice looked appealingly at Stowe, but Persis objected: "Don't look at him—look at me. Now who's going to support you children when you are married?"

They answered like a chorus, "Why he is (I am), of course."

"Alice dear, how much has your mother been allowing you for pin money? Say five thousand a year?"

"Oh, she claims it's more than that. We had an awful row last month."

Persis looked very innocent and school-girlish as she said: "And Mr. Webb gets twelve hundred?"

"Yes."

"Now Stowe, I'm very backward in mathematics, so you'll have to tell me: if one person cannot live on five thousand a year, do you think two persons will be perfectly comfortable on twelve hundred?"

"Oh, but I'll economize," Alice protested. "It will be a pleasure to do without things—if I have Stowe."

"Yes," Persis smiled, "almost anything we're not used to is pleasant for a novelty. But in time I should fancy that even economy would cease to be a luxury. And where in Paris do you plan to live on your twelve hundred?"

"At a hotel, to begin with," Stowe suggested.

"Oh, you'll eat your cake first, eh? Not a bad idea; you're sure of getting it then."

"Then we can get such ducks of flats in Auteuil."

"The Harlem of Paris," Persis sneered, then grew more amiable: "A duck of an apartment is all very well, my dear, for those who have wings, but climbing stairs—ugh! Four flights of stairs six times a day—that's twenty-four flights. Seven times twenty-four is—help!"

"One hundred and sixty-eight. I believe," said Stowe after a mental twist.

"Bravo—you're a regular wizard at mathematics," said Persis. "That makes one hundred and sixty-eight flights of stairs a week, and fifty-two times one hundred and sixty-eight is—how much? Quick!"

"You've got me there. I fancy I could do it with a piece of chalk and a black-board."

"Well, it's a million. I'm sure. Think of it—a million flights of stairs the first year of marriage. What love could survive that? And how many rooms is your sky-parlor going to have?"

"Seven and a bath."

"On twelve hundred a year!" Persis gasped. "Aren't you going to eat anything?"

"Well, we could manage with two."

"Two rooms," Persis gasped again, "and your mother's house has thirty! Two rooms? Why, where will the servants sleep?"

"We sha'n't have any servants," Alice averred stoutly, and her husband-to-be protested: "No, Alice, I'll never let you soil your pretty hands with work."

Persis pressed the point: "But really now, what about food?"

"You can do wonders with a chafing dish," said Alice.

"And a chafing dish can do wonders

with a stomach," said Persis. "Bread and cheese—that is to say, Welsh rabbits and kisses—as a steady diet?" She shook her head.

"Oh, I know we shall have hardships," Stowe confessed, "but nothing can be worse than this uncertainty, this separation."

"Oh, yes it can, Stowe," Persis cried. "There are harder things to bear than the things we lose—they are the things we can't lose."

"The things we can't lose," said Stowe, "—that means me, I suppose."

"Oh, Alice, come back to earth," Persis urged with all her might. "Think how tired you'll get of living in a dark little pigeon-hole away up in the air, with no neighbors but working people. And when your pretty gowns are all worn out, and you lose your pretty looks and your pretty figure and your fresh color—for those are expensive luxuries; and when you see that your husband is growing disappointed in you because the harder you work for him, the homelier and duller you become—that's a woman's fate, Alice—to alienate a man by the very sacrifices she makes to bind him closer; and when—"

"Oh, don't tell me any more whens," Alice whimpered. "What do I care? I want Stowe! He needs me. We are unhappy away from each other."

Persis shook her head like a sibyl: "Be careful that you don't find yourselves more unhappy together. For some day you'll grow bitter. You'll remember what you gave up. You'll begin to remind him of it—to nag—and nag—oh, the unspeakable vulgarity of it. And then, you'll ruin Stowe's career—just as it's beginning."

"Oh, I don't want to do that," Alice wept. "I mustn't do that."

"Then wait—wait!" Persis pleaded. "Marriage is risky enough when there is no worry about money. But when the bills come in at the door, love flies out at the window."

Stowe seized Alice's hands with ardor: "Don't listen to her, Alice."

"But I'm frightened now," Alice wailed. "It's for your sake, Stowe. We mustn't—not yet. And now may I please

go home where I can cry my eyes out?"

Persis in a sympathetic triumph called the address to the chauffeur. Stowe Webb in the depths of dejection left the cab and stared after it with eyes of bitter reproach.

Alice's tears were standing out like Orient pearls impaled on eyelashes as she said good-by to Persis at her own stoop.

"You hate me now," said Persis, "but you'll be very glad this happened some day."

"I don't hate you," said Alice. "I know you're terribly wise, but I—I wish you hadn't come along."

Persis laughed tenderly: "It's only for your happiness, Alice darling. Well, good-by!"

Persis felt that she had done an honest day's work of Samaritan wisdom, and ordered the cab to make haste to her dressmaker. A he-dressmaker, it was, who found it profitable, like a fashionable doctor, to behave like a gorilla and abuse his clients. He turned on Persis and stormed up and down his show-room. He threatened to throw out all her costumes. She bore with him as meekly as if she were a ragged seamstress pleading for work, instead of the bride-elect of an Enslee.

When she had thus appeased his wrath, he changed his tone to a rhapsody. She was to be the most beautiful bride that ever dragged a train up an aisle—and she should drag the most beautiful train that ever followed a maid to the altar and a wife away.

XLVIII

Persis was not the only busy person in New York. Willie was kept on the jump, preparing his share of the performance. The ushers were to be chosen, and their gifts, and a dinner given to them; and his list of friends to receive announcements and invitations must be made up; and the bride's gift selected; the itinerary of the honeymoon arranged; his yacht put into commission and a dinner of farewell to bachelor-hood accepted and endured.

He hardly caught a glimpse of Persis all this while, and when he heard her

voice on the telephone it was only to receive some new list of chores. He missed the billing and cooing that belonged to these conversations. His heart ached to be assured of Persis' love, but she was completely incapable of even imitating the amorous note with him.

But Willie's incessant prayer for love harassed her. It was a phase of him that had been unimportant hitherto. And it alarmed her a little. It would have given her greater uneasiness if she had not had so many other matters to worry her, if she had not had so many fascinating excitements to divert her.

Forbes was busy, too. Senator Tait had arranged his appointment as military attaché. He had his duties to learn in this capacity. He had to polish up his French and take lessons in conversation and composition, and to find out what he could about the French military establishment and procedure. And he had to make ready for a long residence abroad.

To him, too, preoccupation was an opiate to suffering. Ambition and pride were resuming their interrupted sway. So long as he was busy he counted Persis as one of the tragedies of his past and his love of her as a thing lived down and sealed in the archives of his heart.

When he had an hour of leisure or of sleeplessness, she came back to him like a ghost with eerie beauty and uncanny charm. He found her in nearly every newspaper, too. The announcement of her engagement and her wedding brought forth a shower of portraits and articles of every sort. She was caught by camera-bogies on every shopping expedition, at the steeple chases, at the weddings of other people, everywhere. There were moving pictures of her. Pictures of her in her babyhood, her girlhood, in old-fashioned costumes and poses.

Women began to copy her hats, her costumes. An alert merchant with a large amount of an unsalable material on hand named it "Persis pink," and women fought for it. It became a household word, or its substitute nowadays, a newspaper word.

A woman who marries a rich enough

man to-day needs no press-agent. She becomes quite as public as a queen or a politician or a criminal.

The incessant encounter with Persis' beauty in every newspaper, morning and evening and Sunday, and in the illustrated weeklies, kept Forbes' wound open. He could not escape her. It was like being a prisoner at a window where she was always passing. She smiled at him, everywhere, and always with the shadow of the Enslee name imminent above her.

On the morning of the day before he sailed, as he held his newspaper between his coffee and his cigar, certain headlines leaped up and shouted at him from the top of a column with a roar as of apocalyptic trumpets. He hastened to his room to be alone while he read the chronicle of what was already past.

The marriage of William Enslee, the present head of the great dynasty of Enslee, and Miss Persis Cabot, the famous beauty, daughter of an equally distinguished family, was celebrated at 4:30 yesterday afternoon in St. Thomas' Church, Fifty-third Street and Fifth Avenue. This was the largest and most brilliant wedding of the season.

The chancel of the church was banked with rambler roses, white daisies, against a background of camellia trees and towering palms, and the way to the altar was marked with bay and orange trees. The altar was a mass of bridal roses under an immense trellis of trailing smilax.

While the guests were arriving a recital was given by an orchestra.

The ushers who seated the guests included the bride's brother, LeGrand Cabot, Murray Ten Eyck, Robert Gammell Fielding, Ives Erskine and others.

The full vested choir service was used for the ceremony, and Barnby's "O Perfect Love" was played as the processional. The bride walked down the nave with her father, who gave her in marriage, being preceded by the ushers, bridesmaids, and matron of honor. The bride wore a robe of heavy white satin, the skirt being draped with long motifs of old family lace and finished with a square train, which was edged with clusters of orange blossoms. The bodice was cut low and square in front, of lace and chiffon, with a deep collar of rose point lace of square and distinctive cut at the back. Her tulle veil was



She had been swept and spun in a maelstrom, an eternal crash—crash—crash. Then suddenly she was coat and waistcoat and fumbling at his scarf. And his words were—in his whining before it chokes me.” That was his first comment on their



JAMES MONTGOMERY FLACE

alone with this little man. She saw him peering at her with fox-like slyness. He was whipping off his oboe-voice: "Well, that's over—and thank God, I can get out of this infernal collar solitude! But it was better than the love speeches he tried to make.

arranged about her head in cap effect, held by a coronet of orange blossoms. Her only ornament was a superb necklace of diamonds, the gift of the bridegroom.

The Countess of Kelvedon, the bride's sister, was matron of honor. She wore a costume of soft white charmeuse, with an overskirt drapery effect of green chiffon, almost as deep in color as jade green....

The paper dropped from Forbes' hand. The irremediable was accomplished. She was Enslee's, body and soul, and name.

XLIX

Forbes had not been invited to Persis' wedding. She debated the matter in her heart and resolved that it was the lesser slight to leave him out of the twenty-five hundred who received the engravings no longer double enveloped. There was a certain distinction in being omitted and she knew that he could not count it a mere oversight. She was tempted to write him a letter. She scrawled off a dozen and tore them up in turn. What she had to say could not be put on paper. Besides, it would be hideously indiscreet.

But Forbes was present in her thoughts. He was the chief wedding-guest in her soul. He seemed to kneel between her and the groom and try to shoulder him away. This added a last terror to the multitude of her frights—frights ranging in importance from a fear that she might kneel on her veil and pull it askew, to nameless terrors of the bridegroom.

There had been a lilt of gaiety in trying on the bridal robe, in the rehearsals and the posings before the camera. But when she made her final entrance into the bridal costume it seemed to be entering into the shroud of the virgin she had been. The journey to the church was like a ride in her hearse, only that the progress through the streets was difficult because of a crowd so dense that the mounted policemen could hardly force room for her to reach the awning.

And under the narrow canopy the rabble jostled her and peered into her face, even plucked at her robes, as if she had

been a French princess on her way to the guillotine. The rabble inside the church was hardly less insolently inquisitive, for being better dressed.

The preliminaries of the march, the whispered instructions and warnings, the corrected blunders, the stupidity of her father, made a child by the shame that sweeps over a father at delivering his girl-child to a man to possess, the sudden grief of her sister, the Countess; an almost overpowering tempest of desire to flee from the church and run to Forbes for refuge—a whirlpool of emotions and impressions.

And then the march beginning, the organ blaring, the ushers setting forth and her sister and the children and the maids of honor, then herself clinging to her father's arm, which trembled so that she rather supported him than he her, the arrival at the altar, to find Willie waiting, a sickly green color on his face; the rites, the hush of the throng to hear the answers, the strange piping tone of Willie's voice, the odd sound of her own.

Now she was filled with a realization of the awe of this great deed, a realization so vivid and so new that it seemed to be her first understanding of it. While she was kneeling in the prayer, her soul would not soar aloft, but swirled with thoughts of Forbes and memories of his embraces, a sense of his arms clasping her now so that she could hardly breathe, and wonderings if his thoughts were of her, and where her nightcap was, and a swooning recollection of her cry of "Help me, Harvey!"—a frightful impulse to leap to her feet and cry again to him to help her; then sick shudders at the blasphemy of such thoughts amid the sacraments at her husband's side.

For Willie was already her husband. She wore his ring. He had kissed her. They were standing up again. They were signing something. They were leaving the church. She was no longer her own or her father's. Her father could not protect her from this man at her side. Nobody could. The police and the judges and the laws were drawn up to keep her his.

She had a blurred sense of returning to the house, and of the mob there, the clatter of tongues, the price-mark ap-

praisal of gifts, the swinish greediness about the buffet, the smirking repetition of the same banalities, the lines of drifting hands that wrung hers and the faces that floated up like melons on a stream, and spoke and sometimes kissed her. But what did it matter who kissed her now? They were Willie's cheeks and Willie's lips. She was all Willie's, now and forevermore.

Eventually, when she was white-mouthed with fatigue and eager to swoon out of the pandemonium, some one took pity on her and she was spirited away to her room and her bridal harness taken from her. The weight of the veil and the train had been greater than she knew. The crown of blossoms was lifted from her head and in its place a little black straw hat with a frill of black tulle was pinned. And in place of her white satin, a simple Callot gown of sage green cloth was fastened about her girlhood the last time.

She looked to be only a smart young woman, but she was now truly in the robe of sacrifice. They whispered about her and called her "Mrs. Enslee" with immemorial mischief, but it was still Persis Cabot that slipped from the house and met Willie Enslee, the bachelor. They hurried into the limousine and sped to that clandestine meeting in the hotel suite, where they were to tarry till the morrow. And then the yacht was to take them on a long cruise across an ocean of bliss to the unknown continent beyond the honeymoon.

And now the crowdless silence seemed to ring in her ears. She had heard so much noise and suffered so many stares and vibrated to so many excitements that the abrupt hush left her dizzy as on the edge of an unexpected abyss. It was like one of Beethoven's symphonies, where sound is piled on sound and speed on speed, till the storm sweeps toward an intolerable climax, and just as the thunder and the lightning are to come—there is instead a complete hush, and then a little oboe voice twanging.

She had been swept and spun in a maelstrom, an eternal crash—crash—

crash. Then suddenly she was alone in a room with this little man. She heard the thud of the door like a coffin lid. She heard the lock tick. She saw him peering at her with a fox-like slyness. He was whipping off his coat and waistcoat and fumbling at his scarf. And his words were—in his whining oboe-voice:

"Well, that's over—and thank God, I can get out of this infernal collar before it chokes me."

That was his first comment on their solitude! But it was better than the love-speeches he tried to make.

She sank into a chair, but he was wrapping his arms about her. He was trying to say pretty things and with complete fiasco. He was kissing her with ownership and she dared not turn her lips from his, though all her soul was averted.

He was tugging at her hatpins and pulling her hair naggingly. She rose, controlling her impatience, and she spoke with a meekness that amazed her:

"Nichette is there. She will—help me."

He grinned peevishly.

"Nichette, eh? I thought we were to be alone—for once. Well, send her away—as soon as you can."

He spoke already with authority, and she obeyed with that sick meekness:

"All right, Willie."

She slunk away and was afraid to meet the eyes of Nichette. And even Nichette wept at her ministrations. And then she sent Nichette away. At the door Nichette paused to stare through eyes of water, then ran back and clasped Persis and kissed her, and ran out and closed the door.

And Persis waited for her husband. Her thoughts were bitter. She was utterly ashamed. It was not the beautiful shame of a bride whose lover knocks at her door. She was understanding her bargain. She had kept herself for Willie Enslee. She had fought off lovers and love; had fled from her own heart, that she might be worthy of Willie Enslee and his money. Her body was no longer a shrine. She had rented it to the highest bidder. And the tenant had arrived.

The next installment of "What Will People Say?" will be in the March Red Book, on all news-stands February 23rd.

Fiametta's Silk Handkerchiefs

A NEWS PHOTOGRAPHER
GRAPPLES A MYSTERY

By HENRY M. NEELY

Author of "Danny Murdoch, Aviator."

Illustrated by Robert A. Graef

MIKE SULLIVAN brought his heavy fist down with a resounding thwack upon the table.

"I tell ye, I know he done it," he roared. "I know he done it an' I'm goin' t' make 'im admit it 'f I have t' skin 'im alive."

He looked across in sudden apprehension to where Buchanan Webb sprawled out in the big Morris chair, the light from the reading lamp falling upon the open pages of a book.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Webb," he apologized. "I forgot ye was readin'. I'll make less noise."

Purcell reassured him with a laugh.

"Make all the noise you want," he said. "Webb doesn't hear us."

"Don't hear us!" retorted the Headquarters man. "Sure, if he was deaf, he'd 'a' heard that."

"No," Purcell explained; "Webb has a queer, double-barreled mind. One half is a phonograph that is mechanically recording everything we are saying. He's using the other half to read with and it isn't in the least disturbed by what's going on about him. But, when he's ready, he'll take the recorder off the phonograph, put the transmitter on and repeat our entire conversation verbatim if we want him to."

Sullivan stared in amazement.

"Sure, 'tis wonderful!" he exclaimed. "Aint it a shame t' waste a brain like that on a lad that don't do nawthin' but

press th' button av a cam'ra fer a livin'. Now, 'f he was a repoorter like you—"

"It's just that brain that has made him the highest priced magazine photographer in the country," asserted Purcell. "Why, the *Standard Weekly* alone pays him a yearly retainer that is more than you and I earn together. But go on about Cesare. It seems to me that, if you make him understand that you are not going to press a murder charge against him, he ought to own up to the other part and have the thing over."

"I've told it to 'im in jest that way," Sullivan said. "'Frank,' I says, 'we know ye didn't mean t' do what ye done,' I says. 'Av coorse,' I says, 'puttin' a bomb under a man's dure wid a trigger so it'll go off th' minnit he sets foot on his dure mat aint exac'ly accordin' t' Hoyle,' I says. 'An' we'll have t' send ye up t' do a bit fer that,' I says. 'But,' I says, 'doin' ten or twenty year aint half as bad,' I says, 'as bein' strapped in a chair an' absorbin' enough juice t' light all th' 'lectric signs on Broadway fer a week,' I says. But ye can't do nowthin' wid him. He jest blinks at me an' shakes his head an' says 'No—no!'"

Purcell's brow gathered in puzzled wrinkles.

"It isn't as if he'd killed the girl directly," he said. "I don't believe any jury would convict him of first degree. He—or somebody—put the bomb there to get old Bull Fahey. They couldn't have



"That perfect little peach! How did a big two-fisted brute like Cesare ever capture as dainty a woman as that?"

known that little Alice was critically ill upstairs. And, anyway, it's a question whether it was really the shock of the explosion that caused her death. It hastened it, undoubtedly, but that would hardly send him to the chair."

"I've explained all that to 'im, too," said Mike. "Th' trouble is, he c'dn't own up without bringin' his pals into th' mess an'—y' know how it is wid thim Black Handers—th' man that squeals on th' gang gits it in th' neck th' first chanst they has. 'Twould rob him av all th' power he has in Little It'ly. On th' other

han', if he sticks out now an' gits away wid it, he'll be a bigger man thin ever whin he goes back. That's how he's figgerin' it out, I'm thinkin'."

"And the third degree hasn't moved him?"

"Moved him, is it? Say, Jimmy, I'd hate t' tell even you all we did to 'im, honest I would."

Jimmy pursed his lips and gazed thoughtfully into the lamplight.

"Dash it!" he said. "That story looked as though it was made especially for my bank account. The *Courier* people told me I could have every line of space I wanted and I was getting double rates

on all the exclusive features you were giving me. I hoped to bat out nearly a page to-morrow with his confession to lead it. And the way I have been playing up your work ought to do you a lot of good at Headquarters."

They smoked in silence for several minutes, both men deep in thought. Finally Purcell asked:

"You are satisfied that the men who did this job are responsible for practically all of the bomb outrages of the past six months?"

"I'm sure av it. Abs'lutely."

"So that a confession from Cesare would not only have a bearing on Alice Fahey's death but would have the more important effect of stopping this Black Hand campaign of terrorism and murder?"

"That's th' whole p'int." Mike swung his big body around and drummed nervously on the table. "That's what w'd make 't wort' a lot av money t' you—an' think what 't w'd mean f'r me at Head-

quarters t' git away wid a big thing like that."

"And all your physical torture hasn't done a bit of good with Big Black Frank Cesare?"

"Not a bit."

Buck Webb's calm, incisive voice interrupted them from the depths of the Morris chair.

"Why don't you try mental torture?" he asked.

Sullivan and Purcell both turned in surprise.

"I mean it," persisted Webb, quite as if he had been taking part in the entire conversation. "Your third degree brutalities are not going to have any effect on an iron man like Big Black Frank Cesare. He has been born and raised to such things and they attack only his strongest points. Why don't you attack him where he is weak?"

"Where's that?" blurted Sullivan.

"His superstition."

The answer came without the slightest hesitation, and the two men glanced at each other in surprise at its unexpectedness.

"How d'ye mean?" Mike demanded.

"I mean just what I say," Webb retorted. "Men of Cesare's type glorify themselves under physical torture. The more you do to him now, the stronger will be his position later when his pals find out what he has undergone without betraying them. He is himself an expert in bodily ordeals; nothing that you can do in that line can surprise or move him. But, mentally, he is a child and it ought to be easy to formulate a plan by which his ignorance and his superstition together can be made to prey so constantly upon him that his will will break under the strain."

Sullivan shook his head.

"I don't see how you c'n do't," he declared.

"What's your idea?" asked Purcell.

But Webb did not answer. His head was sunk in his hand and he appeared not to have heard them.

"Leave him alone a few moments," advised Jimmy. "He's got the phonograph turned on now. He's getting the details of our conversation. I know the symptoms."

For several minutes there was not a sound in the room except the heavy breathing of Mike Sullivan. Then Webb looked up and said:

"You are right. It is a big thing. Cesare's confession would end a murderous reign of terror. I'll get it for you."

Sullivan sprang to his feet with an exclamation between rage and exultation while Purcell half rose, his eyes dancing with the expectant light kindled by the possibilities of such a story at double space rates in the *Courier*.

"Buck Webb," roared the Headquarters man, "don't ye say that onless ye mean it. If ye do what ye say ye will, 't means me fort'n's made. But, if ye say ye will an' thin don't, by Gawd, I'll take a chanst at smashin' yer mug, big as y'are."

Webb met his stormy eyes quite impassively and then smiled.

"That would make some fight—you and I—wouldn't it, Mike?" he said. "But I don't think we will scrap over this. I believe I can make Cesare confess or prove he is not guilty—provided you can have him placed absolutely under my orders for three or four days. Can you do it?"

Sullivan pondered a moment.

"How much will y' have t' mix in?" he parried.

"Very little. I shall want everyone kept away from Frank while my plan is being tried. No one is to be allowed to talk to him without first consulting me. Can you arrange it?"

"An' what'll be our end av it?"

"Only to have Ben Sutton agree to help me according to the instructions I shall give him. He is still keeper up there, isn't he?"

"He is."

Mike pondered heavily for some time and again parried.

"What'll be th' proceedin's," he demanded.

"Nothing more than to allow a friend of Cesare's to send him a present of a box of white silk handkerchiefs."

"An' how often'll you have t' see 'im?"

"I shall not go near him."

"What else'll ye do?"

"Nothing."

"Nawthin'?"

"Absolutely nothing."

Sullivan stared hard at Webb, apparently trying to solve some puzzle or fathom a joke at his own expense. Finally he shook his head and appealed to Jimmy.

"Is th' lad crazy in th' nut, I dunno?" he asked.

"Sometimes I think he is," Jimmy admitted. "We have both thought so on several big cases, but the worst of Webb is that he usually makes good. What's your plan, Buck?"

Webb shook his head with a laugh.

"I'm not going to tell you," he declared. "As a matter of fact, I haven't thought out all the details myself yet, though I know in a general way how I propose to go about it. You'd better run up and see Sutton now, Mike, if you will. It might not be a bad idea to spend a few moments with Cesare, but, if you do, you must change your tone. Make him think you have learned everything and that no further tortures will be necessary, but give him to understand plainly that it is the killing of little Alice Fahey for which he must answer and that the people consider it the most brutal crime in years."

"I get y'," said Mike as he rose to go.

The door had scarcely closed behind him before Webb's manner changed completely. His languor disappeared and he rose with a snap from his chair.

"I've got it now, Jimmy," he said. "Did the *Courier* get a portrait of Alice Fahey?"

"Yes. A good one."

"Phone up and ask to borrow it. If they will lend it to you, send a messenger boy for it at once."

He hurried into his dark room as Jimmy called the newspaper office on the telephone. Later, clad in his black rubber apron and with his sleeves rolled up above his muscular fore-arms, Webb reentered just as Purcell was hanging up the receiver.

"It's all right," said Jimmy. "I've sent a messenger boy around for it."

Buck nodded his approval.

"Now, Jimmy," he said with the pre-occupied air that Purcell knew so well, "I'm going to request you not to ask

questions. I've got a lot of work to do to pull this thing through, and it will take me until long after midnight to get the groundwork laid. Just wait for that picture of Alice Fahey and leave it for me here on the table. Then you'd better go to bed, for you will not see me again to-night."

He walked down the hall and, entering the dark room, closed and locked the door after him. An hour later, Purcell answered the messenger's ring at the street door, left the photograph on the table and went to bed.

The sun had been up but a short time when Webb, tubbed and dressed, left the flat, carrying his camera with him. His gray eyes showed no signs of the lack of sleep nor was his step less firm and strong than it would have been after a night of sound rest.

"Being tired, Jimmy," he was fond of saying, "—being tired isn't a physical condition; it's a mental habit. You can overcome habits."

He did not return to the flat until nearly noon. Then he slammed the door open with the rush that meant that he was working at full tension, flung his hat and coat into his bedroom and stamped into the living room with his cheeks aglow and his eyes shining.

"Good morning, loafer," he said. "I've had a splendid day—splendid!"

Purcell looked up from his typewriter and smiled at the picture of big, robust health that Webb presented.

"What have you been doing?" he asked.

"Oh, a little bit of everything—ending with a delicious *déjeuner* and a budding romance with Fiametta."

"Who's Fiametta?"

Webb laughed boyishly.

"Fiametta Canovas," he said. "The girl who is betrothed to Big Black Frank Cesare."

Purcell's interest was at once awakened and he deserted his typewriter.

"Didn't know he was going to get married," he said. "What is she—some Italian with bovine eyes and elephantiasis of the circumference?"

Webb winked slyly.

"Ah, Jimmy, you should see her," he exclaimed, smacking his lips. "But I



"I asked her what she would do if she knew he was guilty. You never saw such a tigrish expression on a woman's face in your life."

forgot to tell you—you have seen her. Don't puzzle your brains. You'd never remember."

He took a volume from a bookcase and turned the leaves rapidly.

"Remember when I was gathering the photographs to illustrate this book of Professor Fordyce's on 'The Survival of Type in Transplanted Races?' I was looking for a perfect specimen of Italian woman a generation removed from Ellis Island, and you suggested that I go out to that Italian picnic with you one Garibaldi Day?"

Purcell nodded.

"Then you will remember that absolutely stunning little one over whom we nearly came to blows and whom I photographed for the book. Here she is."

He handed the open volume to Purcell.

"That's Fiametta," he said.

Jimmy whistled in surprise.

"That perfect little peach!" he exclaimed. "How did a big two-fisted brute like Cesare ever capture as dainty a woman as that?"

"Women, Jimmy," said Webb, "are not really captured. They simply select the fathers they want for their children; that's all. Fiametta evidently wants to raise a brood of Black Handers, for they seem to be the leading citizens in Little Italy nowadays."

"How did you find out about her?"

Webb laughed.

"Oh, I've been a very busy little bee all day," he said. "I've heard the whole story of Cesare's life so that I know now exactly how to go ahead. Come into the dark room and I'll tell you about it while I mix some fresh developer."

Purcell lounged in the doorway while Webb proceeded to work.

"This fellow Cesare," Buck explained, "proves to be quite an interesting character. In the past five years, he seems to have become the dominant power among the lower class Italians, and it is this very strength and leadership that seems to have attracted Fiametta's maternal instinct. He isn't the kind of man to make a speech at the unveiling of a statue of Dante or at a banquet of the Verdi Society, and no one would ever appoint him on a committee to welcome

the Italian ambassador. But, if you want a couple of hundred pick-and-shovel men or a batch of votes in a close election or somebody mysteriously punctured up a dark alley, you quietly make it interesting enough to Cesare and he delivers. That's all. No fuss—no contracts—no witnesses. You know he will keep his end of the bargain and you also know you had better keep yours, or the notices about the sort of flowers most appropriate will be sent to your friends."

Webb mixed two little piles of white powder on a paper and dumped them into a glass jar of water. Taking a stick, he stood stirring the fluid while he continued:

"I have learned enough of the man to know that no physical means will ever break him down into a confession. But, like all of his class, he is densely ignorant and superstitious. With Fiametta on one hand and little Padre Giovanni of Santa Maria on the other, he would walk submissively to his death, confident that if they failed to save him, no power on earth could be appealed to, for he feels himself stronger than any power, except these two. Love, he does not try to explain; he only recognizes his helplessness in the face of it. The hereafter, he cannot fathom; he only knows that it is deep, mysterious, impenetrable to any but the initiate, and awful in its vengeance upon those who defy the teachings of his traditional Church. Padre Giovanni told me all about him. I made some portraits of the little Padre, by the way."

"And of Fiametta?" asked Purcell.

"Oh, yes—Fiametta, of course. I called on her to renew my acquaintance and to tell her that Frank had sent her, through me, his messages of love and his protestations of innocence. She's awfully wrought up about little Alice's death. If the bomb had killed a hundred men, Fiametta would proclaim Frank's glory from the house tops. That's her racial code. But she can't forgive the death of that little child. That's her maternal instinct."

"She thinks Frank is innocent?"

Webb knitted his brows.

"Well, I don't know," he said. "I asked her what she would do if she knew

he was guilty. You never saw such a tigrish expression on a woman's face! She pointed her finger at me, pretending I was Frank, and I felt the chills creeping up my spine at the blood-thirsty hate in her eyes as she cried, 'I'd say *bestia—brutta—micidiale—macellaio.*' and a lot of other Italian pet names. She was simply superb in her acting. I snapped a couple of pictures of her at the climaxes."

"And I suppose you have chosen her as the one who is to send Frank the silk handkerchiefs about which you spoke?"

Webb looked up in pretended surprise.

"What a genius for deduction we are developing, he said. "And now get out of here. I'm ready for work."

"But—" protested Purcell.

Webb shoved him through the doorway.

"Scoot!" he ordered, closing and locking the door. "I'm busy."

The sound of splashing water at once came from the dark-room, and Jimmy, muttering to himself, went back to his typewriter. He had finished his work and gone long before the dark room door again opened and Buck Webb, a flat pasteboard box under his arm, and a smile of extreme self-satisfaction on his face, emerged. In five minutes, he also had left the apartment, carrying the box with him.

Two nights later, Purcell's patience gave out and he protested against the secrecy which Webb had maintained.

"I don't see how you expect me to spring the story unless I can get the bulk of it up in advance," he said. "You tell me that you have delivered three silk handkerchiefs to Cesare with a little love letter from Fiametta and that you haven't been near him or

taken another step in the matter since then. What are you doing? Giving him absent treatment?"

"On the contrary," Buck answered. "The treatment he is getting is probably at this moment becoming all too present for his own comfort. We ought to hear something to-night."

Almost as he uttered the words, a heavy knock sounded on the door and Purcell, answering it, admitted Mike Sullivan.

"Say, Mr. Webb," announced the Headquarters man without preamble, "Big Black Frank's goin' crazy in his cell. What'll we do?"

Purcell made an exclamation of astonishment, but Webb took the announcement without a sign of surprise.



Fiametta's letter insisted that he should wear one of them constantly.

"Not a thing," he said. "It is just what I expected. Tell Sutton to keep on following my orders and see that Frank does not get hold of a knife or anything with which he can harm himself. That's all."

"All right," Mike agreed. "But whatever've ye done to 'im?"

"Tell us what happened," said Jimmy.

"I don't know exac'y," Mike answered. "Sutton tilyphoned me t' c'm over t' th' lock-up as quick 's I c'd an' whin I got there, we tip-toed quiet up t' th' dure av Frank's cell an' looked in. There was Cesare, all hunched up in th' fer corner, lookin' like a wild man, a-mutterin' an' a-cursin' t' hisself in Italian, '*I diavoli mi canno appresso a me—i diavoli mi canno appresso a me.*' th' same meanin' in decent conversation. 'Th' devils is after me—th' devils is after me.' An' all th' while he was a-crossin' hisself an' a-prayin' t' th' Saints t' pectect 'im. He wasn't jest plain scairt. Ye c'n easy tell th' difference between a man that's scairt an' wan that's clean buggy. Frank's went clean buggy. What's ye done to 'im, Mr. Webb, at all?"

"Nothing that wouldn't be perfectly harmless to an innocent man," Webb assured him. "Cesare has had a bad jolt; there is doubt about that, but it will probably take one or two more like it to make him confess, and that is what we want. Just let Ben Sutton go ahead and if he doesn't get results by Sunday, I'll have Fiametta send Frank three more white silk handkerchiefs."

"But what have the handkerchiefs to do with it?" demanded Jimmy, impatiently sounding plainly in his voice.

"Now, Jimmy," said Buck firmly. "I asked you in the first place not to be inquisitive about this thing. The handkerchiefs have everything to do with it, as you will find out in the end; but, for the present, I must insist that you allow me to keep my plan to myself. I can assure you that the results will amply gratify both Mike's desire for credit at Headquarters and your love of double space rates from the *Courier*. You'd better stick pretty close to Ben Sutton, Mike. When Frank is ready to confess, you'll want to be there to get the names of the other men involved with him."

"Will ye be here to-morrer in case we want ye?" asked Mike.

"I'll stay in. It is not likely that you will need me during the daytime, but something may occur at night."

Webb's prediction proved true the next day, for no word came to them from the Headquarters man, nor was the early part of the evening disturbed. About nine o'clock, however, the telephone bell rang and Mike's voice asked excitedly for Webb.

"F'r th' love av Hivin, Mr. Webb!" he shouted, "tell us what t' do t' git Frank Cesare quieted down. He's ravin' about divils an' spirits an' he says they're all after 'im. He's like t' go clean batty before th' night's out."

"How many of his handkerchiefs has he washed?" Webb demanded.

Mike held a hurried conversation with Sutton and then answered:

"He washed th' last wan t'night. What'll we do?"

"Stay where you are," ordered Webb. "Frank is likely to call for you or Sutton or Padre Giovanni, and you must get as much information out of him as you can before the Padre comes. I'll fix up some more handkerchiefs and bring them up to-morrow."

Webb banged the receiver on the hook and hurried toward the dark-room, slipping off his coat as he went.

"Jimmy," he called, "you'd better join Mike and Sutton. You can get a lot of mighty interesting reading out of Frank's gradual breaking down. Take a big batch of copy paper with you. It ought to keep you busy until bedtime."

"Think you'll get the confession to-night?" asked Purcell as he gathered his stuff together.

"Can't tell," Webb answered. "Maybe and maybe not, but I hardly expect it so soon. Let me know if there is any change."

He banged the door of the dark-room and turned the key in the lock. In a few minutes Jimmy left the flat to silence save for the constant dripping of water from Webb's workshop.

Two hours later, Webb hung three white silk handkerchiefs on a line to dry and, taking off his rubber apron and donning his smoking jacket, settled him-

self in his Morris chair to read. But he was not left long in peace. A key rattled in the street door; hurried footsteps came thumping in a noisy rush up the stairs; and Jimmy and Mike Sullivan, breathless and excited, burst into the flat.

"F'r th' love av Gawd, Buck Webb, what've ye done?" blurted Sullivan.

"Cesare has confessed and given the names of his accomplices," Purcell panted, his face as ashen as if he had seen a ghost.

"We've sent men out f'r th'm all," Mike said, while Buck looked from one to the other for a full explanation.

In broken sentences, constantly interrupting each other and with the strain of the last grieved hour still upon them, they related to Webb the story of Frank Cesare's mental anguish as they had seen it. He listened stolidly, nodding now and then as he heard how his plan had carried exactly as he had expected it to. When the story was ended, he rose from his chair.

"Now," he said, "I suppose you will want to know just how the whole thing was done. It was perfectly simple from the viewpoint of the photographer. I knew Cesare's superstition and ignorance and I learned that the only people in the world he feared were Fiametta Canovas and little Padre Giovanni of Santa Maria. So I built my plan from these prime elements, mixed in my knowledge of the chemistry of photography and the result is—his confession.

"In order to explain my method thoroughly, I must ask you to be patient while I explain the chemical process involved in the making of a print.

"We take any white background, usually, of course, a piece of paper, but in this case a silk handkerchief, and we coat it with a thin, transparent film of gelatine in which silver bromide and iodide are suspended. The gelatine serves merely to hold these two elements, but the silver bromide is sensitive to light and the iodide hastens the action which takes place during exposure.

"We allow light to fall upon this mixture through a negative which, by its varying density, its shadows and its high

lights, exposes different parts of our paper to differing intensities of light. Wherever the rays penetrate, the silver bromide is affected in some way—no one knows just what it is that takes place. This effect is not apparent when we take our print away from the negative, for the paper or handkerchief is still perfectly white.

"So we put it in the developing solution and here the effect of its exposure to light becomes evident. Our developing agent—metol, hydrochinone, pyrogallie acid, or whatever one we use—oxidizes the silver bromide that has been exposed but has no effect on that which has not been reached by the light. That which is oxidized becomes metallic silver—a black substance—and, showing in varying densities against the white, gives us our picture.

"But we must get rid of the silver bromide which has not been acted upon by the light or it will remain there and change color as soon as it is exposed to rays. So we immerse the paper or handkerchief in sodium thiosulphate—which is usually but erroneously called 'hypo.' This dissolves the unchanged silver bromide and the iodide and, after thorough washing, we have a white paper or handkerchief upon which is a thin coating of transparent, invisible gelatine and a picture painted in black metallic silver. That is plain, ordinary photography, and every one of the millions of amateur photographers throughout the country does it every time he develops a negative or print.

"But now we get away from amateur photography and begin to do some of the fancy work. You'd better come into the dark-room. I can show you better there."

He led the way into his workshop, Mike's eyes opening wide in amazement at the array of bottles and boxes on the shelves built all around on the four walls. Webb took one of the bottles down, poured the liquid into a white tray and picked up an unmounted print which was lying on the table.

"This liquid which I have just poured into the tray is a ten per cent solution of bi-chloride of mercury," he explained. "We will immerse this print in it and I

will explain the changes as they take place."

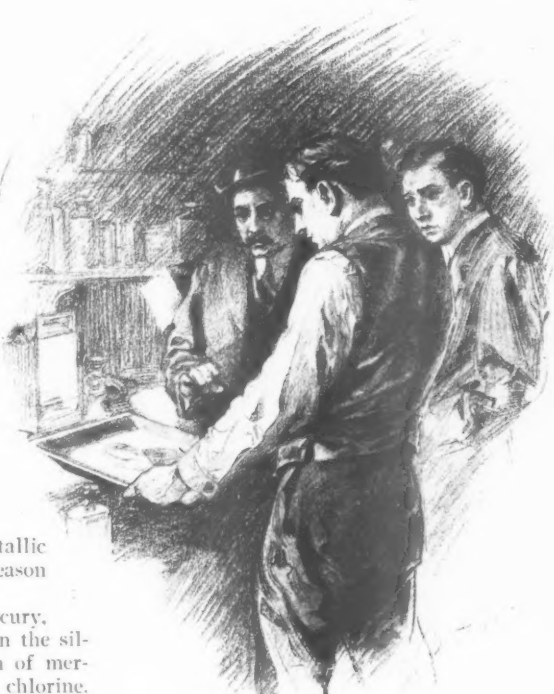
He tipped the tray until all the liquid gathered in one end, and then, with simultaneous movements, laid the print flat and allowed the liquid to flow back over it, thus completely covering it almost instantly. With a gentle rocking motion, he kept the fluid flowing back and forth until its effect on the print became perceptible.

"You see," he said, "it is growing pale. The black metallic silver is fading. The reason is this:

"Bichloride of mercury, which is now acting on the silver, contains one atom of mercury and two atoms of chlorine. The silver on the print has the queer knack of robbing it of one of these atoms of chlorine and combining with it, making silver chloride, and leaving one atom of mercury and one of chlorine, which is mercurous chloride or common calomel, of sluggish liver fame.

"Now, as both of these new substances—silver chloride and calomel—are white, they do not show against the white background and therefore our beautiful picture has entirely disappeared so far as the human eye is concerned. If I had put it on a red handkerchief or paper, we should have a white picture on a red background, but, as we used white, we apparently have nothing but a clean piece of paper or a handkerchief."

"Sure, 'tis wonderful!" exclaimed Mike Sullivan. "'Tis wonderful enough t' see it an' understan' it, but 'tis more wonderful t' see it an' hear how it's done an' not know what 'tis all about after all. An' t' think all thim things happen t' us every time we take calomel!"



"You see," he said, "it is growing pale."

Webb turned to where his three new handkerchiefs were hanging on a line to dry. He took down one of them.

"I did not expect Cesare to confess to-night," he explained. "So I had prepared three more handkerchiefs to send him to-morrow. These have been printed upon and bleached by the process I have just described to you. In other words, each has a photographic picture upon it, although it is invisible to the human eye. The three that I sent to Frank the other day were prepared in the same way.

"Now, remember, I was working with a man utterly ignorant, superstitious beyond the ordinary, madly in love and guilty of a series of horrible crimes, but a man who did not consider himself answerable to the law so long as he was unaccused by his sweetheart or his

Church. Therefore I used his sweetheart and his Church to accuse him and his ignorance and superstition to bring that accusation home in a way that no physical torture could have done.

"You will recall, Jimmy, that I asked Fiametta what she would do if she knew Frank to be guilty of that bomb outrage and how, thinking of little Alice Fahey's death, she pointed her finger at me and uttered that string of Italian invective. I told you that I snapped her picture at the climax. You will remember also that I took a portrait of Padre Giovanni and that you borrowed one of Alice Fahey for me from the *Courier*.

"These three I combined by the very ordinary trick of the double negative. The resulting picture would look crude and very evidently a fake on a smooth piece of paper, but the web of the handkerchief hides the bad spots and then, besides, I was dealing with a man who knew nothing whatever about photography or chemistry and who was going to have a mental shock so great that he would not examine the print too closely.

"From that double negative I printed a picture on the handkerchiefs; then I bleached them and sent them to Cesare. Fiametta's letter insisted that he should wear one constantly about his neck and that he should allow no other hands to touch them because she had prayed upon them. I composed the letter for her so as to make Frank do just what I wanted him to with the handkerchiefs to achieve results. So, by means of a little extra dust sprinkled in his cell and the steam heat turned on, I arranged to get them soiled as quickly as possible, knowing that Frank would wash them himself.

"I instructed Sutton what to do when his prisoner asked for a pail of water. Consequently, when Frank made the request, Ben gave him the water but first dissolved in it a powder which I had given him. This is the powder,"—Webb reached up and took a bottle of sodium

sulphite from the shelf,—“and we will now imagine that we are Big Black Frank Cesare, washing the first of Fiametta's white silk handkerchiefs. Watch it closely.”

They stood looking over his shoulders, Jimmy on one side and Mike on the other, as he immersed the handkerchief in a tray of the sodium sulphite solution. He felt them holding their breaths tensely as the silk began to discolor, turning to blotches of reddish brown that gradually became darker and began to assume definite shapes. Then he heard their exclamations of amazement as these shapes suddenly seemed to spring out at them from the tray, and they stepped back a pace as though to avoid a blow.

The dark eyes of Fiametta flashed at them in fury. Her right arm was extended, the finger pointing straight into their eyes and the lips twisted into the utterance of a name of loathing. Beside her was the gentle face of Padre Giovanni of Santa Maria, looking at them with pity and with kindness but with a depth of sorrow that would have melted a heart of stone.

The right hand of the Padre and the left hand of Fiametta rested on a halo of golden curls, and under them shone the innocent, confiding eyes of little Alice Fahey.

"That," said Webb, "is what caused Cesare's first shock. You can imagine the tremendous fright which such a man would have when, noticing the discoloration of the fabric he was washing, he held it spread out before him to see what was the matter and was confronted miraculously and accusingly by the three influences, any one of which, singly, was fearful enough to him.

"No possible solution of the mystery could suggest itself to him in his ignorance except the one to which he gave expression in his pitiful cry—'*I diavoli mi vanno appresso a me—i diavoli mi vanno appresso a me*'—'The devils are after me—the devils are after me.'"

The club was to
dignify motherhood.



The MALDEN AVENUE BABY CLUB

By CLINTON YORK

Author of "Our Baby's Bath," etc.

Illustrated by F. Fox

ON the west side of Malden Avenue the houses are big and expensive, with green lawns and landscape gardening. On the east side a realty company has built small houses close together and with only little plots of grass between them and the street. Jane the First, Jane the Second and I live on Malden Avenue—on the east side, for I am still a "rising young lawyer."

We, on our side, mow our own lawns after work hours, and instead of devoting our back-yards exclusively to roses, we find that a little lettuce, with carrots, beets and radishes arranged artistically among the flowers, helps wonderfully with the grocery bill.

There is one other marked difference

between our side and our pretentious neighbors across the way—and it was this difference that gave my wife, Jane the First, her idea. On the other side, satiny limousines or prodigious touring cars wait under artistic *portes cochère* for their occupants, while on our side our only vehicles are the kind that are allowed on the sidewalks and await such tiny passengers as our Jane the Second, who has just cut her first tooth.

Of course this sort of street has decided advantages for people of moderate—exceedingly moderate—incomes like ours. The spacious lawns and expensive architecture across from us give us both a fine view and plenty of air, and there is, even to unpretentious people like ourselves, a certain satisfaction in saying "Malden Avenue" when asked our address. But it suddenly came to Jane the First about a month after our moving in,

that a street like Malden Avenue also has its disadvantages.

I was just turning the corner that evening onto our street when Jane the First met me, pushing Jane the Second in her baby carriage. I took charge of the pushing, filled my lungs with the good air, took my usual pleased look down our street with my eyes swerved quite a little toward the opposite side, and said, I expect pridefully as usual: "This certainly is a fine location."

"Fine," echoed Jane I, "but—"

That "but" was emphatic. I looked from our "view" to Jane the First. After a breath of pause it came. She pointed out to me that in spite of the advantages Malden Avenue gave, it was harrowing to a woman's nerves to watch the neighbors across the street roll off in their automobiles to the Country Club or the Bridge Club or any of their other clubs, while she and the other women on our side of the street had to stay at home to care for their little ones or join the baby carriage parade over in the park. But, like the person of resource she is, she didn't stop with her discontent. Before we reached our house "The Malden Avenue Baby Club" was as settled a thing as if all the members had already paid their dues.

"Those women over there,"—with a nod toward the other side, "have hirelings with whom to leave their children while they go off to their clubs to do what they like to do," she explained. "Well, we mothers on this side not only have to stay with our babies but we love to be with the little dears. We give our whole attention to them. Could anything be nobler than to form the kind of club we can attend without neglecting our first great duty: motherhood? If I can only inspire these self-sacrificing mothers to feel as I feel, the mother-pushed baby carriage will acquire a new position in the social estimate on this street."

The fire of the reformer still burned in

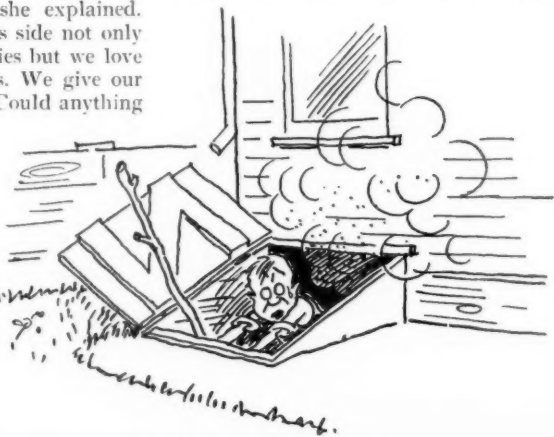
Jane the First's wonderful auburn eyes after our little dinner was over, and in less than an hour the constitution of the Malden Avenue Baby Club was complete.

The club, according to its legally phrased constitution (I helped with the framing) was to dignify motherhood and to provide recreation for and promote fellowship and fraternal interest among the mothers and babies of our side of Malden Avenue.

The organization was enthusiastically perfected over in the park the next day, and Jane the First was duly elected its first president. The first regular meeting was scheduled to take place at our house on the following Wednesday afternoon.

Every mother was to bring her baby or babies, according to the circumstances, and her sewing. Then, while the babies rollicked in brotherly and sisterly fashion in the center of the ring, the true mothers of Malden Avenue were to crochet and feather-stitch and seek joy and recreation from the pretty scene.

We spent all of Monday and Tuesday evenings after I got back from the office getting the house in order. By putting out the lights, and working by the sense of touch, I was able to produce right under the eyes of our unwitting neighbors as clean windows as Lily Mitchell, our black and departed twice-a-week henchwoman, ever pretended to give us. I beat the rugs in the cellar, and Jane



I beat the rugs in the cellar.

hung the newly washed curtains in the attic.

By midnight Tuesday we were ready to start to prepare the refreshments. These had been given a good deal of careful thought by Jane.

"There is some mistake here, Jane," I called up to the attic from the kitchen stairway. "You certainly don't intend to feed those poor innocent children on cheese-straws and toasted almonds, do you? And there is enough maple syrup down here for a Methodist sociable."

Jane came down and set me right. The children were to have milk and crackers and orange juice.

"And don't forget to stop at the milk depot in the morning," she warned, "and have them send up two quarts of modified milk."

"But what is the veal for?" I asked.

Jane was disgusted with me. "Didn't I say we're to have chicken salad?" she demanded.

According to Jane's plans, the recreating mothers were to have chicken salad, cheese-straws, toasted almonds, maple mousse, lady-fingers and coffee. I had to get up at half past five the next morning in order to have time to pack the maple mousse in the freezer before going to work. I was to have, as a reward for my assistance, everything that was left when I returned from the office Wednesday night.

At precisely 3:30 that afternoon Jane interrupted the assembled hubbub of women's voices and babies' prattle by rapping imperatively on the parlor table with her stocking darning egg. There were "Sshs" and "Hushes" and "Now Arthur's" and appealing "Imogenes!" before the improvised gavel produced a parliamentary quiet.

"The members of the Malden Avenue Baby Club will please come to order while the secretary calls the roll."



Thomas Bosworth pulled most of the fringe off our biggest rug.

The secretary forthwith recorded the presence of seven mothers, nine babies, and one visitor. The mothers and babies, of course, all came from our side of the street, and the visitor was Jane's ten year old nephew, Robert, who had come that morning from Ware to make us a visit until things should become more settled in his own home after the advent of his new sister.

Jane's inaugural address came first on the program. It was full of welcome and thanks and "guiding little feet" and ended with an exhortation that the members see, hear, or speak no evil. It made a profound impression. At least Mrs. Miller could see nothing wrong in her two year old Millicent until Jane spoke to her.

"Pardon me, Mrs. Miller, but Millicent is twisting the head off of Jane the Second's rubber doll, Sammy."

Mrs. Miller rescued Sammy from the resisting Millicent, but she looked hurt.

Thomas Bosworth's mother took Jane's speech so literally that she neglected to reproach him until he had succeeded in pulling most of the fringe off our biggest Oriental rug—a gift—thread by thread.

Jane, who had seen it all, sat smiling bravely till the committee on by-laws brought in its report. Mrs. Abbott stood up in her new dress and read the finding of the committee.



Mrs. Philips sat down—on Geraldine.

"Your committee, first of all, wishes to thank the members of this organization for the confidence reposed in them, and begs to suggest the following by-laws, to be followed by others, from time to time, as necessity demands or they occur to the members of your committee—viz:

"1. The dues shall be ten cents a month, and the club colors shall be baby blue and pink.

"2. The symbol of the club shall be a flying stork bearing in its bill a scroll on which is written *STERILIZE*.

"3. The Club motto shall be *YOUTH*."

Mrs. Abbott, who is on the undoubted side of thirty-five, stopped her report long enough to shoot a defiant glance at Mrs. Bordman, who is twenty-two and lives next to her.

"4. Any member indulging in gossip or the unbecoming discussion of another member" (another glance at Mrs. Bordman) "shall at the discretion of the president be fined ten cents, and at the second offense be expelled from the club." Mrs. Abbott perspiringly sat down and pulled Mrs. Wynne's Jennie from atop her suffocating and protesting Harold.

"Are there any suggestions or corrections?" asked Jane, rapping.

Mrs. Bordman, who had heard something about Mrs. Abbott only that morning and was whispering to Mrs. Wynne, arose.

"Madam President, I move that the report be accepted if section four is crossed out. It seems to me *entirely* unnecessary among ladies and mothers."

Mrs. Wynne, who sat next to her and had had her curiosity aroused, seconded the motion.

"It's a vote," announced Jane, counting the hands.

"I saw her myself," continued Mrs. Bordman, whispering to her neighbor, and nodding her head emphatically up and down and compressing her lips suggestively. Mrs. Wynne made a gesture of astonishment with her eyebrows.

"New business," announced Jane, pounding with her stocking-covered gavel.

Mrs. Miller arose. "I make the motion that the next meeting of the baby club be at the house of Mrs. Philips."

Mrs. Philips got up to protest.

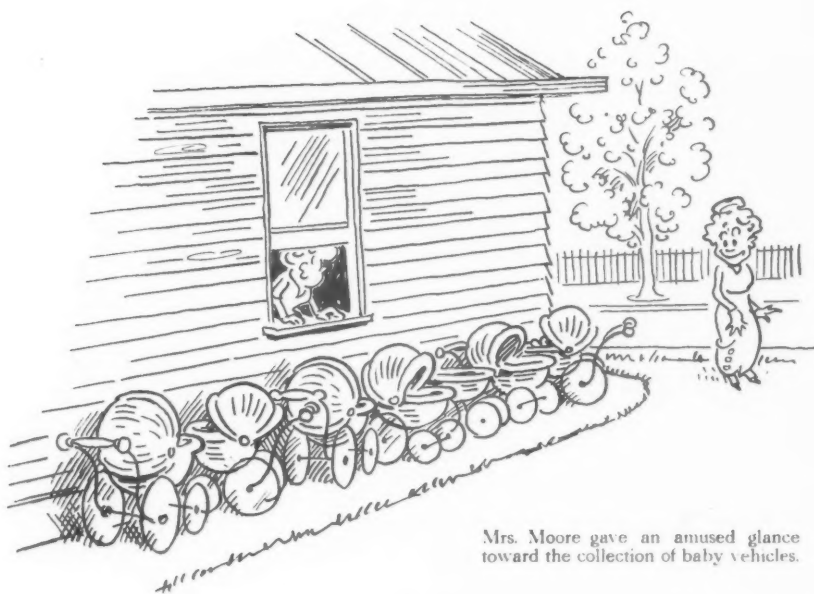
"Second the motion,"—from Mrs. Bosworth.

"All in favor?"—looking about. "It's a vote," said Jane.

Mrs. Philips sat down—on Geraldine, who had taken advantage of a momentary relaxation of vigilance to attempt to climb up into her mother's chair. The mothers *en masse* disregarded Jane's demands for order and gathered about the catastrophe. The younger members set up a sympathetic howl in Geraldine's favor, who, not being averse to so much attention, positively refused to be comforted.



Thomas had licked the mahogany off the leg of one of our chairs.



Mrs. Moore gave an amused glance toward the collection of baby vehicles.

Finally Jane made herself heard above her own rappings and the clamor of the other members.

"Mrs. Philips, I am sure that Robert will be glad to add to the good order of the meeting by wheeling Geraldine in her carriage, if you think she would like it. He is always very careful."

Robert, who had withdrawn from the meeting during Jane's inaugural address to find an unmolested seat in the dining-room, readily agreed.

The club followed Mrs. Philips out onto the porch while she strapped Geraldine into her carriage. Robert started, but Geraldine hung ungratefully over the side and screamed more loudly than ever.

"Don't stay right here where she can see me," ordered Mrs. Philips. "Keep her out of sight of the house."

The Moore boys from next door came along just then on their "Irish Mail"—Mrs. Moore's name had been proposed for membership, but vetoed by Jane on the grounds that her boys went to kindergarten and might "give" the babies anything—and joined Robert and his protesting charge. Robert felt his responsibility too keenly to invite further cares.

"If you kids come along," he declared, "you've got to behave yourselves. I've got all I can tend to. You keep ahead and don't get in the way."

The club returned to its meeting and proceeded with the rest of the program—recreation, fellowship and embroidery.

For a social half hour it lived up to all the promises of its constitution. The members reveled in each other's society, and any shortage of recreation or dignity was made up for by a complete assortment of other emotions. Then the precocious Thomas Bosworth took the center of the stage by suddenly thrusting a bestained and gory countenance upon the attention of his mother. At the sight, Mrs. Bosworth stopped talking and almost fainted. She grabbed Thomas to her bosom, which Thomas proceeded to dye a bright red.

"Has he hurt himself?" exclaimed Mrs. Miller.

"Who struck you, darling?" implored Mrs. Bosworth.

"Maybe he bit his tongue," volunteered Mrs. Wynne.

"I believe it's a hemorrhage," cried Mrs. Bordman.

"Well, can't you *do* something when he's dying," screamed Mrs. Bosworth.

Jane remained calm.

"I should hardly believe it is as bad as that, Mrs. Bosworth; he isn't crying, and that stuff is not blood."

"What is it then, if it isn't?" demanded Mrs. Bosworth.

"He was crawling back of my chair," offered Mrs. Abbott. To Jane's chagrin, a searching examination showed that Thomas had licked the mahogany off the legs of one of our dining-room chairs.

"Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Smith!" chorused the voices from below while Jane was upstairs helping Mrs. Bosworth remove the mahogany from Thomas' face. "Come quickly."

Jane got down only in time to prevent Jane the Second from entirely scalping Erminie Bordman. Erminie, who is the "pink" twin, had left her "blue" sister's side for once and had toddled over to where Jane the Second sat in her carriage. Jane the Second has always been partial to pink and tried to drag Erminie up beside her by the hair ribbons.

"The well-trained little Jane isn't at all backward in taking what she wants," sneered Mrs. Bordman, trying to hold both twins at once and comforting the injured Erminie.

Just then, the befrilled Wynne baby let out a howl and commenced nursing her left eye with both hands. Little Harold Abbott, who was eight months her junior and small for his age, had dealt the wicked but accurate blow.

Mrs. Wynne completely forgot herself in her child's suffering, and looked back pins and dynamite at Mrs. Abbott.

"A woman ought to have sense enough not to bring great, rough boys to play with little girls unless she watches them."

"Harold is a *lot* smaller than Jennie," protested Mrs. Abbott, insulted, "and you know it."

"Ladies, ladies," soothed Jane, "accidents will happen."

"Accidents!" sniffed Mrs. Wynne unbelievably, with a look at Harold.

"If that woman doesn't apologize, I shall take Harold and Imogene and go home."

"Oh! Mrs. Abbott," placated Jane, "I am sure—"

"She can stay for all of me," announced Mrs. Wynne, "I sha'n't risk my Jennie any longer."

Despite Jane's best efforts and friendly offices, Mrs. Bosworth and Mrs. Wynne and their three hopefuls left in a body. There was a blessed lull for a minute, when Mrs. Philips suddenly noted the prolonged absence of her Geraldine. She rushed out the front door and looked up and down the street. She returned, obviously worried.

"They have been gone an eternity, and I can't see them anywhere. And I don't believe that boy is to be trusted anyway!" she charged.

"Robert is a perfectly trustworthy little fellow, Mrs. Philips," said Jane, "and I can assure you that he will see to it that Geraldine is in no danger. He often wheels Jane the Second."

"I notice that you kept Jane the Second at home," said the unreasonable Mrs. Philips, nervous and bristling.

Jane the First flared up, but remembered that she was hostess and president.

"Jane the Second would not think of going out and leaving her little guests, Mrs. Philips."

Mrs. Philips went out to take another look and came back unconvinced.

Jane the First had just completed the repairs on the fourth round of my guaranteed socks and was about to call a change in the program that would lead to refreshments, when our next door neighbor, Mrs. Moore, rang our front door bell. She was angry and frightened.

"Mrs. Smith, did you send my boys anywhere on an errand?" she demanded.

"No, I believe not," said Jane smoothly.

"Well, Mrs. Morton, who lives way down on Howard Street beyond the railroad crossing, just called me on the telephone and said that she was sure that James and Hubert had just passed her house on their hand-cart, and that there was another small boy with them wheeling a baby."

Mrs. Moore deferred her agitation long enough to give an amused glance toward the imposing collection of baby vehicles lined up by the side of our house.

"Howard Street!" cried Mrs. Philips in a panic, rushing past Mrs. Moore and down the steps and up the street. Mrs. Moore caught the contagion and followed after her.

Jane the First spent the next strained twenty minutes on the porch defending the absent Robert before the remaining members, who gathered nervously about her, their arms full of babies.

"She should have known better than to trust a little boy like that," declared the young Mrs. Bordman.

"I'd trust him as soon as I'd trust you," flared Jane, beginning to be frightened just a bit herself.

Mrs. Bordman went in to get her hat.

Down the street, Mrs. Philips and Mrs. Moore could be seen approaching as fast as their high heels and short breath would allow. They were alone.

"My poor Geraldine," whimpered Mrs. Philips into her handkerchief. Then she glared at Jane.

"A great, big boy like him leading my darlings astray," moaned Mrs. Moore.

Jane strode majestic and wrathful down the steps to meet the maligners.

"If you two ladies will calm yourselves and use as much sense as—"

She was interrupted by a shout, as Robert and the still crying Geraldine turned the corner into Malden Avenue from Walnut Street. They were preceded by the clattering "Irish Mail" and the two Moore boys.

"We've been clear round the town," chorused the brothers. Poor Robert felt too imposed upon to be enthusiastic. Mrs. Philips jerked his hands loose from the carriage handle in the anger of her relief and tried to lift Geraldine to her protecting arms without unfastening the safety-strap.

"You bad boy!" she accused.



"Don't you dare lay a hand on Robert," said Jane.

"Don't you dare lay a hand on Robert," said Jane, with the glitter of kinship in her eyes. "If you say another word to him—"

Mrs. Bordman and her twins came out of the house in time to drown the conclusion of the threat.

Robert looked relieved to find so sturdy a champion in his Aunt Jane and to be freed from the unappreciative and boisterous Geraldine. His

big brown eyes turned to Mrs. Philips reproachfully.

"You said,"—manfully holding back the tears and speaking each word with precise dignity, "that we were to keep out of sight of the house, and you didn't say where. And if you think it was any fun pushing your squalling baby, you can get some one else to do it next time. She disturbed everybody, so that I took her down by the railroad track where there weren't so many houses. I thought she'd like to see the trains, but a man on a switch engine" (with a gulp) "told me to gag her so the brakeman could hear the whistle."

Meantime, the rest of the club mothers had begun putting their babies into their respective carriages.

"It doesn't make any difference if they did get back safe, he'd no business—"

"I know it," agreed Mrs. Bosworth. "But Mrs. Philips was unduly—"

"But that isn't the point,"—from another. "As hostess, *she* should have been more—"

"Boys aren't to be trusted anyway."

"It's always the way," complained Mrs. Bosworth confidentially to Mrs. Miller as they went up the street. "That Mrs. Philips is always spoiling something, but we can't permit a newcomer like Mrs. Smith to talk the way she did to an old resident, without a protest."

Jane was standing on the porch look-

ing unutterable disgust after the back of the last departing member as I came up the street. She had one arm protectingly about Robert and she was holding Jane the Second in the other. As I approached, she gave a violent nod in the direction of the backs.

"That's what you get when you try to do something! Always complaining about the people on the other side, and then when somebody does start something decent they don't know enough to appreciate it. Dignity of motherhood!" Jane was thoroughly aroused.

I took Jane the Second on my shoulder and did my best to soothe Jane the First's wounded feelings. As we reached the kitchen, a sight to make all the angels stand up and weep was waiting for

us. On the kitchen table stood the whole outlay of refreshment dishes and napkins, forgotten and untouched, but in neat, systematic piles, as Jane had arranged them for rapid and easy service.

At the sight, Jane broke down completely and wept saltily on my shoulder. Between sobs, she catalogued her wrongs, from the clean curtains spoiled by sticky little hands to the ungrateful mothers who had acted so that she had forgotten to press her hospitality with the good things we'd prepared. Much relieved, her militant spirit re-asserted itself, and forgetting all her hygienic theories, she pronounced her ultimatum:

"We'll eat every bit of that luncheon ourselves if it kills us!" We did. And thanks to Robert's assistance, it didn't.



JANE THE SECOND'S uncle sent her a "baby walker." Complications followed—little Jane's brief life seems to be made up of complications, so far. Mr. Fox is enjoying the story at present. You should enjoy it and his pictures—by the way, have you ever before seen illustrations which caught the humor and the spirit of a story as his do?—in the March RED BOOK MAGAZINE.

A NEW STORY BY THE MAN
WHO WROTE "WHOSE WIFE?"



"You opened a
letter addressed
to me!"

The Turnkey

By

ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE

MRS. VAN BRUNT sat in meditation at the foot of her couch. In front of her was a pier glass. She had been dressed for a full half hour. She had dismissed her maid for the time, and had seated herself before the mirror—not because she was over-vain, nor because she cared just now to admire her dainty loveliness and her unstudiedly artistic pose, but because she wanted to think carefully and with concentration. And long ago she had found, quite by chance, that she could concentrate her self-attention best when she was looking at herself in the glass.

For a half hour she sat there, her forehead sometimes puckering, her lips at other times moving silently. At length she seemed to arrive at some definite conclusion, for she shook her blonde head a trifle impatiently as if dismissing viewless counselors, and glanced across to where her opera cloak lay. Then she

stretched out a gloved hand and rang for her maid.

Nearly two minutes passed before a light rap sounded at the dressing-room door.

"Come in," called Mrs. Van Brunt—called it a shade less musically than usual, for the maid's delay annoyed her vaguely.

A man lounged across the threshold, shutting the door behind him. He was big—so big that his square shoulders seemed to brush the sides of the doorway. Indeed, this mighty breadth of shoulder and its accompanying deep chest and short, thick neck gave him a look of sturdy middle height, belying his actual six feet of stature.

One's first impression of Caleb Van Brunt was of power—lazy, brutal power, almost insolent in its calm. The promise of the vast frame was more than fulfilled in the level steel-blue eyes, the heavy iron-gray brows, the square

undershot chin and the full, straight-lipped mouth. Just now, the black velvet house coat that completed his otherwise formal evening costume seemed to make his face almost gray pale by contrast.

Mrs. Van Brunt looked up in faint surprise. It was not often her husband invaded her dressing-room. And he seemed as thoroughly out of place in the bijou surroundings as a mailed Visigoth at a village prayer meeting.

"You needn't shut the door, Caleb," said his wife. "Marie is coming. I've rung for her."

"I sent her back," he said. "I met her in the hall."

"Why?"

"You are going out?" he asked abruptly, giving no heed to her question.

"Why, yes. I told you—"

"To the Strykers', isn't it?"

"Yes. Don't you remember? You said you had a conference at ten o'clock and couldn't—"

"You dined alone this evening?"

"Of course. When you telephoned—"

"And you are going to the Strykers' alone?"

"What are you driving at?" she exclaimed, her nerves fraying under the heavy stare and the dull monotone of the heavier voice. "Perhaps when you're quite through cross-questioning me, you'll tell me why you sent Marie back, and let me ring for her again. I start in—"

"You won't start at all," corrected Van Brunt, wholly without emotion. "You are not going."

"But why?" she flared, feeling ludicrously like a half-broken colt that resents but cannot shake loose the heavy, steady grip of the driver. "Surely it's a little late in the day for you to object to my going where you are too busy or too indifferent to go with me. Have you any special reason," she continued, with heat, "for not wanting me to go to the Strykers' to-night? You used to like me to be seen at such places, when you couldn't. —To 'represent the name,' you used to say."

"That's just it," he acquiesced, quite unmoved by her outburst and slouching into a tapestried chair that squeaked and

shook under his weight. "It's because I don't want it misrepresented that you aren't going to-night."

She stared at him, lips parted, big eyes opened wide in crass amaze. Van Brunt jerked out a gold cigarette case, took a cigarette from it, struck a match noisily and began to smoke. The woman's lips parted still farther as a torrent of question and of quick resentment forced them open. But, with a rough gesture from the big hand that held the cigarette, Van Brunt stopped her.

"Hilda," he began without preamble, "do you know I've had you on the suspected list for a month or more now? Don't answer yet. I'm not through. You haven't disgraced me or even disgraced yourself—yet. At least, not as people at large regard such things. But I don't mean that you shall. 'Van Brunt' was a good name three hundred years ago. It was just as good when my grandfather brought it out here to Chicago. And I've made it still better. You're not going to get a chance to sling mud on it. Bear that in mind, wont you?"

He spoke as if reminding her of some petty domestic duty neglected.

"Has all that Board of Trade juggling wrecked your mind?" she asked, dumfounded and furious, as he paused. "Or are you only drunk?"

"I'd wreck the Board of Trade long before the Board of Trade could possibly wreck my mind," he reassured her grimly. "And as for being drunk, I'm afraid drunkenness is not for such as I. Drink doesn't seem able to get hold of me. Sometimes I wish it did. But that is beside the point. I—"

"I could only be charitable and hope you weren't in your senses," she retorted. "I didn't like to believe you could insult me so coarsely, in any other—"

"I'm afraid," he put in, "I *couldn't* insult you."

Cheeks and forehead aflame and eyes dry and glowing, she got to her feet, one hand pointing fiercely at the door. Van Brunt knocked a cigarette ash to the floor and commanded brusquely:

"Drop the cheap heroine nonsense and sit down."

Careless of whether she might obey, he put his hand into a pocket of his

house coat and drew forth an envelope. Slowly, imperturbably, his huge hands fumbling with the delicate paper, he extracted a letter and proceeded to spread it open on his knee.

"You wanted me to have your diamond-and-aquamarine necklace fixed," went on the dull, deep voice, as he smoothed the letter's creases with elaborate care. "I remembered it this morning. You'd gone out for your horseback

ride. Marie said it wasn't in your jewel case, but in your dressing table drawer. The drawer was locked. I found one of my keys fitted it. While I was rummaging around for the necklace case, I ran across this letter."

He glanced at her once more. The red had left her face. Her eyes, dark with terror, were fixed on the paper.

Then wholesome indignation came belatedly to her help.



"He has time to make love to another man's wife."

"You read it?" she cried, angrily. "You read—you opened—a letter addressed to me?"

"The game law's off, on you," was his indifferent assent. "Yes, I opened it. And read it. That is, I read *at* it. Why in blazes two Americans should write to each other in French is more than I can understand. Unless to say things they haven't the nerve to say in honest English. I'm rusty on my French; but I managed to get the gist of this thing here, without ringing in the office interpreter.

"As I take it, now," he continued, clumsily lifting the letter from his knee, and running through it in the manner of a dull schoolboy construing a page of Caesar, Wayne tells you here that he's glad you've decided to go on living with me, just as if nothing was different; while you meet him as often as it's safe—*sauf* means 'safe,' doesn't it, or does it mean 'thirst?' I always get *sauf* and *soif* mixed—as often as it's safe and practicable. Because I'm rich enough to give you luxuries and a position that he can't. (He doesn't put it in those words, exactly; but I've got the hang of the idea, haven't I?) Likewise that he'll hope for a chance to talk it all over with you to-night at the dance and to bring you—home. *Chez* is the term, or part of it, for 'home,' isn't it? I always get that tangled too."

She made no reply. She stood looking at him, her pretty face slack and blank.

"Not such a bad translation for a man who hasn't looked at a French book in twenty years or more," he commented in grave self-approval. "Hilda, I'm afraid your little New York friend Wayne is something of a yellow dog. He's coaxed you into a bargain where there can be but one loser; and that one is you. And he's done it so nicely that he sounds as if he were granting you a big favor and sacrificing a whole lot by not letting you run off with him. He's a clever chap, all right. Full of parlor tricks. Just the sort to turn the fluffy brain of a woman who isn't bad down deep, but who stands a fine chance of becoming so. The sort of woman whose husband has maybe seemed to neglect her—who maybe *has* neglected her—to

play this business game we all live by. I play the game. Wayne stands by to gather up whatever may be ready to drop when my hands are over full. He has time, you see, to make love to another man's wife. Many New Yorkers have, so I hear. I haven't even time to make love to my own."

She laughed. Not loudly or hysterically, nor even with bravado. Nevertheless, the laugh was not wholly on the key. Her nerves and her will had recovered their poise. The blow had fallen and she was still alive.

"Pardon me," she said, in polite contrition. "I was rude to laugh. But the idea of your knowing how to make love—to me or to anyone—happened to strike me as funny."

"Why?" he asked, his thick neck reddening.

"I'm sure I don't know," she answered apologetically. "Only—the notion just happened to amuse me. Go on, please. Is there any more?"

"I made love well enough once," he persisted, losing a shred of his monumental calm, "well enough for you to marry me instead of any of a half dozen younger and better looking men."

"You had a powerful ally," was her only comment.

"You mean my money?"

But she had become too absorbedly interested in braiding the gold fringe of her cloak-tassel to hear. He did not repeat the question, but rose heavily, dropping his half-smoked cigarette on the polished floor and methodically setting his heel on it.

"Wait a minute before you go," she said. "While we are on the subject, we may as well understand each other."

"I'm not going yet," he assured her, taking another cigarette from the case. "And we understand each other first rate. But speak out if you've anything to say."

"I've this to say," she replied, an occasional sub-sharp note in her soft voice alone giving sign of emotion. "You've found me out. In a way that verifies what I've read of your business methods and your ethics in general. You probably expected me to deny it or to break down and cry and beg for mercy. Well,



"It was the feeling of a silly schoolgirl for a man who was richer than anyone else she knew."

I am not going to. I'm not going to do any of those things. I'm not given to crying. I won't ask mercy, because I don't want it or need it, and because if I did you wouldn't grant it. And I won't deny anything, because it's all true—and more."

"Not more," he contradicted, mechanically accurate. "Not yet. And there won't be."

"I care for Mr. Wayne," she continued, ignoring the interruption, "and I don't care for you. If ever I used to care for you, to watch you with a sort of catch in my throat, it was the feeling of a silly schoolgirl for a man who was richer than anyone else she

knew and of whom other men were afraid. Then I found I hadn't married a man, but a choice blend between a prehistoric brute and a financial machine. I stopped loving you long ago. I made no secret of it. You'd have noticed it if you hadn't already stopped caring for me as soon as your vanity was satisfied by having carried me away from poorer men who loved me better. I kept on here, because, having paid fairly high for the privilege, I wanted to get full value for my outlay. That is good business, too, isn't it? Almost worthy the wife of Caleb Van Brunt."

"Almost worthy the—" he began; but she went on serenely:

"You have always neglected me for business. I need love. I need attention. I need the thousand little daily tendernesses that you couldn't understand even if I troubled to explain them to you. To look for them from you was like hunting for sunbeams in granite. What was more natural than for me to turn somewhere

else? So at last I took the love and tenderness that was offered to me—"

"Only from Wayne!"

His interruption was a challenge, rather than a query.

"Only from Mr. Wayne—as it chanced," she assented. "But it is no credit to you—or to me, either, that I haven't listened to half a score of your friends who have tried to show their admiration for you in a second-hand way. Bah! What beasts men are! Perhaps you've had 'affairs,' too; for all I know or care—"

"No," he contradicted.

"Oh, I believe you!" she laughed.

"Your work has been too fascinating to admit of rivals. But if men can do things like that, so can I. If either of us loved the other, this would be wrong. But I am robbing you of nothing—except of your vanity. If—"

She ceased speaking and swallowed very fast once or twice. For a moment the man studied two of his fingers with a solicitous bewilderment as though trying to diagnose some trouble that afflicted them. Then, discovering that they were scorched by the burnt-down end of his cigarette, he let fall the butt and looked ruefully once more at the blackened spots on his finger tips. After which he spoke—coldly, impersonally, slowly:

"You've talked a lot, Hilda," he said. "Some of what you've said may be true. Most of it may be foolish. But in any case it doesn't matter, now. The point is, that my name isn't going to be slung into newspaper headlines as a 'Mark.' In fact, my name isn't going to get any mud on it at all. Just bear that in mind."

"What are you going to do?" she mocked.

"Well," he answered, ponderously, "there are two or three things I *could* do. For instance, I could go to Wayne and—"

His stubby fingers closed gradually around the cigarette case in his hand. Under the quiet pressure the thick gold plates buckled and crumpled, leaving a shapeless mass of metal in his palm.

"I could do *that*," he said simply. "Or, I could let things get to a head and then divorce you. Or, I could be like the noble chaps in story books and let you do the divorcing. Or—"

"Do whichever you choose," she urged. "Divorce me or let me divorce you. Either will suit me."

"There's never been a divorce in the family," he objected. "We don't do it, we Van Brunts. And I'm not going to start the fashion. It's too late in the day. If I've made a mistake in giving you the use of the name, at least I'm not going to let you get to the point where I'd be forced to smear that name by throwing you over. Nobody knows anything about the Wayne affair. People may chatter. But they do that about everybody. Nobody *knows*. Nobody's

going to. Because I've caught it in time. Here's where it stops. It'll blow over. Things do. I'll see that it does. And we'll go on living just as if nothing had happened."

There was no slowness or embarrassment in his speech now. It was the quick, decisive diction of the financial general mapping a novel but easily managed campaign. The woman felt the sureness, the utter mastery in his voice, and it roused her to a sort of impotent, childish fury.

"That's why I said you weren't to go out to-night," he finished. "That's all. It's an order. Save yourself trouble by obeying it."

He felt for another cigarette, noted the wrecked condition of the gold case, substituted a cigar, and with a curt, awkward nod left the room.

Mrs. Van Brunt stood staring after him, red of face, incoherent to dumbness, her lithe body shaken by wrath. Then she rang for her maid—rang and rang again. No response. Flinging the opera cloak around her shoulders she hurried to the door that connected her rooms with the main hallway of the house's second floor. The door was locked.

Resisting with difficulty an impulse to hammer upon the panels with her gloved fists and to scream, she turned and ran through her dressing-room and bedroom to a door that connected her bathroom with the servants' stairway—a door whose existence Van Brunt seemed to have forgotten if ever he had known of it. A minute later she had let herself out of the house by a side entrance and was hurrying afoot, satin shod, down the drive.

Half a block farther a taxicab swung to the curb, its chauffeur seeing a possible fare in the hastening, opera-cloaked figure. Mrs. Van Brunt stepped eagerly into the musty little vehicle and had given the Strykers' address to the chauffeur before she remembered that she had not brought any money with her.

The taxicab bowled along for three blocks, then came to a jarring halt. A second taxi had darted past it, had swerved inward across its track, and there had become stalled.

Mrs. Van Brunt's chauffeur broke into

a lurid rhapsody, and had begun to back his vehicle in order to turn out when a man emerged from the stalled taxicab and said something to him that Hilda could not hear. Whereat her chauffeur ceased alike his protest and his car's evolution.

Hilda opened the door to learn the cause of the delay. She found, as she did so, that a limousine had halted close beside her and that a huge-shouldered man in evening dress was emerging somewhat awkwardly from the door nearest her.

"I'll take you home now, Hilda," said Van Brunt stolidly.

"You brute!" sobbed his wife, her nerves and her resolve together collapsing. "You brute!"

Next day at noon, Hilda Van Brunt, waking dazed, after three hours of fitful sleep, stretched out her hand mechanically to the bell beside her bed and rang for her maid. Then, as she settled back to wait, she suddenly remembered. And a flaming rage, all the stronger for the few hours of respite, possessed her.

Presently the door opened. From outside, as if rising from the ground floor below, gushed in the mingled scents of many flowers. On the threshold stood a maid, properly-wooden of face, severely correct of attire—a maid Mrs. Van Brunt had never before seen. She bore a tray on which were many letters and a morning newspaper. Entering noiselessly the maid set down the tray on the stand beside the bed, passed into the bathroom, where she turned on the water; and then returning, she began to lay out Mrs. Van Brunt's clothes.

Hilda, who had watched her in wondering silence, now found voice.

"Who are you?" she demanded shrilly.

"Hawkins, madam," answered the maid. "Agnes Hawkins."

"What are you doing here? Where is Marie? Did the housekeeper hire you without orders from me?"

The maid, unconfused by the volley of swift-hurled questions, replied:

"I was engaged this morning, madam, by Mr. Van Brunt himself. Not by the housekeeper. Marie has—left."

"Left? She has been with me for

years. She would not leave without telling me."

The maid, not being questioned, did not volunteer any response.

"Marie has left?" went on Hilda. "Why? Where did she go?"

"The housekeeper tells me she has gone back to France, madam," said the maid, "and that Mr. Van Brunt sent her."

But Hilda did not hear. Her eye had caught her own name in the subhead of a front page story of the paper that lay beside her bed.

"*Society Leader Stricken With Appendicitis*," she read. "*Mrs. Caleb Van Brunt operated on in her home at midnight.*"

Followed a garish recital to the effect that Mrs. Van Brunt, while dressing for the Stryker dance, had been seized with an acute attack of appendicitis and that the physicians, in consultation, had decided that an immediate operation was necessary.

Dumfounded, Hilda read the posterous rigmarole to the end.

Then she noted for the first time that the tray was heaped with an unwonted number of letters, most of them evidently sent by hand. She ripped open three or four at random. All contained expressions of sympathy. Hilda lay back among the pillows and blinked stupidly at the wooden-faced maid.

"Where is Mr. Van Brunt?" she demanded.

"In the library, madam."

"Tell him to come here at once."

As the maid departed, Hilda jumped from the bed, threw on a negligée that lay over a chair, thrust her bare feet into a pair of slippers and reached her dressing-room just as her husband knocked at its door.

Van Brunt was as frigidly impersonal as on the previous night. He greeted his wife civilly, made no attempt to kiss her, and stood patiently waiting to learn her will.

"This is not the fifteenth century and you are not a feudal baron!" she cried, her hastily rehearsed speech of sarcastic rebuke eluding her. "If you think for one moment that you can keep me a prisoner here—"

Anger choked her into silence. Van Brunt waited in due courtesy for her to continue. Then as she struggled vainly for words, he said in the heavy, slow monotone she had come to loathe:

"No, it's Chicago in the twentieth century. That's how I'm able to do it. Money's a better barrier than a medieval castle, I think. I told you last night you'd have to—"

"And I told you you were a brute!" she cried, stamping her slippered foot in ungovernable fury. "I'm sorry I said it, because it doesn't one half express what you really are. How dare you invent this lie about my being ill? How dare you discharge my maid? How—"

"Just for the sake of the name. As I explained to you last night. While you're ill in bed, no one will be able to get in to see you and no one will suspect anything. The month or so of, rest will do you good. After that—"

"Month or so!"

"I guess it takes pretty nearly as long as that to get over such an operation. It will, in your case, anyhow."

"I will break a window and cry for help!"

"I wouldn't," he urged, gently. "Appendicitis is a nice, respectable malady. Violent mania isn't."

"I'll leave this house at once, then. I wouldn't stay another hour in—"

"Don't try it, Hilda," he protested as though soothing a sick baby. "The butler and the housekeeper were my mother's servants, you remember. They're apt to do as I tell them. I've sent off all the others this morning and got in a new batch. I'm afraid they have orders not to let you out. Be sensible, just for your own sake. This floor's big. You may wander all over it. And, in the evening, you may come down and have dinner with me. No outsider will see you. I've attended to that. You can make the best of it or the worst of it, whichever you like. But I hope you're going to make the best of it. Do you want anything more?"

She glanced at him, her powers of speech gone. He waited a moment, then went out.

By the time the door had shut behind Van Brunt, the numbness of shock that had begun to settle upon

Hilda's mind was spreading anæsthetic-like from her brain to her body. She sat down limply and looked at the door as if expecting her husband's return with an announcement of further indignities planned for her.

Beneath her inertia, Hilda was still subconsciously raging at her predicament. To her former grievance was added a stinging self-contempt for having made so brief and so futile a resistance to her husband's dictum of imprisonment—and for allowing herself to be shocked into inaction at the moment when she should have battled hardest.

Reviewing to herself the scene that had just ended, she could find in Van Brunt's mere words no adequate cause for her defeat. She realized now that beyond his words, beyond even the simple completeness of the plan he had outlined, beyond all—she had been dominated by the man himself, by a strength the more terrible from its stark quietness.

Hilda had heard and she had read of the almost hypnotic power exercised by her husband over his business associates, though she herself had never witnessed an exhibition of it—she had not even believed in its existence. She understood that power now. And she knew there was no atom of hypnotism in it—nothing but boundless strength, a strength of mind and of will that matched the man's physical prowess—and was as free from aggressiveness or outward show.

"I—I stand no more chance against his will than I would stand against his muscles—the brute!" she murmured in sick resentment.

And her memory turned to the lazy, forceless gesture wherewith he had crushed the heavy gold sides of the cigarette case into a shapeless wad. Again and again since the preceding evening she had found herself dwelling on that half-unconscious act of his. And always until now she had hastily banished the recollection, because each time it brought with it a stir of reluctant admiration. And now to that queer little thrill at thought of Van Brunt's physical strength was added a mental tribute to his equally resistless will.

Hilda went over to the table where still lay the lump of metal that had once

been a gold cigarette case. She picked up the ruined bauble and, exerting all her willowy muscular force, she strove to bend one of the plates back into shape. The only visible result was a double set of red and throbbing fingers.

After the knowledge of her own helplessness came a reaction of rage at her position's absurdity. In the heart of Chicago's residence district, with a hundred friends within call, it was not possible that she could be held a prisoner in her own house!

From room to room she sped. On three sides the Van Brunt house was surrounded by the broad expanse of its own grounds. From the front windows she looked down into the active street. One or two passers-by even glanced up at the house as Hilda stood there. Instinctively she shrank back, aware of her extreme negligée and of her loose-streaming hair.

Then came to her mind Van Brunt's hint that appendicitis was a far more respectable malady than was violent mania. And she understood what it would mean for her to throw up a window and shriek for help.

"He'd never let anyone get up here," she mused, baffled and sick, "and the papers to-morrow would say I was insane. I could never live it down. For the next twenty years people would look queerly at one another every time I came into a room or laughed or said something out of the commonplace."

Her wits were beginning to work again. Returning to her dressing-room and first making certain she was alone, she lifted the telephone receiver from its hook. She held it to her ear, while with her free hand she almost incessantly pressed and released the hook. Five minutes had crawled by before she let herself believe that the wire was disconnected. The next move was to scribble a hasty and hysterical note of appeal to Wayne at his club. After which she rang for her maid.

The wooden-faced Hawkins appeared at once in reply to the summons. Mrs. Van Brunt looked searchingly at her, trying to read the mask of the servant's visage for any signs of human failings. At length she said:

"Do you like this bracelet?"

"It is very beautiful, madam," was the stony reply, as Hawkins let her well-trained gaze rest for an instant on the thin hoop of gold and brilliants Mrs. Van Brunt drew from a drawer.

"Would you like to have it?" resumed Hilda, hating herself for taking such a course with a servant.

"Oh, madam!" said Hawkins in prim embarrassment.

"It cost eleven hundred dollars," continued Hilda. "I have no money up here; so I am offering you this bracelet instead, to deliver a note for me at the Union League Club or to see that it is mailed."

The maid's features underwent no change; but Hilda thought that the pale eyes lingered with furtive longing upon the bracelet.

"Yes, madam," said Hawkins at last.

"You will see that it is mailed or delivered within the next hour," instructed Hilda, trying to choke back from the voice the disgust that was mastering her at the woman's stolid cupidity and readiness to betray Van Brunt's trust. "Don't say anything about it. Here is the bracelet. Tell the housekeeper to bring up my breakfast."

The next week was a nightmare. All day and every day Hilda Van Brunt sulked alone in her rooms. Twice she tried to leave the house, only to be halted respectfully but with absolute firmness, at the door, by the butler or the new second man. Every evening she descended to the gloomy black oak dining-room, where she sat through a dreary dinner with Van Brunt. She could scarcely explain, even to herself, why she acceded to this wish of Caleb's that she dine with him. At first she told herself that she did it to show him how little effect his brutal scheme for discipline had upon her. And during the first meal she was elaborately gay and talkative. But, seeing the almost pathetic attempts of Van Brunt to second her lead, she soon lapsed into sullen stillness.

Van Brunt, usually a silent man at meals, was unflagging in his efforts to amuse and interest his monosyllabic dinner-companion. He talked fluently—



"People would look queerly at one another every time I came into a room."

to her surprise, even brilliantly. He treated her with a lover-like solicitude, and racked his brains to find topics that would appeal to her. Hilda took a vicious delight in snubbing him and in showing open boredom at his best meant sallies. She adopted the same tactics in regard to the gifts of flowers or jewelry that he began to send her.

As time went on, her earlier pleasure in this attitude of rebuff began to change to the morose satisfaction she had known

as a child in biting on a sore tooth. But in no way did Van Brunt show that he noticed the failure of his persistent trials to make an impression.

Once or twice when Hilda chanced unexpectedly to meet his eyes she half-fancied she saw in them a look of wistful pleading so foreign to Van Brunt's matter-of-fact nature that she decided her imagination was to blame. Otherwise, the smooth wall of his tenderly courteous demeanor remained unscratched.

Hilda became hopeless of making the slightest impression on its surface. Silence, contempt, covert insults, all glanced harmlessly from it. And the woman was in despair at her own helpless weakness, a despair mingled with growing admiration, which she could not check, for her husband's impervious calm.

She received no reply to the appeal she had sent to Wayne. Her closest cross-questioning could not shake Hawkins' declaration that she had mailed the letter.

Daily, the papers chronicled the slow progress of her convalescence. Daily, the sympathetic letters continued. Daily, a downstairs room was banked with flowers from friends—flowers she refused to see. Her husband's secretary acknowledged all of them for her.

One evening, as dinner ended and Van Brunt halted the one-sided conversation to light a cigar, a somewhat loud and highly imperative voice sounded from the hallway beyond.

"She is very ill, sir," they heard a servant say in reply to a question.

Then a voice that Hilda excitedly recognized as Wayne's, retorted:

"That is not true. I received a note from Mrs. Van Brunt ten minutes ago. I am here in answer to it."

"Mr. Van Brunt is at dinner, sir," protested the servant. "He never likes to be disturbed when—"

There was a noise of shuffling and a still higher note of protest. Hilda rose from her seat, trembling. Into the dining-room strode a man, overcoated and in dinner clothes. Van Brunt leaned lazily back in his chair, cigar in mouth, and looked up in languid amusement at the stalwart newcomer.

"Those New York tailors surely know their business," he remarked pleasantly.

But Wayne had hurried forward eagerly toward where Hilda stood waiting him, big eyed and white.

"The note was not delivered till now," he exclaimed, "though it was dated a week back. What must you have thought of me? But I'm here. It's all right, now."

Hilda's glance shifted to her husband, lounging huge, bulky, mountain-

ously calm in his chair at the table-foot. Wayne's eyes followed hers, and his face grew tense.

"I am here, Mr. Van Brunt," he said, his voice shaking with fierce resolve, "to take your wife away with me. You will be wise to avoid trouble by not standing in our way."

Van Brunt puffed solemnly at his cigar and made no movement nor reply.

"You are a cave-man—a brute beast!" blazed Wayne, the angrier for his foe's imperturbability, "to imprison any woman like this! If I had received her note earlier—"

"She wrote it last week," placidly explained Van Brunt. "I didn't send it to you till to-night."

"Your wife is free, now. *Free!*" declared Wayne, without heeding the interruption. "My course is clear. And I'll follow it if I must, over your body. We are going to leave this house at once, Mrs. Van Brunt and I. And you are not going to stop us. Do you understand? You are stronger than I, perhaps. They tell foolish stories of your strength. But this is not going to be a bar-room fight. Hilda," he commanded, taking a revolver from his overcoat pocket and leveling it at the unruffled Van Brunt, "come! If this brute makes so much as a move to stop us, I will shoot him as I would shoot any other rabid animal. We will go to my sister's to-night. To-morrow—"

"Excuse me," drawled Van Brunt, "but mightn't it be as well for you to wait till she can get a change of clothes packed? That dress is all right for this evening. But she'll need something else for daytimes. Wont the climax last long enough if you let her maid pack a suitcase to take along? In the meantime, sit down and I'll ring for drinks and cigars."

"Thank you!" sneered Wayne, in hot bitterness. "I've heard of your Board of Trade tactics, Mr. Van Brunt. When you can't win by force you do it by trickery. You'll ring for no one. You wont stir. Keep your hands on the table, do you hear? Come, Hilda!"

"This is raw South Clark Street melodrama with the clothes off," objected Van Brunt. "Is this the New York way

of painlessly extracting other men's wives? Say!" he went on in mild irritation, "stop pointing that thing at me, can't you? It might go off and hurt some one. What's all the hurry and *Desperate Desmond* business about? I'm not going to stand in your way. If I hadn't meant you to come here for her I wouldn't have sent you that note of hers. And the man out there wouldn't have let you get past the front door. When a friend wants to give you a present you don't carry a gatling gun to make him give up, do you?"

Hilda had stood moveless, stunned, one hand gripping her chair back, her gaze fixed again on Wayne. Now, suddenly, she shifted her glance to Van Brunt and the fright in her eyes changed to bewilderment.

"No," continued her husband, "I let you come here, Wayne, because I'm tired of fighting to keep what doesn't want to be kept. Why should I lock a woman in my house by force when a dozen other women would be glad to stay here of their own accord? I've been threshing it out for the last day or so. And I've made up my mind. I don't intend to spend the years of my prime that are left to me in playing a jailer—even if I could. If my name suffers from my wife walking off with some one else, let it suffer. I wouldn't go through a lifetime like this last week for the sake of safeguarding all the names in the Chicago Directory and Burke's Peerage combined. Take her."

"Caleb!" cried Hilda, almost gasping.

But he rumbled on, without so much as a glance at her, his heavy, unemotional tones contrasting oddly with his wife's cry:

"Take her. And if she doesn't want to wait for a change of clothes, I'll send her things after her. I spoke of your waiting while some of her things were packed, only because I wanted to inject a little sanity into the farce. My mistake."

"Do you really mean—?" began Wayne, irresolute, his revolver arm lowered a few inches. "That you—?"

"Haven't I made it plain enough?" snapped Van Brunt in annoyed weariness. "I'm tired of caging a bird that

won't sing. I'm tired of being called a brute every third sentence. I'm tired of slighting my business to play turnkey. I'm tired of telling lies to my neighbors and paying out money to a detective agency. In short, I'm tired of the whole sorry game. And I call it off, here and now. If my wife loved me—loved me as I love her and as I must always be fool enough to love her—why, it would be different. But I've her own word for it that she doesn't. You can't make two scrappy cats become friends by shoving them into the same barrel and then nailing the cover on it. And I see now I can't make my wife care for me by the simple and lovelier device of locking her up. So here's where I quit. I quit cold. There's just one minor detail to attend to, and then please say good-by and leave me to smoke in peace."

Without leaving his chair or even altering his general lounging position, Van Brunt struck. With incredible swiftness, palm open, he delivered the blow. It caught Wayne on the knuckles and sent his revolver spinning half-way across the room.

"That's all," grunted Van Brunt. "That's the 'minor detail.' I never like to yield under duress. If I had let you march her off while you were covering me with that gun, you'd boast later that you scared me into giving her up to you. You can't, now. Good-night, both of you. And good-by."

Wayne, after an instant of surprise, leaped across the room in pursuit of the fallen pistol. But Hilda was nearer to it. And, before he could reach the weapon, she had put one foot on it.

"Caleb!" she cried sharply. "*Caleb!*"

Van Brunt turned his head and looked into her drawn face.

"Hilda!" gasped Wayne.

Van Brunt heaved his great bulk from the chair, lounged across the room toward his wife and held out his arms. They closed around a sobbing woman who ran eagerly into their mighty shelter. Smiling boyishly at the New Yorker, Caleb Van Brunt said with a little nod of dismissal:

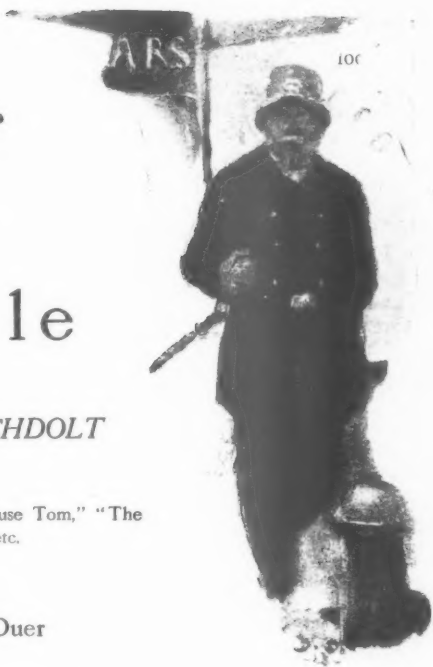
"I don't believe we really need you here any longer, Mr. Wayne. Good-night."

The Case of Larry Doyle

By *FREDERICK R. BECHDOLT*

Co-Author of "9009," author of "Lighthouse Tom," "The Clubhauling of Monohan," etc.

Illustrated by Douglas Duer



MIKE POWERS, the detective, had brought into the Harbor Police Station for an hour the prestige of his plain clothes and the gossip of the upper office. Now he was telling of some celebrity in the San Francisco world of crime who had encountered bad luck.

"I heard him sentenced this afternoon." Mike tipped his derby hat forward and tilted back his chair until his hundred and ninety pounds depended on a precarious balance. Then he tempted the gravity's force still further by crossing his legs. "The judge 'threw the book at him' and said he was sorry the law didn't allow a longer stretch."

"Well,"—MacKenzie, the desk sergeant, shrugged his wide shoulders—"he was dead tough, that lad."

"You know it." The gray-haired detective smiled.

Old Mackenzie returned the smile. "Ye traveled wit' a pretty lively bunch yourself, before ye come on the force."

Mike Powers nodded, and his face was grave. He remained silent for a moment.

"Queer, this being tough," he said at length. "It makes a good policeman or a good fireman—and it makes a good strong-arm man." He lapsed into thought.

"And why," demanded Sam, the wagon man, who had himself sailed close to the reform school during a distant period of his career, "do some go one way and some the other?"

The detective straightened so that his chair came down on all four legs with a bang, his well groomed bulk erect upon it. "It is like this, Sammy," said he: "Toughness is not bad. It means a lad is looking for trouble, and that is all. He may take it out in free-for-alls and roughing it wit' the bull on the beat—or he may get a job wit' the fire department and pack some women down from the top floor when the smoke is thick—and have his face smeared across three columns of all the morning papers. But whether he goes to jail or to glory—it is the same thing gets him there. It all depends—"

"On what?" Sam interrupted.

"On whether he is steered into the right place, while he is young enough, to use this rough stuff where it does good and not harm. Now I know a man—"

He hesitated and the others looked at him expectantly.

"Well,"—he stroked his thick mustache of iron gray.—"Jim Burns and I both knew him. We was raised on the same block wit' him; but he was a good eight years younger than either of us. 'Twas down on Tar Flat."

"Great place, South of Market, for raisin' policemen," said old Mackenzie thoughtfully.

"Yes," Mike Powers nodded. "And prosecutin' attorneys, and actors and priests and congressmen. A great place. You're right. Well, us three grew up there."

"When Jim and me was big enough to look out for our first jobs we was made to go to work. It took us away from the street and a pretty hard bunch. Then Larry Doyle was playing in the vacant lots on Rincon Hill and learning to smoke cigarettes—the same as we had done eight years before. A curly haired kid, wit' big round eyes—pretty like a little girl—but runnin' wild, and keepin' his old mother on the jump even then. He was not afraid of anything."

"And by the time Jim and me had our cards in the iron moulders union, Larry was leading a gang just in their first long pants—exactly where us two had been when our old men made us go to work. Nothin' in Larry's gang that would make anybody worry. They used to scour along the city front, and go up as far as the foot of Telegraph Hill, where they'd mix in wit' the Guinea kids. They had a place under the wharves where they kept their dime novels and what broken revolvers they had been able to beg or steal. They were not 'hoods,' but they were ready for anything that came along—and they were growing older every day."

"I remember Jim and me comin' home from work one evenin' and finding Larry Doyle getting his first sidewalk trial. Old Jerry Murphy that used to walk the beat in them days—'Flat Foot,' the kids all called him—had the boy by the collar and was tellin' Mrs. Doyle how

Larry was going to land in the reform school.

"I noticed then—and Jim did too, for he spoke of it to me afterwards—how handsome Larry was wit' his curly hair and big bold eyes; and how he was not afraid of old Flat Foot but scowled right back at him and doubled his fists tight."

"Well, Mrs. Doyle was crying over what Murphy had told her, and layin' onto Larry wit' her tongue. She was a widow woman and he was all the one she had. A fine old lady, and troubles enough with a kid like that one to mind."

"So Jim Burns put in a good word wit' the bull, and reminded him of the time when us two had pelted him wit' rocks, and he had chased us over half the ward. But Flat Foot shook his head."

"'This wan,' says he, 'is worse than anny wan of yer gang. He is tough—dead tough.'"

"Then Mrs. Doyle forgot all about pannin' her boy and tore into Murphy something fierce—until poor old Flat Foot dropped Larry and was glad to beat it while he had a chance."

"Ye see? That was the trouble. Right then. The old lady was so fond of this one—him being, as I said, all that she had—that she would not stand fer anything being said against him. She was always trying to save him—forever standin' between him and trouble. And he had no chance to learn that what you do you have to pay for after a while. And this was the way it went along for two or three years. The old lady was teachin' Larry the idea that he could always beat the case. And Larry, full of all kinds of deviltry, needed lettin' out on something or somebody."

"Now Jim and me had sweated out our toughness long ago; and we was steadied now. Jim got the brewery company to back him for a saloon on First and Folsom, where there was a good teamsters' and machinists' trade; and I got Chris Buckley, the blind boss, to put in a word which landed me on the force."

"By this time Larry was about nineteen years old. We had sweated out our toughness, as I said, but Larry had not

learned what it was to sweat. I found out where he was heading for one night when I blew into Jim's saloon.

"I had been lucky and I had made the most of my luck. A pair of prowlers that were tearing things wide open in down-town stores had given me my chance; and after I had got them dead to rights, I worked in plain clothes out of the upper office wit' a berth as detective sergeant waiting for me if I made good. I was not passing up anything in the way of a crook just then, you bet.

"As I say, I dropped into Jim's saloon. Jim was wading into his mortgage, and he had a big steam beer trade. Also a pull wit' some pretty strong people South of the Slot. I was standing by the end of the bar wit' him, talking politics and figurin' out who had the big drag and who was losing out, when in breezed a pair that did not look good to me.

"Just the breed that ye will pinch on general principles at first sight: two regular old-time hoodlums, wit' soft shirts and round black highbinder hats—and maps that made you think of Bertillon measurements. The kind you never take a chance wit'—but search them first for guns, then pinch them, then ask questions after you have them handcuffed.

"So I got my lamps on them and just as I was asking Jim if he had ever seen them before, in comes Larry Doyle. He had got his growth and begun to fill out

—a fine chunk of a lad; good looking as ever, but them big eyes of his was not so innocent as they used to be, and his mouth had begun to tighten up. He give Jim a nod like he would hand to some Greek bootblack, and he passed me up entirely; he made for the two 'hoods.' 'Twas plain enough that he knew them well.

"I did not wait to ask Jim any more questions, but I butted in on the three; and things began to happen right away. A bit of lip from one o' them two when I made myself known and begun pry-

ing into their business; then I got the bulge of a gun under his vest where he had tucked it into the waistband of his pants. I had my fingers clamped around the butt of that gun, just beating him to it. Then trouble came. Three of us at it, all mixed up; and Larry standing by wit' half a mind to stick wit' his friends and half a mind to beat it. I dodged a club that one was starting to lay me out wit', and dragged the gun from the other; then I stood them up and covered them while I handcuffed them together. I marched them out of the place as quick as I got the bracelets snapped.

"Well, when I got my stick-up men into the wagon—fer that is what they turned out to be all right—I come back to the saloon. Larry was gone. I asked Jim about the lad and how it come he was batting around wit' those crooks. And Jim was full of excuses. It was like this:

"Jim had been lookin' out for Larry Doyle for two years now. The widow



A curly haired kid was Larry Doyle.

Doyle was on his list of them that he was helping out in one way or another—a good long list it was too. She had come to him several times to get Larry landed in a job. She had that idea that her boy was too good to sweat—she thought he was fit for easier work and all that stuff. And Jim fell for it. He had got Larry a place tallying down on the docks; and Larry had held it down until he soaked a boss stevedore in the eye. Then he had loafed until Jim had used his pull to nail a job wit' the city—some soft snap where all the lad had to do was to go up and draw his warrant once a month. And Larry had lost out there. Then there was somethin' else easy; and then another spell of loafing.

"Now Jim kept telling me how good Larry was to his mother and how he always give her his pay when he was at work. And he sort of stood up for the old lady's way of looking at it—that Larry was too smart to work wit' his hands. And I seen plain enough how things had gone. Between the two of them—her lettin' him hand her the bunk about his always gettin' the worst of it, and Jim's being soft-hearted and falling for it whenever Larry got tired of the old job—between them two the kid had been leading a regular butterfly life. He had been taking in all the picnics; and he was gettin' a reputation for fighting. He had to get the trouble out of his system that way. And now he was in bad company, and loafing.

"So I told Jim that his being easy was the main trouble; and that if he did not get Larry at something which would give him a chance to work off his toughness, the kid was going to land in jail. Jim was full of promises.

"Now," says I when I left the place, 'I am going to keep an eye on that lad and if he does not brace up I am going to have to send him to the station sooner or later. If he keeps on he will be mugged within six mont's.'

"But I did not keep my eye on Larry. I was too busy in other places. Within three mont's I was working regularly from the upper office, and hustling to hold it down. I was ambitious then. And before I had any chance to get my mind on Jim or Larry or any old friends, there

come the Tom Sheenan case. You remember that? He started out wit' a gun and a black handkerchief and while he was robbing a saloon on lower Market Street, the bartender made a fight. Sheenan killed the barkeep' and the officer on the beat before he was stopped. The next night he broke from Ingleside jail and let a dozen others out wit' him. Inside of an hour after he had escaped, the department had men watching every boat and train. But Sheenan disappeared. All the upper office was working on the case, and me among them.

"A hundred reports came in of course, during that week. And of course we had to run down every one of them; and every one turned out to be a bum steer. One morning, when the case was five days old and all of us red-eyed for want of sleep, and the captain like a crazy man, I come into the office and found a telephone call. I went to the 'phone and rang up the number. It was Jim.

"I've been trying to get ye since early last evening," he says. 'Come down to the saloon. I have cold turkey for ye.'

"I told him I was not looking for anyone these days, only for Tom Sheenan.

"That," says Jim, 'is the cold turkey.'

"Good-by," says I. 'You'll see me within fifteen minutes.'

"For I knew that Jim Burns would not be likely to be running wild on any false alarm. I reported out and caught a car as quick as I could. When I got to the saloon Jim hauled me into the little office he had at the end of his bar. He pointed to the front window; the shade was down.

"Ye see that," says he. I nodded my head. 'Pull the curtain a little ways to one side and look out,' he told me.

"I did it; I could see the sidewalk in front of the saloon and the landing at the bottom of the stairs that led to the lodging house overhead. I told him as much; and, 'What of that?' says I.

"The landlord of the rooming house," says Jim, 'comes in every day three or four times for a pitcher of beer. Him and me are pretty good friends. He was down yesterday and he told me he was scared of a new lodger that had come to him nearly a week ago. The man acted suspicious. He stayed in all day and

made up his own room. He went out every evenin' after dark and stayed away for less than an hour—then come back again. And he was forever walking up and down the floor. So I thought of Sheenan and of you. But you was not at the office. I waited until last evening and the landlord sat here wit' me and showed me the guy comin' out to take his airing. It was Sheenan. I knew him from the description in the papers. I would swear to it. That is my cold turkey, Mike.'

"Certainly it did look good to me. I told Jim so; and I planted right there in the office. I propped the window blind open a little chink so that I could sit and watch the doorway to the rooming house. I warmed that chair all the morning and all the afternoon; and Jim came in to me between drawing steam beers. We talked in whispers; so no one knew I was there. I remember we quarreled a bit over Larry Doyle. I asked Jim about the lad and it seemed he had been loafing for a long time. I blamed Jim wit' it because of never having made Larry get down to business; and I prophesied all sorts of trouble. Jim tried as usual to give the boy the best of it. But when he acknowledged that he had used his pull to keep Larry out of jail for resisting an officer only a few days before, I got sore at him and told him so.

"Well, the day went by and there was nothing doing in the rooming house doorway. Now and then some fellow would go upstairs but it was always an honest citizen; and there was no sign of Tom Sheenan or any other crook. Then the evening came and I began to get restless. One thing was bothering me—whether I ought to have tackled this job alone. Of course it was only a chance—but if it should turn out right, I would probably need all the help I could get to land my man safe. Still I did not want to stir up the whole front office wit' another false report and get a dozen 'dicks' around this place when nothing was stirring—as other men had done that same week. I was worrying and wondering and waiting; and all the time me eye on the one place—that doorway just outside the window. But no Tom Sheenan. Seven o'clock came, half past seven, then eight. Jim shook his head;

it was past the regular time. Maybe this guy had got wise; maybe he had seen me come into the saloon; and maybe there was nothing to it at all. I was turning over such things in me mind when—*bang, bang!* Two revolver shots up the street!

"I got out of the saloon as fast as I could make it, and I ran up the block. In the middle of the square I found old Tom Dolan—he was in harness then—leaning against the building wall, holding his gun in one hand and moppin' the blood out of his eyes wit' the other. I asked him what was the trouble.

"'Three hoodlums fightin',' he says. 'Two broke and run when I come; and the other begun abusin' me. I put him under arrest. He made resistance and when I was 'cuffing him he managed to tear loose wit' the bracelets on one wrist; and while we was scuffling he raised that hand and basted me over the eye wit' the handcuff. It dazed me like, and he made his gets.'

"Which way?" says I.

"He pointed up the street. 'I shot to call help just as he was turnin' the corner,' he hollered after me as I started on a run.

"Well, when I had turned the corner I run across a newsboy who had seen the man double round the next one down toward the city front again; and when I got into that street. I found he had made still another turn and had come into Folsom once more. We must have passed each other very close when I was running up to where the shots had sounded. I went down Folsom slowly and an old woman standing in a doorway called out to me—they all knew me down there then—and, says she:

"'I seen a man runnin' into the saloon across the way like some one might be after him.'

"It was Jim's saloon. I hot-footed it across the street and went on in. There was Jim standing in front of the bar. He was alone. The place was quiet. But Jim looked at me very queer, and his face was white as if he was badly scared. Somehow I did not like it—there was that about him that made me suspicious; and him my oldest friend too.

"Where did he go?" I asked him, and

I was still looking around the room, half expecting to see my man.

"Where did who go?" says he.

"I would've thought it was on the square and that the old woman was mistaken, only for some kind of a hunch that kept telling me that Jim was trying to give me a bum steer.

"The man I'm after," I says, 'He came in here not two minutes back. Where is he?'

"No man has come since ye left, Mike.' The way Jim said it was enough to tip him off; he never was made to lie, was Jim Burns. I must've given him an ugly look for I was mad all over. I said to him:

"Do not try to stall me. Where did he go?"

"And just as Jim opened his mouth again I heard a noise down under the floor. It was not loud, but it made me reach to loosen my gun and I started forward. A sort of *chink-chink, chink-chink*, like a blacksmith working, a block away. I thought of that handcuff on the man's wrist; and I knew the noise for what it was. I had not taken two steps before Jim was in front of me.

"Where are ye going?" he asked.

"Down into your cellar," says I. 'Jim Burns, you're handing me the double cross. *You!* That guy is down there wit' a file.'

"I shoved him off to one side, but he tried to get in front of me again; he was talking very fast; and his face was as white as paper. I was sick then—good and sick. I went back to his cellar door and he followed me begging me not to go down there. I did not listen to what he said. I lammed down the stairs into the dark.

"When I got to the bottom I listened for a second and I heard something move over in one corner. I didn't waste any time about it, you can bet. I made a rush for the place to get there before he should shoot and I landed fairly on top of him. He never had a living chance. I had his hands pinned to his sides before he more than knew I was there. And then I dragged him out. We got up the stairs and into the barroom. He stood there, wit' my hand twisted in his collar; and one 'cuff' dangling from the chain

which held it to the other on his wrist. Hat off, hair all mussed up, blood runnin' from his lip where I had clouted him one, and eyes blazing.

"Larry Doyle!

"It give me a turn at first to see that kid. For a second my heart seemed to slow up inside of me; and I thought of him when I had seen him playing on the sidewalk in his first short pants, and then of the old lady. So this was what he had come to. It was just the way I had told Jim it would be.

"There was Jim still standing in front of the bar, and looking at me wit' eyes that begged.

"Mike,' he sort of groaned, 'ye can't send that lad to jail.'

"I can't?" says I. 'I'll show you as soon as I can get him to the box. And if I done me duty, I'd take you there too. This is fine work for you, stalling an officer off for a dirty young hoodlum that should of been in jail long ago.'

"My blood was good and up; and I was not feeling decent towards anyone in the whole world just then. It made me all the more savage towards this kid for him bein' the cause of Jim double crossing me.

"But Jim did not pay any attention to the abuse I was giving him. He only thought of Larry. He made a talk for that kid that was pitiful to listen to; and he kept saying, 'His mother, Jim. Ye got to think of her. And us knowin' her ever since we was able to walk.'

"Well, I was in no mind to listen to talks. Jim promised to send Larry to work. He swore by all that was holy that he had already nailed a job for him—to go out in the stokehold of an Alaska boat the next day. It was all fixed, he said; and the lad would be to sea in another twenty-four hours. I only shook my head.

"If you had done that a year or two ago,' I says, 'you'd've saved him. Now it is too late. He goes to jail. And you have helped to bring him there.' I was feeling ugly.

"Come on,' says I, givin' Larry's collar another twist. 'They've let you hand them the bunk and have given you soft jobs; and now I'll put you where you belong.'

"I started for the door. Larry went

quiet enough. He had never said a single word—just stood there wit' his lips clamped down tight and his eyes shining—until Jim had spoken of his mother, and then he had sucked in his breath. Now he was sullen again. We got to the doorway. Jim started out ahead of us. I think he was going to beg all the way to the box; but all of a sudden he stopped and he waved me back. He shut the door.

"'Mike,' he says in a whisper, 'there goes your man. Up the stairs.'



A chair scraped, and then a shade was drawn down.

"'Jim,' I says to him, 'is this on the square? You handed me a bad deal once to-night.'

"He only give me a look, but I could see that it was the truth he had told. I dropped Larry's collar. I pulled out my gun. I said over my shoulder to Jim.

"'Do you jump to that 'phone. Call the captain's office. Tell them I said send the wagon wit' help.' And wit' that I forgot all about Larry Doyle and all about my trouble wit' Jim. There was just one thing then—Tom Sheenan wit'

the blood of a policeman on his head.

"I made the entrance to the rooming house stairway on a jump—but quiet enough. I was just in time to see the man's back as he reached the top and turned down the hall. Then he was out of sight and I was stealing up the flight.

"I got to the top. The hall was empty. He would not've had time to have gone more than a quarter of the passageway, the way I figured it—about six rooms down—at the pace he was taking. I went to the sixth door.

There was nothing stirring inside of the room. I came back to the fifth door. Some one was moving there. I heard steps cross the floor; a chair scraped, and then a shade was drawn. That sounded good to me. I made up my mind to let him settle down while help was coming; for I figured he would've locked the door. But he saved me the trouble of any more planning.

"For he got up and came straight back and very quickly too. He threw the door open. He was right there in front of me.

"Tom Sheenan all right. No two ways

about that. He answered the description to a hair. And wit' his gun in his hand!

"He might've heard me there; or he might've been suspicious on general principles; or it might of been that it was his way of doing things when he come back to the room, to save danger of having been followed. Anyhow, there he was, wit' a big forty-four double-action gun out and on me—and shooting.

"I seen him, then the gun; and then I knew that he was pulling the trigger. One—two—three, just like that. I seen them things. I had time to draw my belly back doubling like a jackknife; and the bullet ruined my vest.

"There was the biggest roar I ever heard a revolver make from that 'rod' of his. The smoke nearly smothered the both of us. We were coughing when we clinched. I beat him to that a little; and I got my hand on his right wrist. I managed to hold it down. But my own gun had dropped to the floor—I did not know how it was then; it turned out afterwards that his shot had cut t'ru my vest, and had struck the barrel of my revolver, knocking it out from my fingers.

"So here we were, smothered in the smoke and wrestling like two dogs that want to get at each others' throats. Him wit' the gun; and me trying to hold it down.

"He was a big, black devil of a man, wit' a grip like a blacksmith and a wrist like wrought iron. It took all the strength I had to hold him at all.

"Then, of a sudden, he tripped me and he jerked his right hand. And between getting his jolt and losing my balance, I eased up a little on my own hold. His gun hand came free. I went to the floor wit' an awful bang that jarred every bone I had. There I laid ready for him to kill. Which he started to do right away.

"He swung his gun up and then down; and it seemed to me like he was taking a long time. Matter of fact, I had not more than hit the floor. But I saw things very fast. I remember it crossing my mind how he had big white teeth, far apart, just like the description on the circulars; and how he had a scar over one eye which was not in them descriptions at all and should've been, to my

way of thinking. All that time the gun was coming up and just beginning to be throwed down on me. I had not really begun to move myself. For after all it was just a breath of a moment.

"Then he stopped swinging down the gun and looked away. There come a rush of feet down the hallway. Sheenan raised the revolver and shot in that direction. I had got up as far as my knees. And then—

"Larry Doyle come, plunging head down like a bull. Right t'ru the smoke of that shot he come on. It never stopped him. He trod on one of my hands as he jumped in on Sheenan. And the two of them went to the floor together.

"I scrambled to my feet; and Sheenan's gun went off again. I jumped into the smoke of it. I found Larry Doyle on top, holding Sheenan down and just belting him one good one under the chin. After that Tom Sheenan was 'out' for nearly a half hour. Larry picked the gun out of his hand and looked up at me.

"'Did he get ye?' says I.

"Larry shook his head. 'I don't think so,' he says.

"'Get up and feel yourself,' I told him.

"We got up, just as Jim Burns come rushing in, calling that the wagon was on its way. Both of Sheenan's shots had missed. What wit' his being rattled when he took the first one and the last having been turned loose as likely as not by accident anyhow, he had not touched Larry. I bent down and got the cuffs on him, as he laid there dead to the world.

"'Ye got him, Mike,' says Jim when I was doing this.

"'No,' says I, 'it was not me. It was this kid here.' I looked at Larry. He was puffing a bit from his run and the fight, and the handcuff was still dangling from one wrist. I started to tell him that he had done what few men would've had the sand to try. But, says he:

"'Aw, forget it. I heard the mix-up and I come to see what was up—not for you.'

"And I think he was tellin' the truth. He had rushed into it just like he would into any fight—because he was made for it. I thought so then.



I seen him, then the gun; and then I knew that he was pulling the trigger. There was the biggest roar
I ever heard a revolver make.

"I looked at Jim Burns; I had Larry in my mind. I heard the wagon down the street. Men were coming out of their rooms now; they had been scared to show their faces in the hall before. I had not much time. I says to Jim.

"Get this kid downstairs—into your office. I'll come later. And,' I says to Larry, 'keep that cuff out of sight.'

"The wagon banged up to the door and the bulls swarmed into the place. We got Tom Sheenan on board and I told them I had some evidence to look for in the room. But when they had gone away wit' him and I was left alone, I locked the door of the room and went downstairs. I found Larry in Jim's office. I unlocked the cuff. We had no words between us—him and me. I could see that he did not like me a little bit. But I says to Jim:

"Get him on board that boat to-mor-

row. They'll be after him for the scrape up the street sure.'

"Well,"—Mike Powers settled himself back in his chair and smiled—"here is what I was coming to—about a man being steered right when he is tough. Larry went out in the stokehold of that steamship because he had to do that or go to jail. He got plenty of sweating there. That same year, when a lead-pipe busted, 'twas him that stuck down there in all the steam-clouds wit' a three inch hose and drowned the fires. Badly scalded, but he come t'ru all right enough. Later come talk of the Spanish war. He enlisted in the navy and got on one of them torpedo boat destroyers. Inside of a year, he was promoted for gallantry in action. He is a petty officer now. The old lady will brag of him by the hour together if you drop in and give her the chance."



EACH IN HIS OWN WAY

By GRANT OWEN



ILLUSTRATED
BY F. A. DUERR

IT occurred to Gilbert Bronson that morning just as he was finishing filing the last of the slips in the *G-K* credit drawer. What put the idea into his head he never could have told. There was no particular

association of ideas about it—nothing to start his mind on that particular train of thought.

It simply happened to come to him that he had never been to Newfoundland, and that such being the case, it would be

an excellent idea to go that very night.

It rather amazed him, when he stopped to consider it, that a man who had traveled as widely as he, a man who knew by heart the four corners of the earth, should have neglected a spot at once so interesting and so comparatively near home. Newfoundland—the very name set his imagination to working briskly, just as the name of any portion of the earth he had never investigated sent him off in orgies of fervid fancies. Newfoundland—an interesting place, surely. He'd start at once.

It being still a few minutes before twelve, his own lunch hour was yet a good hour away; but with all the confidence of an old and privileged employee, he stepped to Parker's desk.

"If you don't mind, I'll run along to lunch a little early to-day, Mr. Parker," said he. "There are one or two little things I'd like to do, if I may have the extra time without inconvenience."

Parker did not glance up from a batch of orders which had just come in.

"Surely. Run along now, if you like. Take all the time you want," said he.

Bronson thanked him, slipped off his frayed alpaca office coat, got his street coat and his hat out of his locker and slipped out of the office.

Strange he'd never thought about this Newfoundland trip before! It must be mighty interesting up there. A foggy country, he believed, and a rocky one, too. Somewhere he'd heard the north coast people were very quaint. It ought to beat his last trip—the one to Indo-China—all to spots.

His bent, gray little figure, with its thin face and the preternaturally bright eyes, wormed its facile way through the noonday crowds on the pavements. At sixty-five, Gilbert Bronson was one of those hoppity, cricket sort of men, with much energy still left in that spare frame of his. He was one of those men who clung to reversible paper collars and absurd black string ties. His clothes were always black, and the fact that they were always shiny made one suspicious as to just where they came from. No one had ever seen Gilbert Bronson with a new suit on. But traveling is expensive, especially when it entails the subscription to

three different private library associations. One smokes much more, too, while journeying. Gilbert Bronson had learned long since how much better he could enjoy it all through a haze of good tobacco smoke, and although he limited himself to Weichsel wood pipes and the sort of tobacco that comes in paper cartons, he found that it ate up quite a bit of the salary he received for being—as he had been for forty odd years—a sort of glorified office boy at the Eastern Cordage Company.

But it was worth it and more—worth the shiny clothes and the sometimes scanty meals. You see, office boys, even glorified ones like Gilbert Bronson, receive no very munificent compensation from the Eastern Cordage Company; and it is quite a strain on slender finances to subscribe to three private libraries; besides, tobacco, even the paper-cartoned variety, counts up amazingly when one smokes two packages of it in an evening, as Bronson quite frequently did when his travels took him through some particularly interesting country.

He dodged and doubled up the street through the crowds on the sidewalk, and entered finally the doorway of a well-known tourist agency. When he came out his pockets were stuffed with time-tables and folders and similar literature, and his mind was crammed with information, extracted grudgingly from a dapper clerk, who had surveyed the shabby little figure without enthusiasm. To external appearances, Gilbert Bronson gave little evidence of the price of a trip across the ferry, to say nothing of an extended tour through Newfoundland.

Then he tripped to the uptown ticket offices of two different railroad lines and came forth with still more folders and time-tables and information which had been given with scant courtesy. After which, he made a round of the three private libraries he subscribed to, as well as the public library, and at two o'clock returned to the office of the Cordage Company, so weighted down with tomes, large and small, that he fairly staggered beneath their combined weight.

It was quite characteristic of him that in the enthusiasm of his task he had forgotten lunch utterly. That, however, was

a very small matter. He was going to Newfoundland. The route was planned; he had everything down to the smallest detail—even a half-dozen packages of that paper-cartoned tobacco stuffed into a hip pocket.

So, just the least trifle faint, he started in filing the slips in the *L-R* drawer in the cabinet, supremely content with his noontime hustling.

Seven o'clock that evening found him, his frugal dinner over, climbing the stairs to his dingy room in a certain dingy lodging house in the South End. He climbed slowly because of his load of library books. On the littered center table of that room was a worn old student lamp. Bronson lighted it; then he pulled off his coat, donned a pair of frayed carpet slippers, arranged his folders and his books, put on a green eyeshade, lighted a Weichsel wood pipe of tremendous length of stem, settled himself in an old-fashioned sleepy-hollow chair, worn through in places to the excelsior stuffing, sighed luxuriously a couple of times and picked up the first of the neatly arranged folders.

Gilbert Bronson was off to Newfoundland.

II

Money had not spoiled the young Duncan Griffiths. They were a very normal, cheerful, warm-hearted, optimistic couple—not over-blessed (or cursed) with brains, perhaps, but enjoying life apparently quite as well, or better, than some of their intellectual superiors.

The young Duncan Griffiths had stacks and oodles of that commodity, the love of which, we are told, is the root of all evil. And some one was forever shuffling off this mortal coil and leaving them still more. Uncles, aunts, grandfathers and grandmothers, even cousins, seemed forever dying on both sides of the house and bequeathing all fractions of millions to either the one or the other.

Young Duncan Griffith was a firm believer in doing good with his wealth—good to himself and good to others. But, having heard much of the danger of promiscuous giving, young Griffith

allowed most of his gifts to pass through the hands of organized charity. On one point, however, he was firm. Of what he gave—and it was much—he held back one-tenth to play with as he saw fit: to squander on beggars in the street or to back some wild-eyed seeker after perpetual motion.

"For," said young Duncan Griffith, "I want to feel that somewhere, sometime, what I have given directly with my own hands has given happiness, not the happiness, Marjorie, of an unexpected peck of potatoes or a bag of coal, but the happiness that comes to someone who has waited long and patiently and hopelessly for something he desires very much. You get me, don't you, Marjorie?"

Young Mrs. Duncan Griffith, who was very pretty and altogether feminine, even if she wasn't intellectual, had bobbed her head and assured her better half she had "got him" completely.

"Of course you'll waste a lot trying it, and you'll do a whole lot of damage, no doubt," she had observed sagely. "But it's worth keeping on trying."

Whereupon young Mr. Duncan Griffith had kissed her, and gone forth and backed a man who had invented a new sort of muffler for gasoline engines—backed him so liberally that the inventor died in the psychopathic ward of a hospital a month later, loudly bewailing the herds of pink zebras and vermilion-hued hippopotami which had seen fit to dog his errant (and erring) footsteps.

Young Mr. Duncan Griffith also made sundry and numerous other mistakes in his philanthropy. Indeed, he made so many of them that it was a wonder he didn't turn in that reserved one-tenth with the rest of his bequests to organized charity, where, he was assured, it was doing no end of good and bringing happiness to countless strugglers against adverse fate.

But young Mr. Griffith was optimistic to the point of pigheadedness. Also he was decidedly tenacious to an idea. He had an idea that somewhere, sometime, he would be the bringer of a great and a gorgeous happiness to some yearning dreamer. Therefore he kept on—and found a young and impecunious artist,

whom he had favored with his attention, doing a smashing bookmaking business at the Riverbank Track.

On the night when Gilbert Bronson sank sighingly and contentedly into that sleepy-hollow chair near his student lamp, young Mr. Duncan Griffith came storming enthusiastically into his wife's room.

"I've got it, Marjorie, dear," he bubbled over. "I've got it! Just what I've been looking for. Listen!"

"It isn't another of those inventors, is it, dear?" she asked in mild alarm. "It—it seems somehow to be particularly fatal to them."

She was even more adorable when her brows puckered in that pretty fashion. So young Mr. Duncan Griffith saw fit to take her in his arms and disarrange her coiffure.

"Listen, dear!" he said again finally, when she had managed gently to disengage herself. "I heard of the strangest chap to-day—heard of him down at the squash courts from Jimmy Bradford, who's down at the Eastern Cordage Company, you know. There's a chap down in the office there—he's sixty-five, just think of it, dearie—and he's always been just a sort of office boy. He's never so much as been out of the state, according to Jimmy; yet he's an authority on every nook and corner of the globe. No one of the Eastern Cordage crowd ever thinks of taking a trip abroad or anywhere, for that matter, without asking Gilbert Bronson—that's his name—about the place. He can tell 'em everything about anywhere—what sort of people you'd meet in Hammerfest and what sort of game you'd find in Papua. Think of it! And he's never traveled a mile. Done it all with books and folders and things in an easy chair o' evenings. I saw him to-day. I got Jimmy to introduce me to him. Awfully interesting codger. You ought to see his eyes, dear—funny little twinkly eyes that look as if they'd enjoy everything they saw, if they only got a chance to see something besides the stuffy walls of the office of the Cordage Company."

"I asked him about the country round the headwaters of the Amazon. He could tell you all about it just as if he'd been

there. It—it sort of got me in the throat, Marjorie."

He paused. She was smiling at him, tenderly, proudly.

"I'm going to run over to where he lives in the South End to-night," he went on after a bit. "I've got his address. I'm going to take a bunch of that one-tenth money with me and I'm going to give it to him and tell him to go and see some of the things first hand. I can't wait to see those eyes of his when he realizes it. I'm going to run over in the car right after dinner."

"Take me with you," she pleaded, her eyes glowing.

"Want to come? Bully! Surest thing you know I'll take you," he declared, and proceeded to disarrange her hair somewhat more than previously.

III

There was a tap on the door of Gilbert Bronson's room. There had probably been other taps which he had not heard, for the door was pushed gently open before he could respond and his landlady waddled into the room. Gilbert Bronson blinked at her stupidly. He was on his way to Sidney. The train had just sped past a little station called Moose Foot—at 10.03, according to the timetable open before him. It took him a bit of time to orient himself in the dingy lodging-house room and to realize that Mrs. Barry was speaking in awed tones.

"They's a gen'leman and lady downstairs in the parlor askin' for you, Mr. Bronson," said she. "Awful swells. They come in a limousine—a whacker with a chauffy all togged out fit to kill."

"You're quite sure it's me they want to see?" asked Gilbert.

Mrs. Barry made vigorous assent with her head.

"Show them up here, please," said he, and traveled along the time-table route as far as Stillwater Junction.

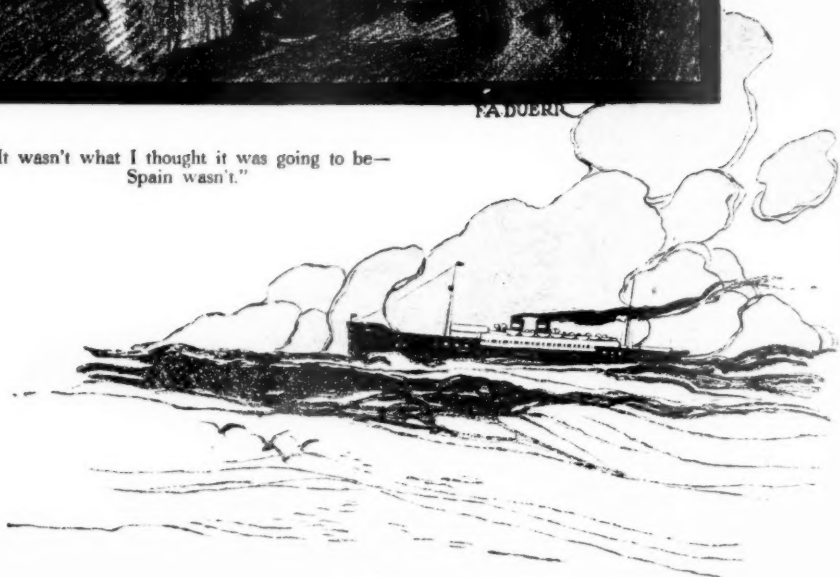
Then came another and brisker tap on the door. Bronson arose, almost reluctantly. He opened the door wide. A smiling young man grasped his hand. Behind the young man was a very lovely young woman.

"I'm Griffith, the chap Jimmy Brad-



FADUERI

"It wasn't what I thought it was going to be—
Spain wasn't."



ford introduced to you down to your office this afternoon—remember?" the young man asked. "And this is Mrs. Griffith," he went on.

Bronson bowed them in, pulled forward chairs for them, said politely how glad he was to see them, although his eyes kept straying wistfully to the litter of folders on the table.

"I've heard all about you from Jimmy," said Griffith, when they were seated. "It seems a great pity to me, Mr. Bronson, that a man who knows so much of the world as you do should have seen so little of it.

"It seems to me you ought to see these places—see 'em first hand with your own eyes. I—it just happens that I have a great deal more money than I know what to do with. I thought perhaps you'd be good enough to let me finance a few little trips abroad for you. Say, first, one over Europe and then down the Nile—a year of it or so, perhaps—"

Bronson's brows wrinkled. He sucked in his breath sharply. A frightened look came into his eyes.

"You're very good—very, very good," he mumbled. "But—but—"

"But what?" asked the younger man, smiling assuringly.

Bronson coughed. He seemed ill at ease. His eyes sought the younger man's with something of pleading in them.

"I couldn't," he said at last. "I really couldn't. It's good of you. But—you see—"

"It's like this," he said almost desperately. "I don't want to go. Once, a long time ago, I saved quite a bit of money. I did it by cutting down my meals and going without smoking. No one knows this but you. It's the first time I've ever told it. I asked for a three months' leave of absence from the office. I told them I was sick. It was easy enough to make them believe that. You see, I was pretty thin. I said I was going to the country for those three months. They always thought I did. I didn't. I went across. Yes, to Spain. I'd always wanted to see Spain worst of all. I went the cheapest way possible. I had to. I couldn't save very much money—because there wouldn't have been very much to save if I'd saved the whole of it.

He paused. The piercing eyes grew a bit dim.

"It wasn't what I thought it was going to be—Spain wasn't," said he. "I was horribly disappointed. Perhaps I'd pictured too much. But it was frightfully disappointing. It was years before I got over it. The people, you know, and the country in general and—oh, well, it's all over, years ago.

"But I couldn't stand it again. I like it better this way. There are no disappointments this way. I'm afraid I haven't made myself very clear. But I hope you'll understand."

It was quite plain that young Mr. Duncan Griffith did not understand very well. He sat leaning forward in his chair, saying "Huh? Huh?" over and over until his wife stopped him.

"Yes, I think I understand," she said very gently. "And we're interrupting you. You were taking a trip to-night, weren't you?"

"I was just running up to Newfoundland. I'd never been there before," said Bronson, and somehow he could not help looking longingly at the folders and time-tables.

"Then we'll say good-night," said she tactfully. "Really, we mustn't interrupt your trip."

The limousine purred softly homeward. Young Mr. Duncan Griffith was frankly disappointed—more acutely so than he had ever been before in his life.

"The silly old chump!" he muttered irritably.

But Mrs. Griffith, her eyes shining softly, put her fingers over his mouth.

"Hush, dear, hush!" she said. "You mustn't say that. Don't you see the point in what he said—"

"No, I don't," he grumbled.

Back beside the student lamp, in the tattered old sleepy-hollow chair with its hide worn through to the stuffing, Gilbert Bronson heaved a mighty and a contented sigh.

He had just disembarked—with the aid of sundry folders and a dry volume by one Sir William Hanna—from the steamer *Bruce* at Port-Aux-Basques. He was intending to take the eight o'clock train for St. John's.

The Previous Chapters of "The Ball of Fire"

BIG" is what George Randolph Chester calls this new novel. It deals with "big" men and "big" situations and with what is more unusual in fiction, a girl as "big" as they, who is a refreshing change from the siren, the plotter, and the vampire.

Gail Sargent is a brown-eyed glory of a girl from a small inland city, who walks into the story and a vestry meeting of the wealthy Market Square Church, New York, where her Uncle Jim Sargent and seven other millionaire vestrymen are haggling over a fifty-million-dollar deal with Edward E. Allison, who has built up the gigantic traction lines of the city. The church wants fifty millions for its Vedder Court tenement property, which Allison is anxious to buy for less for traction terminals.

"How do you like our famous old church?" says the Rev. Smith Boyd, the handsome young rector.

"It seems to be a remarkably lucrative enterprise," smiles Gail. Allison sees and his eyes twinkle. He presses Gail to let him drive her home.

"I'm curious to know the commercial value of a sunset in New York," laughs the girl as they drive. Allison looks at her with keener interest. He indulges in the weakness of bragging—tells her he has worked his way to the summit of a splendid achievement and has decided to rest.

"Why?" asks the girl. Of a sudden he feels like a pricked bubble. Why indeed should a man of his ability stop? And he decides to achieve something that will command her respect.

He draws across a map of the United States, lines indicating railroads which, connected, would make the most direct route from New York to San Francisco—then proceeds to buy those roads. He calls in old Tim Corman, political boss, and arranges for condemnation of the Vedder Court tenements, and the building under the river of an eight-track tube, ostensibly for a municipal subway.

Because this subway is the only crack through which a railroad could get into the heart of New York City, Allison's plan is to have his railroad and street transportation depot all in one big building in Vedder Court, so travelers may step off a train on-

to an "L," or into a subway.

Allison calls on Gail after a flying trip West. Howard Clemmens, a home-city suitor, is with her. Rev. Smith Boyd has been there, but has departed after seeing Clemmens, in greeting Gail, kiss her. Clemmens, jealous of Gail's surroundings, begs her to marry at once. She refuses, for she suddenly realizes her interests are only in powerful men.

Allison calls a meeting of the seven men whose combined trusts control all the food, coal, iron and building commodities of America. He shows them his railroad, and proposes that he and they form one world-powerful trust—to control the railroad and all these commodities.

"Who is to be monarch of your new empire?" asks one of the seven commercial dictators.

"The best man," answers Allison, and the seven realize that there are now eight great men in the country.

Dalrymple, who owns outright the controlling interest in a North-and-South running road, is asked to sell. He refuses. So these business giants coolly declare there will have to be a panic anyway; they'll crush Dalrymple and get his road then.

As his subway is nearing completion, Allison takes Gail and a party of friends, including the Rev. Smith Boyd, who shows signs of falling in love with her, on a trial run in a private car. There is an explosion and a cave-in, and in the end Allison and Boyd, digging together, save the party. This brings Gail into sensational newspaper prominence. One Sunday journal caps the climax by printing a full-page story showing a picture of Gail with the nine most eligible men in New York—some of whom she has not even met—offering her their hearts and fortunes. Gail, in a panic of chagrin, returns to her old home, accompanied by Arly Fossland. Aunt Helen Davies says to Arly as they depart:

"It would be useless to attempt to influence her now, but I look for you to bring her back in a week. Her prospects are really too brilliant to be interrupted like this."

Gail finds everything the same at home—and yet not the same. She feels the lure of New York, but does not—or will not recognize it.



The Ball of Fire

By *GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER*

Author of "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford," etc.

and *LILLIAN CHESTER*

Illustrated by M. Leone Bracker

THE first morning at home began with every delightful observance just as it had used to be; first the fragrant coffee, the good hot muffins and jam; then the romping, laughing, splashing process of dressing; then a visit from Mrs. Sargent, and from Taffy, and from Vivian Jennings, who lived next door, and from Madge Frazier, who had stayed the night with Vivian; then a race out to the stables, to say good-morning to the horses, and, laughing with moist eyes, to hear their excited whinnies of greeting, and slip them lumps of sugar; then to the kennels to be half smothered by the eager collies; then over to Vivian's, to surround deaf old Grandmother Jennings with the flowers she loved best, the faces of young girls; then back to the house and the telephone, for a cheery good-morning to everybody in the world, beginning with Dad, who was already plugging away in his office.

Breakfast at eleven, a brisk horseback ride, a change, and Gail's little gray electric was at the door. There was a tremendous lot of shopping to be done. To begin with, sixteen new hair ribbons,

and nine fancy marbles—not the big ones that you can't use, but the regular unattainable fifteen centers—and twenty-five pears, and twenty-five small boxes of candy, and eleven pound-packages of special tea, and six pound-packages of special tobacco, and one quart of whisky, and eighteen bunches of red carnations—five to the bunch, five grouping better than four or six. None of these things were to be delivered. Gail piled them all in her coupé, and, after saying "Howdy do" to about everybody on Main Street, and feeling immensely uplifted thereby, she inserted Arly in among the carnations and pears and tobacco and things, and whirled her out to Chickentown, which was the actively devilish section of the city allotted to Gail's church work.

There were those of the guild who made of this religious duty a solemn and serious task, to be entered upon with sweet piety and uplifting words; but Gail had solved her problem in a fashion which kept Chickentown from hating her and charity. She distributed flowers and pears and tobacco and things, and perfectly human smiles, and a few common

sense observations when they seemed to be necessary, and scoldings where they seemed due; and it was a lasting tribute to her diplomacy and popularity that all the new born babies in the district were named either Gail or Gale.

Chickentown lay in a smoky triangle, entirely surrounded by railroad yards and boiler factories and packing houses and the like, and it was as feudal in its instincts as any stronghold of old. Its womenfolk would not market where the Black Creek women marketed; its men would not drink in the same saloons; and its children came home scarred and proud from gory battles with the Black Creek gang; yet, in their little cottages and in their tiny yards was the neatness of local pride, which had sprung up immediately after Gail had inaugurated the annual front yard flower prize system.

No sooner had Gail's familiar coupé crossed the Black Creek bridge than a yell went up, which could be heard echoing and reverberating from street to street throughout the entire domain of Chickentown. One block inside the fiefdom, the progress of the car was impeded by exactly twenty-five children. By some miracle they all arrived at nearly the same time, the only difference being that those who had come the furthest were the most out of breath. Gail jumped out among them, and twenty-five right hands went straight up in the air. Gail inspected the hands critically, one by one, and, by that inspection alone, divided the mobs into two groups, the clean-handed ones, who were mostly girls, and the dirty-handed ones, who looked sorry. She shook hands with the first group, and she smiled on both, and she distributed hair ribbons and marbles and pears and candy with cordial understanding.

"It doesn't do for me to be away so long," she confessed to them, looking them over regretfully. "I don't believe you are as clean."

Those who were as clean looked consciously hurt, but for the most part they looked guilty.

"Now we'll hear the troubles," announced Gail; "and you must hurry. The cleanest first."

Twenty-five hands went up, and Gail picked out the cleanest, a neat little girl with yellow hair and blue eyes and a prim little walk, who shyly came forward alone out of the group and wiggled her interlocked fingers behind her, while Gail sat in the door of her coupé and held her court.

A half-whispered conversation: a genuine trouble, and some sound and sensible advice. Yellow Hair did not like her school-teacher; and what was she to do about it? A difficult problem that, and while Gail was inculcating certain extremely cautious lessons of mingled endurance and diplomacy, which would have been helpful to grown-ups as well as to yellow-haired little girls, and which Gail reflected that she might herself use with profit, Arly, with an entirely new sort of smile in her softened eyes, walked over to the chattering group, all of whom had troubles to relate, and asked a boy to have a bill changed for her into quarter dollars.

The boy looked at his hand. "I guess I won't be next for a long time," he said, and taking the bill, he ran for the candy shop, which was nearest. There were seven places of retail business in Chickentown, and, since they dealt mostly in coppers, he expected to cover considerable space on this errand.

Arly watched Gail handle the case of a particularly black-eyed little girl, whose brother was getting too big to play with her any more; and Arly grew wistful.

"Do you mind if I hear a few troubles, Gail?" she requested.

"Help yourself," laughed Gail. "I think there's enough to go around."

"I'll begin at the other end," decided Arly. "Put up your hands, kiddies." They went up slowly. She conscientiously picked the dirtiest one, but the boy who owned it came forward with a reluctance which was almost sullen.

"I druther tell Miss Gail," he informed her frankly.

"Of course," Arly immediately agreed, smiling down into his eyes with more charm than she had seen fit to exert on anybody in many months. "But you can tell Miss Gail about it afterwards, if you like, or you might tell me your



"Well, how's my little pagan?" he asked her. "Worse than ever, I'm afraid," she confessed.

littlest trouble, and save your biggest one for Miss Gail."

"I aint got but one," responded the boy, and he looked searchingly into Arly's black eyes. Her being pretty, like Gail, was a recommendation. "There's a kid over in Black Creek that I used to lick; but now he's got me faded."

From his intensity, this was a serious trouble, and Arly considered it seriously.

"Does he fight fairly?" she asked, and that one question alone showed that Arly knew the first principles of human life and conduct, which was rare in a girl or woman of any type.

He came a step closer, and looked up into her eyes with all his reservation gone.

"Yessum," he confessed, and in his throat there was something of a clutch which would never grow up to be a sob, but which would have been one in a girl. He'd rather have lied, but you couldn't get any useful advice that way.

"Maybe he's growing faster than you."

"Yessum. I eat all the oatmeal they give me, and I take trainin' runs every evening after school, clean up to Scaggers Park and back; but it don't do any good."

Arly pondered.

"When does he lick you?" she asked.

"Right after supper when he catches me."

"Do you play all day?"

"I go to school."

"Baseball?"

"Yessum. Baseball, and one-old cat, and two-old-cat, and rounders and marbles, and prisoner's base, and high-spy, but mostly baseball and marbles."

Arly studied the future citizen with the eye of a practiced physical culturist, who knew exactly how she had preserved her clean complexion and lithe figure. In spite of his sturdy build, there was not enough protuberance to his chest, and, though his cheeks were full enough, there was a hollow look about his jaws and around his eyes.

"You're over-trained," she told him decisively. "You mustn't play marbles very often or very long at a time, because that stooping over in the dust isn't good for you, and you mustn't take your

training runs up to that park. The other boy licks you because you're all tired out. I don't believe it's because he's a better fighter."

That boy breathed with the sigh of one freed from a mighty burden, and the eyes which looked up into Arly's were almost swimming with gratitude.

"She's all right," he told the next candidate. "She's a pippin! Say, do you know what's the matter with me? I'm over-trained." And he smacked his chest resounding whacks and felt of his biceps.

There were troubles of all sorts and shapes and sizes, and Arly bent to them more concentrated wisdom than she had been called upon to display for years. It was a new game, one with a live zest, and Gail had invented it. Her admiration for Gail went up a notch.

"I'm glad I came home with you, Gail," commented Arly when she had finished her court, and had distributed the money which Gail had permitted her just this once, and they had driven up the block attended by an escort of exactly twenty-five. "It makes me think, and I'd almost forgotten how."

"It makes me think too," confessed Gail, very seriously. "Suppose I should go away. They'd go right on living, but I like to flatter myself that I'm doing more good for them than somebody else could do." Why that thought had worried her she could not say. She was home to stay now, except for the usual trips.

"You'd find the same opportunities anywhere," Arly quickly assured her.

"Yes, but they wouldn't be these same children," worried Gail. "I'd never know others as I know these."

"No," admitted Arly slowly. "I think I'll pick out a few when I go back home. I've often wondered how to do it, without having them think me a fool or a nosey; but you've solved the problem. You're tremendously clever, Gail."

"Here's Granny Jones," interrupted Gail with a smile for the compliment. "Don't come in, for she's my worst specimen. She's a duty." And taking some carnations and a package of tea, she hurried away.

Flowers and tea for the old ladies, tobacco and flowers for the old men, and the bottle of whisky for old Ben Jack-

son, to whom his little nip every morning and night was a genuine charity, though one severe worker had left the guild because Gail persisted in taking it to him.

At home, Gail found silver-haired old Doctor Mooreman, the rector of the quaintly beautiful little chapel up the Avenue, and he greeted Gail with a smile which was a strange co-mingling of spiritual virtue and earthly shrewdness.

"Well, how's my little pagan?" he asked her.

"Worse than ever. I'm afraid," she confessed. "I suppose you're asking about the state of my mind and the degree of my wickedness."

"That's it exactly," agreed the Reverend Doctor, smiling on her fondly. "Are you still quarreling with the Church, because it prefers to be respectable rather than merely good?"

"I'm afraid so," she laughed. "I still don't understand why hell is preached when nobody believes it; or why we are told the material details of a spiritual heaven, when no one has proved its existence except by ancient literature; or why an absolutely holy man whose works are all good, from end to end of his life, can't go to heaven if he doubts the Divinity of the Savior; or why so much immorality is encouraged in the world that marriage itself is sinful; or why a hundred other things, which are necessarily the formulae of man, are made a condition of the worship of the heart. You see, I'm as bad as ever."

The smile of Doctor Mooreman was a pleasant sight to behold.

"You're in no spiritual difficulties," he told her. "You're only having fun with your mind, and laying tragic stress on the few little innocent fictions which were once well meant and useful."

Gail looked at him in astonishment.

"I never heard you admit that much!" she marveled.

"You're approaching years of discretion," laughed her old rector. "All these things are of small moment compared with the great fact that the Church does stand as a constant effort to inculcate the grace of God. The young are prone to require roses without a blemish, but even God has never made one."

"I don't understand," puzzled Gail. "You're not combating me on any of these things as you used to." And it actually worried her.

"Let me whisper something to you." And the Reverend Doctor Mooreman, whose face had the purity which is only visible in old age, leaned forward, with his eyes snapping: "I don't believe a lot of them myself; but Gail, I believe much in the grace of God, and I believe much in its refining and bettering influence on humanity; so, to the people who would discard everything for the reason of one little flaw, I teach things I don't believe, and my conscience is as clean as a whistle."

"You're a darling old fraud!" Gail's mind was singularly relieved. She had worried how a man of Doctor Mooreman's intelligence could swallow so many of the things which were fed him in his profession. The conversation had done her good. It tempered her attitude toward certain things, but it did not change her steadfast principle that the Church would be better off if it did not require the teachings of tenets and articles of faith which were an insult to modern intelligence.

Had she been unfair with the Reverend Smith Boyd? She could not shake off that thought. She must tell him the attitude of Doctor Mooreman. That is, if she ever saw him again. Of course she would, however.

CHAPTER XVII

Something Happens to Gerald Fosland

THERE was something radically wrong with the Fosland household. Gerald's man had for years invariably said: "Good morning, sir; I hope you slept well, sir." This time he merely said: "Good morning, sir;" and he forgot the salt. What was the matter with the house? With the exception of William's slip, the every-morning program was quite as usual. Gerald always arose, had his plunge, his breakfast, read his mail and his paper, went for a canter in the Park, had luncheon at the Papyrus Club, and unless his morning engagement slip had shown him some social

duty for the afternoon, he did not see Mrs. Fosland until he came down, from the hands of William, dressed for dinner.

One can readily see that no deviation from this routine confronted Gerald Fosland this morning. He had had his plunge and his breakfast, his mail and his paper lay before him, and yet there was something ghastly about the feel of the house. It was as if some one were dead! Gerald Fosland made as radical a deviation from his daily life as William had done. He left his mail unopened, after a glance at the postmarks; he left his paper unread, and he started for his canter in the Park a full half hour early!

At the Papyrus Club he sat in the dimmest corner of the library, taking himself seriously in hand. Somehow, he was not quite fit, not quite up to himself. It seemed desperately lonely in the Club. There were plenty of fellows there, but they were merely nodders. They were not the ones who came at his hour. He brightened a shade as Tompkinson came in five minutes early. He was about to wonder if all the world had started a trifle early this morning, when he remembered that ordinarily on his arrival he found Tompkinson there. He could not analyze why this should be such a relief to him, unless it was that he found mere normality comforting today.

"Good-morning, Fosland," drawled Tompkinson. "Beautiful weather."

"Yes," said Gerald, and they sat together in voiceless satisfaction until Connors came in.

"Good morning," observed Connors. "Beautiful weather."

"Yes," replied Fosland and Tompkinson, and Connors sat.

"Depressing affair of Prymm's," presently remarked Tompkinson, calling a boy for the customary appetizer.

"Rotten," agreed Connors, with some feeling. All his ancestors had been Irish, and it never quite gets out of the blood.

"I haven't heard," suggested Fosland, with the decent interest one club-fellow should have in another.

"Wife went to Italy with the sculptor who made her portrait; Carmelli, that's

the name. Intense looking fellow, you know; Prymm had him here at the club."

"You don't tell me!" Gerald felt an unusual throb of commiseration for Prymm. "Mighty decent chap."

"Yes, Prymm's all cut up about it," went on Tompkinson. "Has a sort of notion he should kill the fellow, or something of the kind."

"Why?" demanded Connors, with some feeling again. Connors was a widower, and Fosland suddenly remembered, though he could not trace a connection leading to the thought, that Connors had not been a frequenter of the Club until after the death of his wife. "Prymm's a thoroughly decent chap, but he was so wasteful."

This being a new word in such connection, both Fosland and Tompkinson looked at Connors inquiringly.

"I hadn't noticed," This from Tompkinson.

"Wasteful of Mrs. Prymm," explained Connors. "She is a beautiful young woman, clever, charming, companionable, and, naturally, fond of admiration. Prymm admired her. He frequently intimated that he did. He admired his horse, and an exceptional Botticelli which hung in his music room, but his chief pleasure lay in their possession. He never considered that he should give any particular pleasure to the Botticelli, but he did to the horse."

Gerald Fosland was aware of a particular feeling of discomfort. Rather heartless to be discussing a fellow member's intimate affairs this way.

"It is most unfortunate," he commented. "Shall we go down to lunch?"

In the hall they met Prymm, a properly set up fellow, with neatly plastered hair and an air of unusually perfect grooming. He presented the appearance of having shaved too closely to-day.

"Good morning," said Prymm. "Beautiful weather."

Inconsiderate of Prymm to show up at the club. A trifle selfish of him. It put such a strain on his fellow-members. Of course, though, he had most of his mail there. He only stopped for his mail, and went out.

"You'll be in for the usual Tuesday

night whist, I dare say," inquired Tompkinson perfunctorily.

"Oh yes," remembered Fosland, and was thoughtful for a moment. "No, I don't think I can come. Sorry." He felt the eye of Connors fixed on him curiously.

On Fosland's book was a tea, the date filled in two weeks ago, one of those art things to which men are compelled. Arly had handed it to him, much like a bill for repairs, or a memorandum to get steamer tickets. He drove home, and dressed, and when William handed him his hat and gloves and stick he laid them on the table beside him, in his lounging-room, and sat down, looking patiently out of the window. He glanced at his watch, by and by, and resumed his inspection of the opposite side of the street. He stirred restlessly, and then he suddenly rose, with a little smile at himself. He had been waiting for word from Mrs. Fosland that she was ready. For just a few abstracted moments he had forgotten that he was to pay the social obligations of the house of Fosland entirely alone.

He picked up his hat and gloves and stick, and started to leave the room. As he passed the door leading to Arly's apartments, he hesitated, and put his hand on the knob. He glanced over his shoulder, as a guilty conscience made him imagine that William was coming in; then he gently turned the knob, and entered. A tiny vestibule, and then a little French-gray salon, and then the boudoir, all in delicate blue, and sweet with a faint, delicate, evasive fragrance which was like the passing of Arly. Something made him stand, for a moment, with a trace of feeling that came to awe, and then he turned and went out of the terribly solemn place. He did not notice, until afterwards, that he had tip-toed.

Gerald Fosland had never been noted for brilliance, but he was an insufferable bore at the art tea. People asked him the usual polite questions, and he either forgot that they were talking or answered about something else, and he entirely mislaid the fragments of art conversation which he was supposed to have put on with his ascot. Nearly every-

one asked about Arly, and several with more than perfunctory courtesy. He had always known that Arly was very popular, but he had a new perception, now, that she was extremely well liked; and it gratified him.

Occupied with his own reflections, which were not so much thought as a dull feeling that he was about to have a thought, he accidentally joined a group which, with keen fervor, was discussing the accident to Prymm. He had a general aversion to gossip anyhow, and shortly after that he went home.

He wrote some letters, and, when it grew dark, he rang for William.

"I shall remain in for dinner tonight," he observed, and mechanically took up the evening paper which the quiet William laid before him. A headline which made his hand tremble, caught his eye, and he dropped the paper. Prymm had shot himself!

No tragedy had ever shaken Gerald Fosland so much as this. Why, he had met Prymm only that noon. Prymm had said: "Good morning. Beautiful weather!" For a moment Fosland almost changed his mind about remaining in for dinner; but, after all, the big paneled dining-room, with its dark wainscoting, and its heavily carved furniture, and its super-abundant service, was less lonely than his club. The only words which broke the silence of the dim dining-room during that dinner, were: "Sauce, sir?"

Gerald took his coffee in his lounging-room, and then he went again to Arly's door. He turned before he opened it, and tossed his cigarette in the fireplace. He did not enter by stealth this time. He walked in. He even went on to the dainty blue bedroom, and looked earnestly about it; then he went back to the boudoir and seated himself on the stiff chair in which he had, on rare occasions, sat and chatted with her. He remained there perhaps half an hour. Suddenly he arose, and called for his limousine, and drove to Teasdale's. They were out, he was told. They were at Mr. Sargent's, and he drove straight there. Somehow, he was glad that, since they were out, they had gone to Sargent's. He was most anxious to see Lucile.

"Just in time to join the mourners,

Gerald," greeted Ted. "We're doing a very solemn lot of Gailing."

"I'll join you with pleasure," agreed Gerald, feeling more at home and lighter of heart here than he had anywhere during the day. Lucile seemed particularly near to him. "Have you any intimation that Gail expects to return soon?"

"None at all," stated Aunt Helen, with a queer mixture of somberness and impatience. "She only writes about what a busy time they are having, and how delightfully eager her friends have been about her, and how popular Arly is, and such things as that."

"Arly is popular everywhere," stated Gerald, and Lucile looked at him wonderingly, turning her head very slowly towards him.

"What do you hear from Arly?" she inquired, holding up her hand as if to shield her eyes from the fire and studying him curiously from that shadow.

"Much the same," he answered, "except that she mentions Gail's popularity instead of her own. She had her maid send her another trunkful of clothing, I believe." And he fell to gazing into the fireplace.

"I am very much disappointed in Arly," worried Aunt Helen. "I sent her specifically to bring Gail back in a week, and they have been gone nine days!"

"I'm glad they're having a good time," observed Jim Sargent. "She'll come back when she gets ready. The New York pull is something which hits you in the middle of the night, and makes you get up and pack."

"Yes, but the season will soon be over," worried Aunt Helen. "Gail's presence here at this time is so important that I do not see how she can neglect it. It may affect her entire future life. A second season is never so full of opportunities as the first one."

"Oh, nonsense," laughed Jim. "You're a fanatic on match-making, Helen. What you really mean is that Gail should make a choice out of the matrimonial market before it has all been picked over."

"Jim!" protested Mrs. Sargent, the creases of worry appearing in her brow. Her husband and sister had never quarreled; but they had permitted diver-

gences of opinion which had required much mutual forbearance.

"A spade is a spade," returned Jim. "I think it's silly to worry about Gail's matrimonial prospects. Whenever she's ready to be married, she'll look them all over, and pick out the one who suits her. All she'll have to say is 'eeny-meeny-miny-mo; you're it!' and the fellow will rush right out and be measured for his suit."

"Just the same, I'd rather she'd be here when she counts out," laughed Lucile.

"So would I," agreed Jim; "but, after all, there are good men everywhere. Girls get married out in the Middle West as well as here, and live happily ever after."

"They grow fine men out there," stated Mrs. Sargent, with a complimentary glance at her husband. She had never wavered in her opinion of that fine man.

"Right you are," agreed Sargent heartily. "They have not the polish of Eastern men, perhaps, but they have a strength and forcefulness and virility which carries them through. There are men out there, stacks of them, who would appeal to any bright and vivacious woman—sweep her off her feet, carry her away by storm, and make her forget a lot of things. If any handsome woman is unappreciated in New York, all she has to do is to go out to the Middle West."

Lucile, listening to the innocently blundering speech of Gail's proud uncle, watched Gerald with intense interest. She could scarcely believe the startling idea which had popped into her head! Gerald's only apparent deviation from his normal attitude had consisted in abstractedly staring into the fire, instead of paying polite attention to everyone; but that he had heard was evidenced by the shifting glance he gave Sargent. Otherwise he had not moved.

"You scare me," said Lucile, still watching Gerald. "I'm not going to leave Gail out there any longer. I'm going to have her back at once."

Gerald raised his head immediately and smiled at her.

"Splendid," he approved. "Fact of the

matter is,"—and he hesitated an instant—"I'm becoming extremely lonesome."

Even Ted detected something in Gerald's tone and in his face.

"It's time you are waking up," he bluntly commented. "I should think you would be lonely without Arly."

"Yes, isn't it time," agreed Gerald, studying the matter carefully. "You know, both having plenty of leisure, there's never been any occasion for us to travel separately before; and, really, I miss her dreadfully."

"I think I'll have to get her for you, Gerald," promised Lucile, removing her hand from in front of her eyes, and smiling at him reassuringly. She could smile beautifully just now. The incredible thing she had thought she detected was positively true, and it made her excitedly happy! Gerald Fosland had been in love with his wife all along, and had never known it until now!

"If you can work that miracle, and bring Gail back with her, you'll spread sunshine all over the place," declared Jim Sargent. "It's been like a funeral here since Gail went home. You'd think she was the most important section of New York. Everybody's blue; Allison, Doctor Boyd, everybody who knew her, inquires, with a long face, when she's coming back!"

"What do you propose?" inquired Mrs. Helen Davies, with a degree of interest which intimated that she was quite ready to take any part in the conspiracy.

"I have my little plan," laughed Lucile. "I'm going to send her an absolutely irresistible reminder of New York!"

CHAPTER XVIII

The Message from New York

IT was good to be home! Gail wondered that she could ever have been content away from the loving shelter of her many, many friends. She had grown world-weary in all the false gaiety of New York! She was disillusioned! She was blasé! She was tired of frivolity; and she immediately planned or enthusiastically agreed to take part in a

series of gaieties which would have made an average hard-working man anticipate them with an already broken constitution.

The house was full of them, morning, noon and night: young girls, sedate and jolly, and all of them excitedly glad that Gail was among them again; and young men, in all the degrees from social butterflies to plodding business pluggers, equally glad.

Good, comfortable home folks these, who were deliciously nice to the stately black-haired Arly, and voted her a tremendous beauty, and stood slightly in awe of her. The half cynical Arly, viewing them critically, found in them one note of interesting novelty: a certain general clean-hearted wholesomeness; and, being a seeker after the unusual, and vastly appreciative, she deliberately cultivated them, flattering the boys, but not so much as to make the other girls hate her. To the girls she made herself even more attractive, because she liked them better. She complimented them individually on the point of perfection for which each girl most prided herself; she told them that they were infinitely more clever than the women of New York, and better looking, in general, for the New York women were mostly clothes and make-up; and, above all, she envied them their truer lives!

No group of young people could resist such careful work as that, especially when performed by a young woman so adroit and so attractive, and so well gowned; so they lost their awkwardness with her, which removed any sense of discomfort Gail might have felt, which was the aim to be accomplished. In those first few days Gail was the happiest of all creatures, in spite of the fact that the local papers had carried a politer echo of that despicable slave story. At nights, however, beginning with the second one, when the girls had retired to the mutual runway of their adjoining suites, the conversation would turn something like this:

"Let's see, this is the seventeenth, isn't it?" Thus Arly.

"Yes: Tuesday,"—concentratedly selecting a chocolate, the box of which bore a New York name.

"Mrs. Matson's ice skating ball is to-night." A sidelong glance at the busy Gail.

"Um-hum." A chocolate between her white teeth.

"She always has such original affairs."

"Doesn't she?" Gail draws her sandaled feet up under her and stretches down her pink negligee, so that she looks like a stiff little statue in tinted ivory.

"And such interesting people. That new artist is certain to be there. What's his name? Oh yes, Vloddow. I could adore him."

"You're a mere verbal adorer," laughs Gail, studying anxiously over the problem of whether she wants another piece of chocolate. Allison had sent such good ones. "Vloddow eats garlic."

"That's why I adore him from a distance. Of course all the nice regular fellows will be there; Dick Rodley, and Ted, and Houston, and—oh, oh! I forgot to write Gerald!"

With a swift passing kiss somewhere between Gail's ear and her chin, she hurries into her own dressing-room, with a backward glance to make sure that Gail is staring, with softened brown eyes, down into her chocolate box, and seeing there, amid the brown confections, the laughing, swirling skaters in Mrs. Matson's glistening ballroom: Dick, and Ted, and Houston, and Willis, Lucile and Marion, Flo Reynolds, and the gay little Mrs. Babbitt, and a host of others. There were some who would not be at that ball; Allison, and the Reverend Smith Boyd, and—Arlene has plenty of time to write her formally dutiful letter without disturbance.

Gail has letters, too, as the days wear on. She scarcely has time for them amid all the impromptu gaieties, but she does find a chance to read them, some of them twice. Of course there are letters from "home," a prim and still affectionate one from Aunt Helen Davies, and a loving one, full of worry about Gail's possible tonsillitis, from Aunt Grace, a hasty scrawl from Jim, a bubbling little note from Lucile, an absurd love letter from Ted, couched in terms of the utmost endearment, and winding up with

the proposition to clope with her if she'd only come back. That was the tenor of all the letters; if she'd only come back! Bless their hearts, she loved them; and yes, longed for them, even here in the happy, sheltering environment of her own dear home and friends! There were still other letters; a confidently friendly one from Allison, who sent her candy and flowers on alternate days; a substantial one from Houston Van Ploon; a thoughtful one from Willis Cunningham; a florid one from Dick Rodley; nice little notes calculated to relieve her embarrassment from all her "slaves," except the missing Count; and a discussion from the Reverend Smith Boyd. That was one of those which she read more than once; for it was quite worth it:

Dear Miss Sargent:

This being our regular evening for discussion, I beg to remind you that, on our last debate—I shall not call it a dispute—we had barely touched upon the necessity for ritual, or rather, to avoid any quibble over the word necessity, on my insistence on the need of a ritual, when we decided that it was better to sing for the balance of the evening. I was the more ready to acquiesce in this, as we had, for the first time, hit upon a theorem to which we could both subscribe—namely, that it is just as easy for the human mind to grasp the biblical theory of creation as to grasp the creation of the life producing chaos out of which evolution must have proceeded.

Gail laid down the letter at this point and smiled, with dancing eyes. She could see the stern young face of the Rector brightening with pleasure as she had herself propounded this thought, and she could revisualize his grave pleasure as he had clothed it in accurate words for them both. It was, as he had said, an extremely solid starting point, to which they could always return.

That this belief is sufficient, even including a continuance of the omnipresent personal regard which we both admit to assume in that Creator, I deny. I can see your cheeks flush and your brown eyes sparkle as you come to this flat statement, and I am willing to answer for you that

you object to my making so far-sweeping an announcement in the very beginning of what was to have been a slowly deductive process. You may not be wording it in just this manner, but this is, in effect, what you are saying.

With much patience, I reply that you have not waited for me to finish, which, I must, in justice to myself, observe you seldom do.

Kindly wait just a minute, please. You have thrown back your head, your brown hair tossing, your pointed chin uptilted, and a little red spot beginning to appear in your delicately tinted cheeks; but I hasten to remind you that, if we take up this little side matter of my unfortunate mention of one of your youthful proclivities, we shall forget entirely the topic under discussion. I apologize for having been so rude as to remind you of it, and beg to state that when I paused you had heard but half a statement.

At this point you remark that no discussion should be based upon a half statement, and I admit, with shame, that I am slightly indignant, for you have not yet permitted me to finish my original proposition. Now you are sitting back, with your slender white hands folded in your lap, and the toe of one of your little pointed slippers waving gently, your curved lashes drooping, and your eyes carelessly fixed on my cravat, which I cannot see, but which I believe to have been tied with as much care as a gentleman should expend upon his attire.

Miss Sargent, you leave me helpless, I feel a chill sensation in my cheeks, as if a cold draught had blown upon them. You are firmly resolved to let me talk without interruption for the next half hour, upon which you will give me a most adroit answer to everything I have said. Your answer will have all the effect of refuting my entire line of logic, without having given me an opportunity to defend the individual steps.

I decline, with much patience, very much patience indeed, to lay myself open to this conclusion, not because of the undeserved sense of defeat it will force upon me, but because the matter at issue is too grave and important to be given a prejudiced dismissal.

I can see you now, as I refuse to carry the subject further at this session. You stiffen in your chair. Your eyes, which have seemed so carelessly indifferent, suddenly glow, and snap, and sparkle, and flash. The tiny red spots have deepened, enhancing the velvet of your cheeks.

Your red lips curl. You impatiently touch back the waves of your rippling brown hair with your slender white hand, which turns so gracefully upon its wrist. You blaze straight into my eyes, and tell me that I have taken this means of avoiding the discussion because I perceive in advance that I am beaten.

Miss Sargent, I do not tell you that you are unfair and ungenerous to seize upon this advantage; instead, I bite my lips, and compel my countenance to belittling gravity, knowing that I should be above the petty emotions of anger, impatience and offended pride, but humbly confessing, to myself, that I have not my nature under such perfect subjection as I should like to have.

Consequently, I beg you to defer this step in our logical deduction to another night, and I turn, with grateful relief, to the music, I need not say how heartily I wish that you were here to sing with me.

Yours earnestly,

SMITH BOYD.

Gail shrieked when she first read that letter; then she read it again and blushed. She had, as she came upon his initial flat statement of denial, felt a flush in her cheeks and a snap in her eyes. She had, as she read, stiffened with indignation, and relaxed in scornful disdain, and flashed with hot retort, in advance of his discernment that she would do so! She was flamingly vexed with him! On the third reading her eyes twinkled and her red lips curved deliciously with humor, as she admired the cleverness, which she had previously only recognized. In subsequent readings this was her continued attitude, and she kept the letter somewhere in the neighborhood, where she might touch it occasionally—because of the keen mental appreciation she had for it. Were her eyes really capable of such an infinite variety of expression as he had suggested? She looked in the glass to see, but was disappointed. They were merely large, and brown, and deep, and, just now, rather softened.

There was an impromptu party at Gail's house, a jolly affair, indeed; all her old, steadfast friends, you know, who were quite sufficient to fill her life; and this was the night of the gay little Mrs.

Babbitt's affair in New York. How much better than those great, glittering, social pageants, was a simple, wholesome little ball like this, with all her dear girl chums in their pretty little Paris model frocks, and all the boys, in their shiny white fronts. No one had changed, not even impulsive Howard Clemmens. Poor Howard! He knew now that his refusal was permanent and enduring, yet he came right to the front with the same assumption of proprietorship. She let him do it. You see, in all these years, the boys had tacitly admitted that Howard "had the inside track;" so, while they all admired and loved her, they stepped aside and permitted him to monopolize her. Back home there was a sort of *esprit de corps* like that, though it was sometimes hard on the girl. When Gail had flown home from the cruel world to the sheltering arms of her mother and her friends, she had firmly planned to set Howard in his proper place as a formal friend, and thereafter to be free. There were quite a number of the boys who had, at one time or another, seemed quite worth cultivation. When she came to meet them again, however, with that same old brotherly love shining in their eyes, she somehow found that she did not care to be free. Anyhow, it would humiliate Howard to reduce him so publicly to the ranks—snip off his buttons and take his saber, as it were; so she allowed him to clank his spurs, to the joy and delight of Arly.

This was the gayest party of which Gail had been the bright particular ornament since her return; and she quite felt, except for the presence of Arly, that she had fallen back into her old familiar life. Why, it seemed as if she had been home for ages and ages! There was the same old dance music, the Knippel Orchestra, with the wonderfully gifted fat violinist, and the pallid pianist with the long hair, the 'cellist who scowled dreadfully but played deep passages superbly, and the clarionetist, whom everyone thought should have gone in for concert work, and the gray-haired old basso player, who never looked up and who never moved a muscle except those in his arms, one up and down and the other crosswise; there was a new second violin-

ist, a black-browed man who looked as if he had been disappointed in life; but second violinists always do. At the end of the Sargent ballroom, where Gail's sedate but hospitable mother always sat until the "Home, Sweet Home" dance was ended, were the same dear, familiar palms, which Marty, the florist, always sent to everybody's house to augment the home collection.

Tremendously gay affair! Everybody was delighted, and said so; and they laughed and danced and strolled and ate ices, and said jolly nothings, and knew, justifiably, that they were nice, and clever, and happy young people; and Arly Fosland, with any number of young men wondering how old her husband was, danced conscientiously, and smiled immediately when anyone looked at her. Gail also was dancing conscientiously, and having a perfectly happy evening. At about this hour there would be something near four hundred people in the ballroom and the drawing-rooms and the conservatory of Mrs. Babbitt's.

She was whirling near the balcony windows with a tall young friend, when there was an exclamation from a group of girls at the window. Vivian Jennings turned. She was a girl with the sort of eyes which, in one sweep, can find the only four-leafed clover in a forty-acre field.

"Gail!" she cried, almost dancing. "Gail! Do come and see it!"

Gail did not desert her partner; she merely started over to the window with one hand trailing behind her as an indication to follow, and immediately, without looking around, she called:

"Arly! Where's Arly?"

What she saw was this: A rich brown limousine, in which the dome light was brightly burning, had drawn up to the steps. Inside, among the rich brown cushions and hangings, and pausing leisurely to light a cigarette, sat the most wickedly handsome man in the world! He was black-haired, and black-mustached and black-goateed, and had large, lustrous, melting black eyes, while on his oval cheeks was the ruddy bloom of health. Every girl in the window sighed, as, with a movement which was grace in every changing line, he stepped out of

the brilliantly lighted limousine, and came slowly up the steps—tall, slender, magnificent, in his shining silk hat and his flowing Inverness, and his white tie, and his pleated shirt front.... Oh, everything correct to the last detail, except for the trifling touches of originality, down to his patent leather tips! With a wave of careless ease he flung back his Inverness over one shoulder, and rang the bell!

"Dick!" cried a voice just behind Gail's ear. Gail had not known that anyone was leaning heavily on her shoulders, but now she and Arly, with one accord, turned and raced for the vestibule!

"You handsome thing!" cried Arly, as he stepped into the hall and held out a hand to each of them. "I've a notion to kiss you!"

"All right," he beamed down on her, sparing another beam for Gail. No, Gail had not exaggerated in memory the magic of his melting eyes. It could not be exaggerated!

"There aren't any words to tell you how welcome you are!" said Gail, as the butler disappeared with his hat and coat.

"What on earth brought you here to bless us?" demanded Arly.

"I came to propose to Gail," announced Dick calmly, and took her hand again, bending down on her that wonderfully magnetic gaze, so that she was panic-stricken in the idea that he was about to proceed with his proposal right on the spot.

"Wait until after the dance," she laughingly requested, drawing back a step and blushing furiously.

"We're wasting time," protested Arly. "Hurry on in, Dick. We want to exhibit you."

"I don't mind," consented Dick cheerfully, and stepped through the doorway, where he created a gasp!

Eleven girls dreamed of his melting eyes that night; and Howard Clemmens lost his monopoly. Viewing Gail's victorious scramble with Arly for Dick's exclusive possession, Howard's friends unanimously reduced him to the ranks.

After the dance Dick made good his threat with Gail, and formally proposed, urging his enterprise in coming after

her as one of his claims to consideration; but Gail, laughing, and liking him tremendously, told him he was too handsome to be married, and sent him away with a fresh gardenia in his button-hole. That night Arly and Gail sat long and silently on the comfortable couch in front of Arly's fireplace, one in fluffy blue and the other in fluffy pink; and the one in fluffy blue furtively studying the one in fluffy pink from under her black eyelashes. The one in pink was gazing into the fire with far-seeing brown eyes, and was braiding and unbraiding, with slender white fingers, a flowing strand of her brown hair.

"Gail?" ventured the one in blue.

"Yes." This abstractedly.

"Aren't you a little bit homesick? I am."

"So am I!" answered Gail, with sudden animation.

"Let's go back!"—excitedly.

"When?" And Gail jumped up.

CHAPTER XIX

The Rector Knows

THE Reverend Smith Boyd came down to breakfast with a more or less hollow look in his face, and his mother, inspecting him keenly, poured his coffee immediately. There was the trace of a twinkle in her eyes.

"How is your head?" she inquired.

"All right, thank you." This listlessly.

"Are you sure it doesn't ache at all?"

The Reverend Smith Boyd dutifully withdrew his mind from elsewhere, to consider that proposition justly.

"I think not," he decided, and he fell into exactly such a state of melancholy, trifling with his grape fruit, as Mrs. Boyd wished to test. She focused her keen eyes on him microscopically.

"Miss Sargent is coming back to-night, on the six-ten train."

There was a clatter in the Reverend Smith Boyd's service plate. He had been awkward with his spoon, and dropped it. He made to pick it up, but reached two inches the other side of the handle. Mrs. Boyd could have laughed aloud for sheer joy.

"That is delightful news," he re-

turned, with a frank enthusiasm which was depressing to his mother.

"I think I shall have the Sargents over to dinner," she went on, persisting in her hope.

"That will be pleasant." Frank again, care-free, aglow with neighborly friendliness, even affection!

Mrs. Boyd had nothing more to say. She watched her son start vigorously at his grapefruit, with a voracity which seemed to indicate that he might finish with the rind. He drew his eggs energetically toward him, buttered a slice of toast, and finished his breakfast. Suddenly he looked at his watch.

"I have an extremely busy day before me," he told her briskly. "I have Vedder Court this morning, some calls in the afternoon, and a mission meeting at four-thirty. I will probably be late for dinner." And feeling to see if he had supplied himself with handkerchiefs, he kissed his mother, and was gone without another word about Gail. His mother could have shaken him in her disappointment. What was the matter with Tod?

The Reverend Smith Boyd sang as he went out of the door, not a tune or any set musical form, but a mere unconscious testing of his voice. It was quite unusual for him to sing on the way to Vedder Court, for he devoted his time to this portion of his duties because he was a Christian. He had sympathy, more than enough, and he both understood and pitied the people of Vedder Court, but, in spite of all his intense interest in the deplorable condition of humanity's weak and helpless, he was compelled to confess to himself that he loathed dirt!

Vedder Court was particularly perfect in its specialty this morning. The oily black sediment on its pavements was streaked with iridescence, and grime seemed to be shedding from every point of the drunken old buildings, as if they had lain inebriated in a soaking rain all night, and had just staggered up to drip. They even seemed to leer down at the Reverend Smith Boyd, as if his being the only clean thing in the street were an impertinence which they would soon rectify. It had been comparatively dry in the brighter streets of New York, but

here, in Vedder Court, there was perpetual moisture, which seemed to cling, and to stick, and to fasten its unwholesome scum permanently on everything. Never had the tangle of smudge-coated children seemed so squalid; never had the slatternly women seemed so unfeminine; never had the spineless looking men seemed so shuffling and furtive and sodden; never had the whole of the human fungi in Vedder Court seemed so unnecessary, and useless, and—the Rector discovered in himself with startled contrition—so thoroughly not worth saving, body or soul!

A mouthing old woman, with hands clawed like a parrot's, begged him for alms, and he was ashamed of himself that he gave it to her with such shrinking. The Master could not have been like this. A burly "pan-handler" stopped him with an artificial whine. A cripple, displaying his ugly deformity, took from him a dole and a wince of repulsion.

"The poor ye have always with ye!"

For ages that had been the excuse for such offenses as Vedder Court. They were here; they must be cared for within their means; and no amount of pauperizing charity could remove them from the scheme of things. In so far, Market Square Church felt justified in its landlordship, that it nursled squalor and bred more. Yet, somehow, the rector of that solidly respectable institution was not quite satisfied, and he added a new expense to the profit-and-loss account in the ledger of this particular House of God. He had hired a crew of forty muscular men, with horses and carts, and had caused them to be deputized as sanitary police, and had given them authority to enter and clean—which may have accounted for the especially germ-laden feel of the atmosphere this morning. Down in the next block, where the squad was systematically at work, there were the sounds of countless individual battles, and loud mouthings of the fundamental principles of anarchy. A government which would force soap and deodorizers and germicides on presumably free and independent citizens was a government of tyranny; and it had been a particular wisdom, on the part of the rough-hewn faced man who had hired

this crew, to select none but accomplished brick dodgers. In the ten carts which lined the curb on both sides there were piled such a conglomerate mass of nondescript fragments of everything undesirable that the Rector felt a trace better, as if he had erased one mark at least of the long black score against himself. Somehow, recently, he had acquired an urgent impulse to clean Vedder Court!

The Reverend Smith Boyd felt as he went from one squalid "home" to another that this was an exceptionally long day. When he returned home at twelve-thirty he immediately had a scrub, a complete change of everything, and still he had a general feeling that he should have been sterilized and baked as well. Luncheon with the mother who saw what a long day this was; then a far different type of calls, in a sedate black car this time, up along the Avenue, and in and out of the clean side streets. Then away to Vedder Court again, dismissing his car at the door of Temple Mission, and walking inside, out of range of the leers of those senile old buildings, but not out of the range of the peculiar spirit of Vedder Court, which manifested itself most clearly to the olfactory sense.

The organ was playing when he entered, and the benches were half filled with battered old human remnants, who pretended conversion in order to pick up the crumbs which fell from the table of Market Square Church. Chiding himself for weariness of the spirit, and comforting himself with the thought that One greater than he had faltered on the way to Golgotha, he sat on the little platform, with a hymn-book in his hand, and, when the prelude was finished, he devoted his wonderful voice to the blasphemy. The organist, a volunteer, a little old man who kept a shoemaker's shop around the corner, and who played sincerely in the name of helpfulness, was pure of heart. The man with the rough-hewn countenance, unfortunately not here to-day, was also sincere, in an entirely unspiritual sort of way; but, with these exceptions, and himself, of course, the Rector knew positively that there was not another uncalled creature in the room, not one who could be reached by

argument, sympathy, or fear! They were past redemption, every last man and woman; and, at the conclusion of the hymn, he rose to cast his pearls before swine, without heart and without interest; for no man is interested in anything which cannot possibly be accomplished. With a feeling of mockery, yet upheld by the thought that he was holding out the way and the light, not only seven times but seventy times seven times, to whatever shred or crumb of divinity might lie unsuspected in these sterile breasts, he strove earnestly to arouse enthusiasm in himself so that he might stir these dead ghosts, even in some minute and remote degree.

Suddenly a harsh and raucous voice interrupted him. It was the voice of a Mr. Rogers, who apparently had taken just enough drinks to make him ugly. He had developed a particularly strong resentment of the latest injustice which had been perpetrated on him. That injustice consisted of the Reverend Smith Boyd's refusal earlier in the day to lend him money "till a week from next Saturday night;" and he had come to expose the Rector's shallow hypocrisy. This he proceeded to do in language quite unsuited to the chapel of Temple Mission, and to the ears of the ladies then present—most of whom grinned.

The proceedings which followed were brief. The Reverend Smith Boyd requested the intruder to stop. The intruder had rights, and he stood on them! The Reverend Smith Boyd ordered him to stop; but the intruder had a free and independent spirit, which forbade him to accept orders from any man! The Reverend Smith Boyd, in the interests of the discipline without which the dignity and effectiveness of the cause could not be upheld—and pleased that this was so—ordered him out of the room. Mr. Rogers, with a flood of abuse, which displayed some versatility, invited the Reverend Smith Boyd to put him out; and the Reverend Smith Boyd did so.

It was not much of a struggle, though Mr. Rogers tore two benches loose on his way, and at the narrow door, through which it is difficult to thrust even a weak man, because there are so many arms and legs attached to the human

torso, he offered so much resistance that the Reverend Doctor was compelled practically to pitch him, headlong, across the sidewalk, and into the gutter.

The victim of injustice arose slowly and turned to come back, but he paused to take a good look at the stalwart young perpetrator, and remembered that he was thirsty.

The Reverend Smith Boyd found himself standing in the middle of the sidewalk, with his fists clenched and his blood surging. The atmosphere before his eyes seemed to be warm, as if it were reddened slightly. He was tingling from head to foot, with a passion which he had repressed, and throttled, and smothered since the days of his boyhood! He had striven, with a strength which was the secret of his compelling voice, to drive out of him all earthly dross, to found himself on the great example, which was without the cravings of the body; he had sought to make himself spiritual; but, all at once, this conflict had aroused in him a raging something, which swept up from the very soles of his feet to his twirling brain, and called him, man!

For a quivering moment, he stood there, alive with all the virility which was the richer because of his long repression. He knew many things now, many things which ripened him in an instant, and gave him the heart to touch, and the mind to understand, and the soul to flame. He knew himself; he knew life; he knew, yes—and that was the wonderful miracle of the flood which poured in on him—he knew love!

He reached suddenly for his watch. Six-ten. He could make it! Still impelled by this new creature which had sprang up in him, he started; but at the curb he stopped. He had been in such a whirl of emotion that he had not realized the absence of his hat. He strode into the mission door, and the rays of the declining sun, struggling dimly through the dingy glass, fell on the scattered little assemblage—as if it had been sent to touch them in mercy and compassion—of the weak, and the poor, and the piteously crippled of soul; and a great wave of shame came to him—shame, and thankfulness, too!

He walked slowly up to the platform, and, turning to that reddened sunlight, which bathed his upturned face as if with a benediction; he said, in a voice which, in its new sweetness of vibration, stirred even the murky depths of these, the numb:

"Let us pray."

CHAPTER XX

The Breed of Gail.

WHO was that tall, severely correct gentleman waiting at the station, with a bunch of violets in his hand, and the light in his countenance which was never on sea or land? It was Gerald Fosland, and he astonished all beholders by his extraordinary conduct. As the beautiful Arly stepped through the gates, he advanced with an entirely unrepressed smile, springing from the balls of his feet with a buoyancy too active to be quite in good form. He took Arly's hand in his, but he did not bend over it with his customary courteous gallantry. Instead, he drew her slightly towards him, with a firm and deliberate movement, and, bending his head sideways under the brim of her hat, kissed her—kissed her on the lips!

Immediately thereafter he gave a dignified welcome to Gail, and, with Arly's arm clutched tightly in his own, he disappeared. As they walked rapidly away, Arly looked up at him in bewilderment; then she suddenly hugged herself closer to him with a jerk. As they went out through the carriage entrance, she skipped. She had waited so long!

It was good to see Allison—big, strong, forceful, typical of the city and its mighty deeds. His eye had lighted with something more than pleasure as Gail stepped out through the gates of the station—something so infinitely more than pleasure that her eyes dropped and her hand trembled as she felt that same old warm thrill of his clasp. He was so overwhelming in his physical dominance. He took immediate possession of her, standing by while she greeted her uncle and aunt and other friends, and beaming with justifiably proud proprietorship. Gail had laughed as she recog-

nized that attitude, and she found it magnificent after the pretensions of Howard Clemmens. The difference was that Allison was really a big man, one born to command, to sway things, to move and shift and re-arrange great forces; and that, of course, was his manner in everything. She flushed each time she looked in his direction, for he never removed his gaze from her, bold, confident, supreme. When a man like that is kind and gentle and considerate, when he is tender and thoughtful and full of devotion, he is a big man indeed!

She let him put her hand on his arm after the greetings had been exchanged, and felt restless, as he led her out to the big touring car, asking her all sorts of eager questions about how she found her home and her friends, and if the journey had fatigued her, and telling her, over and over, how good she looked, how bright and how clear-eyed and how fresh-cheeked, and how charming in her gray traveling costume. She felt the thrill again as he took her hand in his to help her into the car, and she loved the masterful manner in which he cleared a way to their machine through the crowded traffic. In the same masterful air, he gently but firmly changed her from the little folding seat to the big soft cushions in the rear, beside her Aunt Grace.

The Reverend Smith Boyd was at the steps of the Sargent house to greet her, and her heart leaped as she recognized another of the dear familiar faces. This was her world, after all, not that world of her childhood! How different the Rector looked; or was it that she had needed to go away in order to judge her friends anew? His eyes were different, deeper, steadier and more penetrating into her own—and, yes, bolder. She was forced to look away from them for a moment. There seemed a warm eagerness in his greeting, as if everything in him were drawing her to him. It was indescribable, that change in the Reverend Smith Boyd, but it was not unexplainable; and after he had swung back home, with the earnest promise to come over after dinner, she suddenly blushed furiously, without any cause, while she was talking of nothing more intense

than the excellent physical condition of Flakes.

Gay little Mrs. Babbitt brought her husband, while the family group was still jabbering over its coffee, and after them came the deluge: Dick Rodley and the cherub-checked Marion Kenneth, and Willis Cunningham, and a host of others, including the Van Ploons, father, son, and solemn daughter. The callow youth who had danced with her three times was there, with a gardenia all out of proportion to him; and he sat in the middle of the Louis XIV salon, where he was excessively in everybody's way, and could feast on Gail, for the most of the evening, in numb admiration; for his point of vantage commanded a view into the library and all the parlors.

With a rapidity which was a marvel to all her girl friends, Gail had slipped upstairs and into a creamy lace evening frock, without having been missed; and she was in this acutely harmonious setting when the Reverend Smith Boyd called, with his beautiful mother on his arm. The beautiful mother was in an exceptional flurry of delight to see Gail, and kissed that charming young lady with clinging warmth. The Rector's eyes, as he looked on Gail in her creamy lace, were even more strikingly changed than they had been when he had first met her on the steps; and after she had read that new intense look for the second time that evening, she hurried away, with the license of a busy hostess, and cooled her face at an open window in the side vestibule. There was a new note in the Reverend Smith Boyd's voice—not a greater depth nor mellowness nor sweetness, but a something else. What was it? It was a call; that was it, a call across the gulf of futurity.

They came after her. Ted and Lucile had arrived. She was in a vortex. Dick Rodley hemmed her in a corner, and proposed to her again, just for practice, within eye-shot of a dozen people, and he did so that onlookers might think that he was complimenting her on her clever coiffure or discussing a new operetta; but he made her blush, which was the intention in the depths of his black eyes. It seemed that she was in a perpetual blush to-night, and something within her

seemed to be surging, and halting, and wavering, and quivering! Her Aunt Helen Davies, rather early in the evening, began to act stiff and formal.

"Go home," she murmured to Lucile. "All this excitement is bad for Gail's beauty."

She felt free to give the same advice to the gay little Mrs. Babbitt, and the departure of four people was sufficient to remind the stiff Van Ploon daughter of the conventions. She removed the elder Van Ploon's eyes from Gail, and gathered up Houston, who was energetically talking horse with Allison. After that the exodus became general, until only the callow youth and Allison and the Reverend Smith Boyd remained. The latter young gentleman had taken his flutteringly happy mother home early in the evening, and he had resorted to dullness with such of the thinning guests as had seemed disposed to linger. It was Aunt Helen who, by some magic of adroitness, sent the callow youth on his way. He was worth any amount of money to which one cared to add ciphers, and his family was flawless except for him; but Aunt Helen had decisively cut him off her books, because he was so well fitted to be the last of his line. She thought she had better go upstairs after that, and she glanced into the music room as she passed, and knitted her brows at the tableau.

The Reverend Smith Boyd, who seemed unusually fine looking to-night, stood leaning against the piano, watching Gail with an almost incendiary gaze. That young lady, steadily resisting an impulse to feel her cheek with the back of her hand, sat on the end of the piano bench furthest removed from the Rector, and directed the most of her attention to Allison, who was less disconcerting. Allison, casting an occasional glance at the young clergyman, seemed preoccupied to-night; and Mrs. Helen Davies, pausing to take her sister Grace with her, walked up the stairs with a forefinger tapping at her well-shaped chin. She seemed to have reversed places with her sister to-night; for Mrs. Sargent was supremely happy, while Helen Davies was doing the family worrying.

She could have bade Allison adieu

had she waited a very few minutes. He was a man who had spent a life-time in linking two and two together, and he abided unwaveringly by his deductions. There was no mistaking the nature of the change which was so apparent in the Reverend Smith Boyd; but Allison, after careful thought on the matter, was able to take a comparatively early departure.

"I'll see you to-morrow, Gail," he observed, finally. Rising, he crossed to where she sat, and reaching into her lap he took both her hands. He let her arms swing from his clasp, and, looking down into her eyes with smiling regard, he gave her hands an extra pressure, which sent, for the hundredth time that night, a surge of color over her face.

The Reverend Smith Boyd, blazing down at that scene, felt something crushing under his hand. It was the light runner-board of the music rack; and three hairs, which had lain in placid place at the crown of his head, suddenly popped erect. Ten thousand years before, had these three been so grouped, Allison would have felt a stone axe on the back of his neck, but as it was, he passed out unmolested, nodding carelessly to the Rector, and bestowing on Gail a parting look which was the perfection of easy assurance.

The Reverend Smith Boyd wasted not a minute in purposeless hesitation or idle preliminary conversation.

"Gail!" he said, in a voice which chimed of all the love songs ever written, which vibrated with all the love passion ever breathed, which pleaded with the love appeal of all the dominant forces since creation.

Gail had resumed her seat on the end of the piano bench, and now he reached down and took her hand, and held it, unresisting. She was weak, and she averted her eyes from the burning gaze which beamed down on her. Her breath was fluttering, and the hand which lay in her lap was cold and trembling.

"Gail, I love you!" He bent his head, and kissed her hand. The touch was fire, and she felt her blood leap to it. "Gail dear,"—and his voice was like the suppressed crescendo of a tremendous organ flute—"I come to you with the love of a

man. I come to you with the love of one inspired to do great deeds, not just to lay them at your feet, but because you are in the world!" He bent lower, and tried to gaze into the liquid brown eyes under those fluttering lashes; he held her hand more tightly to him, clasped it to his breast, oppressed her with the tremulous desire of his whole being to draw her to him, and hold her close, as one and a part of him for all time to come, mingling and merging them into one ecstatic harmony. "Gail! Oh, Gail, Gail!"

There was a cry in that repetition of her name, almost an anguish. She stole an upward glance at him, her face pale, her beautiful lips half parted, and in her depthless brown eyes, alive now with a new light which had been born within her, there was no forbiddance—though she dropped them hastily, and bent her head still lower. She had made herself that eternal part of him just then, had he but seized upon that unspoken assent and taken her in his arms and breathed to her of the love of man for woman, the love that never dies nor wavers nor falters, so long as the human race shall endure. He bent still closer to her, so that he all but enfolded her. His warm breath was upon her cheek. The sympathy which was between them bridged the narrow chasm of air, and enveloped them in an ethereal flame which coursed them from head to foot, and had already nigh welded them into one.

"I need you, Gail!" he told her. "I need you to be my wife, my sweetheart, my companion. I need you to go with me through life, to walk hand in hand with me about the greatest work in the world, the redemption of the fallen and helpless, into whose lives we may shed some of the beauty which blossoms in our own."

There was a low sound from Gail, a sound which was half a sob, which came with a sharp intake of the breath, and carried with it pain, and sorrow, and protest. She had been so happy, in what she fancied to be the near fulfillment of the promptings which had grown so strong within her. No surge of emotion like this had ever swept over her; no such wave of yearning had ever carried

her impetuously up and out of herself as this had done. It had been the ecstatic answer to all her dreams, the ripe, and rich, and perfect completion of every longing within her; yet in the very midst of it had come a word which broke the magic thrall, a thought which had torn the fairy web like a rude storm from out the icy north, a devouring geni which, dark and frightening, advanced to destroy all the happiness which might follow this first inrushing commingling of these two perfectly correlated elements!

"I can't," she breathed, but she did not withdraw her hand from his clasp. She could not! It was as if those two palms had welded together, and had become parts of one and the same organism.

There was an instant of silence, in which she slowly gathered her swirling senses, and in which he sat, shocked, stunned, disbelieving his own ears. Why, he had known, as positively, and more positively than if she had told him, that there was a perfect response in her to the great desire which throbbed within him. It had come to him from her like the wavering of soft music, music which had blended with his own pulsing diapason in a melody so subtle that it drowned the senses to languorous swooning; it had come to him with the delicate, far-off pervasiveness of the birth of a new star in the heavens; it had come to him as a fragrance, as a radiance, as the beautiful tints of spring blossoms, as something infinitely stronger and deeper and sweeter than the sleep of death. That tremendous and perfect fitness and accord with him he felt in her hand even now.

"I can't, Tod," she said again, and neither one noticed that she had unconsciously used the name she had heard from his mother, and which she had unconsciously linked with her thoughts of him. "There could never be a unity of purpose in us." And now, for the first time, she gently withdrew her hand. "I could never be in sympathy with your work, nor you with my views. Have you noticed that we have never held a serious dispute over any topic but one?"

He drew a chair up before her, and took her hand again, but this time he

patted it between his own as if it were a child's.

"Gail dear, that is an obstacle which will melt away. There was a time when I felt as you do. The time will come when you too will change."

"You don't understand," she gently told him. "I believe in God the Creator, the Maker of my conscience, my Friend and my Father. I am in no doubt, no quandary, no struggle between faith and disbelief. I see my way clearly, and there are no thorns to cut for me. I shall never change."

He looked at her searchingly for a moment, and then his face grew grave; but there was no coldness in it, nor any alteration in the blueness of his eyes.

"I shall pray for you," he said, with simple faith.

CHAPTER XXI

The Public is Aroused.

CLAD in her filmy cream lace gown, Gail walked slowly into her boudoir, and closed the door, and sank upon her divan. She did not stop, to-night, to let down her hair and change to her dainty negligee, nor punctiliously to straighten the room, nor to turn on the beautiful green light; instead, with all the electric bulbs blazing, she sat with her chin in her hand, and, with her body perfectly in repose, tried to study the whirl of her mind.

She was shaken; she knew that, shaken and stirred as she had never been before. Something in the depths of her had leaped up into life, and cried out in agony, and would not stop crying until it was satisfied!

The hardest part of the whirl from which to untangle herself was the tremendous, overwhelming attraction there had been between them. The red wave of consciousness rose up over her neck and crimsoned her cheeks and flushed her very brow, as the nearness of him came back to her. Again she could feel the marvelous welding of their palms, the tingle of her shoulder where he had accidentally brushed against it, the music of his voice, which had set up that ecstatic answering vibration within her.

She felt again his warm breath upon her cheek, the magnetic thrill of his arms as he enfolded her, the breathless joy which had ensued when he had drawn her to his breast, and held and held and held her there, as an indivisible part of him, forever and forever. The burning pressure of his lips upon hers! That breathless, intolerable ecstasy when he had folded her closer, and still closer! A sense of shame flooded her that she had yielded so much, that she had been so helpless in the night and the strength and the sweep. . . .

She raised her head with a jerk and rubbed her hands over her eyes. Why, there had been no such episode! He had not folded her in his arms, nor drawn her to him, nor kissed her lips, though her breath was fluttering and her wrists burning in the bare memory of it. He had only drawn quite near to her, and held her hand, and once he had kissed it! How then, had she reproduced all these sensations so vividly? Then indeed, shame came to her, as she realized how much more completely than he could know, she had, in one breathless instant, given herself to him!

It was that shame which came to her rescue, which set her upon her defense, which started her to the seeking for her justification. She had refused him, even at the very height of her most intense yielding. And why? She must go deeper into the detail of that. She had to grope her way slowly and painfully back through the quivering maze of her senses, to recall the point at which she had been taken rudely from the present into the future.

"I need you to walk hand in hand with me about the greatest work in the world!" That was it; the greatest work in the world! And what was that work? To live and teach ritual in place of religion; to turn worship into a social observance; to use helpless belief as a ladder of ambition; to reduce faith to words, and hope to a recitation, and charity to an obligation; to make pomp and ceremony a substitute for conscience, and to interpose a secretary between the human heart and God!

For just an instant Gail's eyelids dropped; her long brown lashes curved



Put Yourself in His Place

THIS MAN inside the fire lines is watching his property burn. What does it mean to him? What would it mean to you if you were in his place? Would you be face to face with disaster or would you watch the smouldering remnants of your property with your mind occupied with plans for business rehabilitation, because somewhere in the ruins is the safe containing the indestructible financial soul of your business—your fire insurance policy in the Hartford?

If your property burns, you can plan with absolute certainty, because for more than a hundred years the

Hartford Fire Insurance Company

has been furnishing just this kind of business protection and has never failed to make good an honest loss.



Since its organization it has paid over 165 Millions for claims on property of its policy holders. This is larger indemnity than has been paid by any other American Company.

When Next You Insure

Insist on the Hartford

upon her cheeks, while beneath them her eyes glistened, and a smile touched the corners of her lips; then she was serious again. No, she had decided wisely. They could not spend a lifetime in the ecstasy of touch. Between those rare moments of the rapture of love must come stern hours of waking. Then she must live a constant lie; she must battle down her own ideals and her own thoughts and her own worship, and subscribe to a dead shell of pretense, which she had come to hold in contempt, and even loathing. She must appear constantly before the world as subscribing to and upholding a sham, which had been formulated as thoroughly as the multiplication table; and to do all these things she would be compelled to throttle her own dear Deity, with whom she had been friends since her babyhood, to whom she could go at any hour with pure faith and simple confidence, always in love and never in fear!

Yes, she had chosen wisely. Through all the years to come there would be clash upon clash, until they would grow so far apart spiritually that no human yearning, no matter how long nor how strong, could bridge the chasm. She was humiliated to be compelled to confess to herself that the tremendous fire which had consumed them, that the tremendous attraction which had drawn them together, that the tremendous ecstasy which had enveloped them, was by no means of the soul, or the spirit, or the mind. And yet, how potent that attraction had been, how it left her still quivering with longing. Did she despise that tenacity in herself? Something within her answered defiantly, "No!" Still defiantly, she exulted in it; for many instincts which the Creator has planted in humanity have been made sinful by teaching alone. Moreover, a further search brought a deserved approbation to the rescue of her self respect. Mighty as had been the call upon her from without and from within, she had resisted it, and driven it back, and leashed it firmly with the greater strength of her faith! She gloried that she had not been weak in this stormy test, and her eyes softened with a smile of gratitude. Poor Tod!

If she lay long hours looking out at

the pale stars, if, in the midst of her calm logic, she suddenly buried her face in her pillows and sobbed silently, if, toward morning, she awoke, with a little cry, to find her face and her hands hot, all these things were but normal and natural. It is enough to know that she came to her breakfast, bright-eyed and rosy-cheeked and smiling with the pleasant greetings of the day, and picked up the papers casually, and lit upon the newest sensation of the free and entirely uncurbed metropolitan press!

The free and entirely uncurbed metropolitan press had found Vedder Court, and had made it the immediate focus of the public eye. Those few who were privileged to know intimately the workings of that adroit master of the public welfare, Tim Corman, could have recognized clearly his fine hand in the blaze of notoriety which obscure Vedder Court had suddenly received. After having endured the contamination and contagion of the Market Square Church tenements for so many years, the city had, all at once, discovered that the condition was unbearable! The free and entirely uncurbed metropolitan press had taken up, with great enthusiasm, the work of poking the finger of scorn at Vedder Court. It had published photographs of the disreputable old sots of buildings, and, where they did not seem to drip enough, the artists had retouched them. It had sent budding young Poes and Dickens down there to write up the place in all the horrors which a lurid fancy could portray or a hectic mind conceive; and it had given special prominence to the masterly effort of one littérateur, who never went near the place, but, after turkey-trotting until three A. M., had dashed up to his lonely room, and had wrapped a wet towel around his head, and had conceived of the scene as it would look in absolute darkness, with one pale lamp gleaming on the Doré-an faces of the passers-by; above all things it had put prominently before the public eye the immense profit which Market Square Church wrung from this misery!

Gail turned sick at heart as she read. Uncle Jim permitted four morning papers to come to the house, and the dripping details, with many variations, were



A Happy Deal

"Well, Mac, I sold it. Quickest sale I ever made, too. And those very people couldn't see it a year ago. I guess the paint made the sale today."

That paint was worth more than it cost for protection—you can work that out in figures.

But only in pride of home can you measure the value of paint in making your home a more lovely place in which to live. A more lovely place to live in—*that* sold the house.

Dutch Boy White Lead

and Dutch Boy linseed oil tinted to any color you wish, will increase the value of *your* house. Ask your painter to use it.

Write for our Paint Adviser No. 101—a group of helps, Free

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY

NEW YORK
BUFFALO
(JOHN T. LEWIS & BROS. CO., PHILADELPHIA)

BOSTON
CHICAGO



CINCINNATI
SAN FRANCISCO
(NATIONAL LEAD & OIL CO., PITTSBURGH)

CLEVELAND
ST. LOUIS

in all of them. She glanced over toward the rectory and the dignified old church standing beyond it, with mingled indignation and humiliation. A sort of ignominy seemed to have descended upon it, like a man whose features seem coarsened from the instant he is doomed to wear prison stripes; and the fact which she particularly resented was that a portion of the disgrace of Market Square Church seemed to have descended upon her. She could not make out why this should be; but it was. Aunt Grace Sargent, bustling about to see that Gail was supplied with more kinds of delicacies than she could possibly sample, saw that unmistakable look of distress on Gail's face, and went straight up to her sister Helen, the creases of worry deep in her brow.

Mrs. Helen Davies was having her coffee in bed, and she continued that absorbing ceremony while she considered her sister's news.

"I did not think that Gail was so deeply affected by the occurrences of last night," she mused; "but of course she could not sleep, and she's full of sympathy this morning, and afraid that maybe she made a mistake, and feels perfectly wretched."

Grace Sargent sat right down.

"Did the Rector propose?" she breathlessly inquired.

Mrs. Davies poured herself some more hot coffee, and nodded.

"She refused him."

"Oh!" And acute distress settled on Grace Sargent's brow with such a firm clutch that it threatened to homestead the location. Mrs. Sargent shared the belief of the Reverend Smith Boyd's mother that Smith Boyd was the finest young man in the world.

"I have ceased to worry about Gail's future," went on Mrs. Davies complacently. "It is her present condition about which I am most concerned. She is so conscientious and self analytical that she may distress herself over this affair. I must get in Arly and Lucile and plan a series of gaieties, which will keep her mind occupied."

In consequence of this kindly deci-

sion, Gail was plunged into gaiety until she loathed the scrape of the violin!

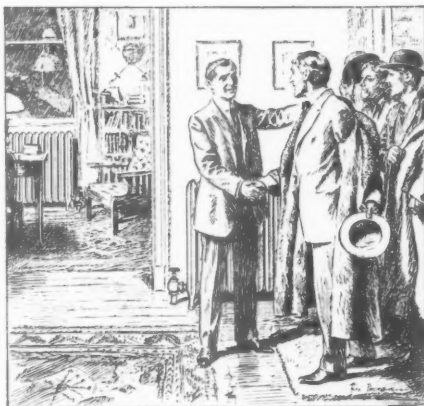
Meanwhile, the free and entirely uncurbed metropolitan press went merrily onward with its righteous Vedder Court crusade, until it had the public indignation properly aroused. The public indignation rose to such a pitch that it almost meant something. There is not the slightest doubt that, if the public had not been busy with affairs of its own, and if it had not been in the habit of leaving everything to be seen to by the people financially interested, and if it had not consisted chiefly of a few active vocal cords—there is not the slightest doubt, it is worth repeating, that the public might have done something about Vedder Court! As things were, it grew most satisfactorily indignant. It talked of nothing else, in the subways and on the "L's" and on the surface lines, and on the cindery commuter trains; and on the third day of the agitation, before something else should happen to shake the populace to the very foundation of its being, the city authorities condemned the Vedder Court property as unsanitary, inhuman, and unsafe, as a menace to the public morals, health and life, and as a blot upon civilization—this last being a fancy touch added by Tim Corman himself, who, in his old age, had a tendency to link poetry to his practicality. In consequence of this decision, the city authorities ordered Vedder Court to be forthwith torn down, demolished, and removed from the face of the earth—thereby justifying, after all, the existence of the free and entirely uncurbed metropolitan press! The exact psychological moment had been chosen. The public, caught at the very height of its frenzy, applauded; and Gail Sargent's distress crystalized into a much easier thing to handle: just plain anger!

And so Market Square Church had persisted in clutching its greedy hold on a commercial advantage so vile that even a notoriously corrupt city government had ordered it destroyed! Her mind was immensely relieved about the Reverend Smith Boyd. She had chosen well, and wisely!

The next installment of "The Ball of Fire" will be in the March Red Book, on all news-stands February 23rd.

Heating that's a greeting!

It's the first moment of entrance into a new friend's home which decides you whether it will be a call or a visit—whether you shall adroitly hang onto or willingly yield up your wraps. You don't have to hesitate an instant if it's radiator heating—just a breath of the genial, cleanly hospitable warmth tells that you'll meet with perfect comfort in any part of the room, that you'll feel and be at your best in the mild, mellow warmth of



AMERICAN & IDEAL RADIATORS & BOILERS

These outfits yield only the most genial, cleanly warmth and distribute it steadily and uniformly throughout all rooms, bays and halls.

There is comfort, health protection, household cleanliness, least care-taking and safety. Fire once started need not be rekindled in the whole heating season. So simple a child can run the outfit—which will, without repairs, last as long as the building in which it is put. Because of the economies and sure comfort guaranteed by IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators, they are specified, used and endorsed by the leading engineers, architects and building contractors of America, Europe, Australia and Japan. Their annual sales are increasing mightily! None but enthusiastic users!



A No. 2-19-W IDEAL Boiler and 340 sq. ft. of 36-in. AMERICAN Radiators, costing owner \$165, were used to heat this cottage. At this price the goods can be bought of any reputable, competent Fitter. This did not include cost of labor, pipe, valves, freight, etc., which are extra, and vary according to climatic and other conditions.

No need to burn high-priced coals—IDEAL Boilers are made to get the maximum, smokeless results from burning even the cheapest screenings, slack, pea-coal, run-of-mine, low-grade soft coals, lignite, slabs, natural gas, coke, oil, etc. These outfits are a dividend-paying investment—not an expense. Buildings thus outfitted sell quicker at the higher price or bring 10% to 15% higher rental.

Whether owner, tenant or intending builder, do not delay investigating this best-paying feature in any building—whether cottage, farm house, store, school, church, public building, etc. Ask for free, valuable book: "Ideal Heating." Prices now most favorable. Put in without disturbing present heater until ready to start fire in the IDEAL Boiler. Act now.

Vacuum Cleaner

Ask also for catalog of the ARCO WAND—a successful sets-in-the-cellar machine with suction pipe running to each floor.



Showrooms in all large cities

AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY

Write Department A35
816-822 S. Michigan
Avenue, Chicago



In writing to advertisers it is of advantage to mention THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE

It Pays To Advertise

A SHORT STORY OF A
WILLING PROMOTER
AND A DEAR OLD LADY

By *HARRIS
MERTON
LYON*

Author of "In The Autumn,"
"Sardonics," etc.

Illustrated by
Irma Dérèmeaux



MR. PUD PABST, of the office of A. Z. Podd, promoter, 165 Broadway, sat perspiring over a piece of "follow-up" literature. He scribbled idly: "In order to convince you of the absolute honesty of this enterprise—" then ran his pencil through it. "To show you that this proposition is strictly honest in every respect, we frankly and freely—" The same result. "A. Z. Podd says: 'Honesty is not only the best policy; it is the—'"

Then he reflected that none of these was lively enough, so he began again: "Maybe you are one of those very cautious people who wouldn't buy a twenty-dollar gold piece for a dime without first losing a few teeth in it, dulling a good knife chipping chunks out of it and then hiring a fifty-dollar chemist to assay it." He threw down the pencil. "Rats! It must be the weather. I couldn't write a line with a ruler to-day."

"Morning, Little Sunshine," said A. Z. Podd, entering thoughtfully. He was dressed to the very verge of vernal in neat blue serge, with a soft colored flannel golf shirt, a boyish cap and low-cut tan shoes. The expression of his face was rather pensive; but that really signified nothing. The front of his face and the back of his head were two entirely different organs with A. Z. Not that he wore the professional gambler's pallid, morbid mask; far from it.

This morning Podd was enigmatical. "Pabst," he said, "I look like a human being, don't I?"

Mr. Pabst noted the spring attire and answered: "Wherever you don't resemble a lily of the valley you certainly do look human."

Mr. Podd sat down emphatically and wove his hand through his luxurious and emphatic mustache. "By jingo, I *am* human. I was reading Macaulay's essay

Quality
Is
Economy

*Of course you want the
Best Varnish if it does
not cost any more*

The best varnish is the varnish which does not crack. When a varnish cracks it lets in the damp; and dampness destroys all beauty of the Finish, and destroys the wood or metal beneath.

Cracked varnish is very expensive even if you had it as a gift. It is dried out and dead and worse than none.

Murphy Varnishes — Architectural, Carriage, Motor Car, Railway, Boat, Furniture and Piano Varnishes—have the well-earned reputation of remaining alive, elastic, uncracked, smooth, beautiful, with complete protecting power.

Why, No: Their first cost is not any greater. Often, on account of their covering power and easy working, it is less.

The Varnish
That Lasts
Longest

Murphy Varnish Company

FRANKLIN MURPHY, President

Associated with Dougall Varnish Company, Limited, Montreal, Canada

NEWARK,
N. J.
CHICAGO,
ILL.

on Burns last night—say, that duffer could write, couldn't he? Aint you ever read him? Well, make a note of it. Get it. Macaulay on Burns. You'll get some good dope out of him for your line of stuff. The man was a perfect ring-tailed wonder when it came to heaving the English language out of his system. Well, as I say, I was reading him, and all along while I was reading I got the idea, 'A. Z., there's something in this for you.' You know, there's a lot of humanity in that essay; and I got to thinking about myself and I says to myself, 'By jingo, A. Z., you're a human being, too. You're not just a conniving little promoter trying to throw one more dollar into the bin just to hear it chink, laying awake nights to skin lambs, and all that. Promoters have got a bad name, I know; but then there are promoters and promoters. Just because you happen to be one is no sign you are 'tarred with the dyer's hand and subdued to what you work in,' as Shakespeare says. Well, I rambled around that way for an hour or two, went to sleep feeling like a human being, came down to the office this morning feeling like a whole dairy full of human kindness—and the first letter I open is a squawk."

"A squawk?" queried Mr. Pabst.

"A squawk. Here it is." He threw a sheet of paper over to his assistant.

Mr. Pabst picked up the badly scrawled letter and read:

North Baxter, N. Y. May 10 Dere Sir—i am most heartbroken to feal that Asbesstus mine ainta goin to pay out. i putting all my money the savings of years into the stock wot you swore was good. i am old now an all cripple up so i cant make no more an i figgered the Asbesstus would keep me till i die i tuk your word an trusted you with my six hunnerd dollar an now i aint got nuthin an hardly cant make a livin an all becuz i trust you an wot you sed i wish you cud help me out sum-how as i said i am heartbroken. yrs h. a. Jackson

p s i wud cum an see you but i aint got the money to

The moon face of Mr. Pabst was turned inquiringly toward his employer: "Well?"

"Well," replied Podd, "P. S.—I have

got the money so I am going up there and see this old duffer. Find out what time I can get a train."

Mr. Pabst remonstrated through a cigarette, the smoke pouring from his nose and mouth as he talked. "Gee, look here now, if you intend going in for charity—"

"Charity? Who said anything about charity? Lemme tell you, Pud, there's only one man on earth that cares more for a dollar than I do; and he's the boy that burned down an oil factory to get it. I'm not in business to throw money away. But here's an old cripple up here in the buckwheat that says he is too old to make another fortune of six hundred dollars. And I'm going up there to prove to him that he is never too old to make six hundred dollars. And what's more, I'll bet him six hundred dollars he'll make good; and what's still more, I'll lend him the money to bet with me if necessary. Find out what time I can get a train."

North Baxter was rather remote from the city's dust and stress and heat. Mr. Podd found that the ten o'clock local took him to the end of one division by noon; there he changed to another local which took him to the end of another division by two o'clock. And there he found a ramshackle old stage, waiting for possible passengers. The mildly lunatic nonagenarian who engineered this vehicle through the perils of the hill roads assured Podd he could get him to North Baxter by half past three.

When he got out at North Baxter—which was nothing but a row of mail boxes at a fork in the road—he was directed to the "fust house on the right beyond the creamery."

The spell of the hills, soothing and quiet and serene, had been upon him ever since he had clambered into the old stage. He, the natty little New York business man; they, the drowsy, indolent hills. He had felt their persistent reminder of his boyhood. He had actually felt that he might be again a barefoot boy, scuffling along a dusty road with a string of perch. And when he turned in at the "fust" house, the spell was still on him.

First of all—

you buy a jimmy pipe. Get one that chums-up with your spirit right off the bat, natural like. Then lay a dime against a tidy red tin of Prince Albert tobacco that's all pleasing and fragrant and fresh. A match!—and you're off!

P. A. can't burn your tongue—can't parch your throat! Just mellow and cheerful. Why, men, to open up the A. M. with some P. A. is like getting money from home in the first mau—just punches a smile right into your system!

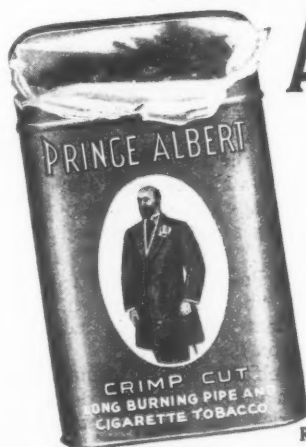
*Get under this:—*Prince Albert is made by an exclusive patented process that cuts out bite and parch. P. A. has made it possible for thousands of men to smoke a pipe who never could endure the tongue-sting brands. *And realize:* No other tobacco can be made like



Copyright 1914
R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co.

PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke



You can buy Prince Albert down in the village, on Broadway, anywhere, everywhere — *afloat or ashore!* In toppy red bags, 5c; tidy red tins, 10c; also in handsome pound and half-pound humidor. You get it fresh and fragrant—the real P. A. flavor—wherever you drop in, because Prince Albert is the *national pipe smoke* and cigarette makin's brand.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO., Winston-Salem, N. C.

"P. A. makes a fellow feel so fine and dandy," says Pop, "that I don't care what the weather is so long as there is P. A. in the near vicinity."
"Smoke P. A. red hot as if old Jimmy was an engine and she can't touch your tongue. Go to it like sixty and she is there good and true, like a high top thoroughbred."

Whi-ite wings, they never grow
wea-ry
I spread out my white wings and
sa-ail home to thee....

Mr. Podd, with that something of the awestruck child about him, turned the corner of the old white cottage and walked softly up to the window whence issued the hopeful words of the old song. There had been nobody in the front of the house and nobody had answered his knock; so, country fashion, he thought he would "try his luck" at the back. But this room, into which he could easily see from where he stood on the path, was a sort of lean-to. It contained an old handloom, some eight feet high, every peg and joint of it turned by hand out of seasoned chestnut wood and now shiny from constant use for scores and scores of years. He could see the whitish twine of the warp and, almost automatically, a withered hand, carrying a clumsy shuttle, would appear and disappear in his range of vision, as the many-colored rag was carried through to make a "rag carpet."

Whi-i-ite wings, they....

There was a soft click as a foot was pushed down upon the treadle.

The great little promoter took off his hat very quietly and said:

"Excuse me, ma'am, but is Mr. Jackson here?"

A plump, kindly, smiling old woman hobbled, with evident difficulty—judging from the movement of her shoulders—over to the window sill and leaned both arms upon it. She was of that hale, pink-checked old age which says upon its face that it has weathered many storms with optimism and yet with a wholesome respect for the weather. She was of good, stout, homely, motherly build. Her clean, almost candid, gray hair was wavy over her broad temples, and suggested care and pride. Mr. Podd thought he had not in years seen so sweet and gentle an old woman's face; yet there was something pathetic about it. It was as if she were hiding something from the world. And that pathos endured, though she spoke with a full, hearty voice:

"Which Mr. Jackson, sir?"

"Why—I thought there was only one here—the stage driver said Jackson—"

"Why, bless your soul, there aint *any* here now. I hope you haven't got another bill to collect?"

Mr. Podd brushed his shoulders and straightened up. "Who? Me? Why, no, I guess you'd say just the opposite. I'm here to *de-collect* a bill."

"Whose bill are you *de-collectin'*?" There was a tremor of anxiety in her voice, as if she distrusted the humor of city people.

"A bill in favor of H. A. Jackson, ma'am."

She smiled a bit. "Why, bless your soul, I'm H. A. Jackson; the only one hereabouts I know of. Henrietta Amanda Jackson."

Mr. Podd kept his hat off and stared. "By jingo," he exclaimed. "By jingo! Now don't that beat the bushes?"

Her tentative smile changed to that dumb, pathetic stare.

"Now, *don't* that beat the cards!" said Mr. Podd, wiping his forehead.

She decided to be business-like. "Don't what?" she asked.

"Well—I—I don't know exactly just what to say. I—I came up here to help you out of your trouble."

The old woman had a very competent way about her when she cared to use it, and a sweet, thoroughly hearty voice. "Why, goodness me, son," she answered, "what trouble?"

He could not, for a moment, recover from that abashed schoolboy feeling. "My name's Podd," he admitted. "I came up to talk about that six hundred dollars."

Then her voice faltered. "Oh, my money. Well—come in."

He went back to the front door and she brought him into a big common room that served for dining-room and sitting-room both. Here he saw that she used a crutch.

"First off," said Podd, striking a Napoleon attitude, "before I sit down, Mrs. Jackson, I want you to understand that I am strictly on the level."

In spite of herself, she looked at him admiringly. The new blue serge was doing its deadly work upon even this feminine eye.



The Magic Flight of Thought

AGES ago, Thor, the champion of the Scandinavian gods, invaded Jotunheim, the land of the giants, and was challenged to feats of skill by Loki, the king.

Thor matched Thialfi, the swiftest of mortals, against Hugi in a footrace. Thrice they swept over the course, but each time Thialfi was hopelessly defeated by Loki's runner.

Loki confessed to Thor afterward that he had deceived the god by enchantments, saying, "Hugi was my thought, and what speed can ever equal his?"

But the flight of thought is no longer a magic power of mythical beings, for

the Bell Telephone has made it a common daily experience.

Over the telephone, the spoken thought is transmitted instantly, directly where we send it, outdistancing every other means for the carrying of messages.

In the Bell System, the telephone lines reach throughout the country, and the thoughts of the people are carried with lightning speed in all directions, one mile, a hundred, or two thousand miles away.

And because the Bell System so adequately serves the practical needs of the people, the magic of thought's swift flight occurs 25,000,000 times every twenty-four hours.

**AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES**

One Policy

One System

Universal Service

In writing to advertisers it is of advantage to mention THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE

"I'm a business man," announced Mr. Podd in an Orphic tone.

"Well, now, you do really look like a New Yorker," admitted Mrs. Jackson. "A regular New York business man, like they show in the ads."

Mr. Podd cleared his throat, as if he hated to hear the subject mentioned.

"I intend to get your money back for you, madam—somehow, I don't know just how as yet."

First, as was his custom, Mr. Podd smacked his hands together loudly three or four times. This was to drive any

Gran'ma Jackson), stared at him cautiously, evincing by her behavior that she had as yet absolutely nothing to say to Rag Carpet.

"By jingo, that's rotten, aint it? For a first shot, I mean—"

Gran'ma Jackson felt vaguely on her honor. "Well, mine aint," she remarked sternly.

Mr. Podd hopped up, smacking his hands in boyish glee. "Sure not. That's just it. Why bless me,"—*smack, smack!*—"I haven't seen any genuine handmade rag carpet since I was a kid and



"Tell you what—we'll start a factory for this rag carpet stuff."

other thoughts or possible inattention out of the minds of his hearers.

"Now, madam, if you can understand that I am an honest business man who has made this trip especially to help you—never mind interrupting—please, no offence—but you will understand me better when you know me better. I am queer, I suppose, and am used to thinking aloud and generally to dictation. Now, lemme see. What do you say to Rag Carpet?"

Mrs. Jackson (known locally as

used to visit my gran'ma's." *Smack.* "They used to have 'em in rugs round like a beefsteak platter. Now, lemme think. I could get you a bang-up, exclusive market for that stuff at a good high price—hang it, don't you see what I'm getting at? I—"

"Well, I—I see that—"

"Don't interrupt me when I'm thinking, please. If you can possibly help chipping in with your highly valuable thoughts when I'm—"

"That'll do," said Mrs. Jackson se-



The Direct Way is also **The Economical Way**

The Erie Railroad is the direct way between the following important cities:

New York	Corning	Oil City
Chicago	Rochester	Youngstown
Cincinnati	Buffalo	Pittsburgh
Cleveland	Bradford	Akron
Binghamton	Jamestown	and other
Elmira	(Chautauqua Lake)	important cities

It is also the economical way. You save from \$2.00 to \$12.00 per ticket which, linked with good service, electrically lighted trains, courteous employes, beautiful scenery, comfortable travel and, Equipment—"As Good As There Is," makes

The Erie Way **The Desirable Way**

Information can be obtained at all Erie ticket offices, your local ticket agent or by addressing the undersigned

R. H. Wallace
General Passenger Agent
New York

verely. "You asked me and I started to tell you I thought it was a fine idea for me to make money. I can't get near enough work. Now go on with your 'dictation.'"

Mr. Podd, beaming joyously, came around and shook her by the hand. "Fine! You understand me almost immediately. You know, Mrs. Jackson, I suffer, I really and actually and positively suffer from being misunderstood on my business deals. I seem nutty to a lot of folks; but you take me the first squeeze out of the lemon, don't you? I mean, they all seem to think— Well, you understand me and like me, don't you?"

She looked at the trim, energetic figure in front of her and she could not help smiling and nodding.

"Sit down, Mr. Podd," said the old lady, with a pleased look on her face.

Mr. Podd sat on the edge of a chair, bouncing up and down as the ideas hit him: "Tell you what—we'll start a factory for this rag carpet stuff. Regular hand-made rag carpet all right, but we'll hire a lot of girls and you teach 'em how. Can you get a few girls to begin with?"

"Why, yes. There's the Sompers girls and—"

"How far are you from the railway? Aint there any whistling post or anything closer than that town I came from?"

"Why, yes. There's an interurban trolley station over here a quarter of a mile where they pick up milk."

"Fine. I see a little cloud no bigger than a man's hand, as the saying is, but it'll bring you back that six hundred dollars and more. I'll incorporate you as 'Old Gran'ma Jackson'—if you haven't any objections—and we'll run your photograph as a trade mark—'Old Gran'ma Jackson's Hand Made Rag Carpets'—get the idea?"

"Say, young man, I don't believe you have had anything to eat. Goodness me!" She bustled about, laying a place at table and bringing in a cold meal.

Podd laughed like a boy. "Thank you, ma'am. I don't mind admitting I'm as hungry as a wolf after a lamb. By jingo,"—he smacked his hands together

and began hopping around helping her as best he could—"by jingo. I knew this trip was going to help out. Help you out and help me out. Action, by jingo, action; that's me. Rag carpet idea aint bad, now, is it?"

The old lady laughed. "Well, you do certainly have a way with you, Mr. Podd, of chirking a body up. I don't quite see how you are going to help me, but I feel better about it already. You know, besides my losing my money in that asbestos mine, it's awfully lonesome for me up here. You know, all my men folks has left me."

"No?" said the astonished Podd. "How's that?"

"Skedaddled. Cleared out."

"Why—what did they do that for?"

"I dunno. First my youngest son, Wilberforce, he left one night saying he was going West. Then my next eldest, Breckenridge, he sneaked. About a year afterward my eldest boy, Quincy, he eloped. And finally the old man, Lemuel—well, he just sort of floated off; he never was much good nohow. But they all left me; they said it was too tame and quiet up here for 'em, and I suppose it is purty tame and quiet. But when you're a cripple and all alone you don't ask for much else. Now how do you like that jam?"

Podd smacked his lips. "Im-mense!"

"That's home-made blackberry jam."

"By jingo, Gran'ma Jackson, we'll incorporate that, too."

"Well, that cold ham was home cured too. I smoke them with corncobs and rub brown sugar into 'em to make 'em sweet."

"Incorporated, too. And this vinegar?"

"Home-made with my own apples. I got the only cellar around here that'll turn cider into vinegar."

"In goes the vinegar." Mr. Podd had out a memorandum book and was jotting things hastily down. Old Grandma Jackson was laughing and dimpling at his eagerness.

"You remind me of Bentley Anderson, the way you get up wild schemes. He was always whipping out a notebook and setting down a notion."

"All right. Did Bentley bring home the bacon?"



*If it
isn't an
Eastman,
it isn't
a Kodak.*

The Story of the **Kodak Album**

The friendships of school days, the very atmosphere of the home, every phase of life that makes for companionship—in all of these is an intimate picture story—a story that glows with human interest, grows in value with every passing year.

Let Kodak keep the story for you.

Ask your dealer, or write us, for "At Home with the Kodak," a delightfully illustrated little book that tells about home pictures—flashlights, groups, home portraits and the like—and how to make them. It's mailed without charge.

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY,
ROCHESTER, N. Y., *The Kodak City.*

"Did he what?"

"Did he drive in with the groceries?"

"I don't understand you."

"How many thousand dollars is Bentley worth?"

"Oh, he aint worth a cent. He's in the lunatic asylum."

Mr. Podd jumped up. "Just for that, I'll lay you a bet. Where's that asbestos stock?"

"In the parlor in the family album."

"Well, I'll bet you my certified check for six hundred dollars against your asbestos stock that you'll be worth ten thousand dollars by this time next year."

"I don't see how I can possibly lose on that," laughed Grandma Jackson.

"I don't want you to; that's why I'm here," answered A. Z. Podd. "Now show me all the hand-made stuff you've got around the place from cellar to garret. By jingo, I'm going to win back that asbestos stock from you."

"My idea is this," explained Mr. Podd to Mr. Pabst, after a glowing description of the North Baxter hills. "We'll work this community idea for all it's worth. We'll have a whole community up there at North Baxter canning fruit and weaving rugs and curing hams and making sausages and raising eggs and chickens. Now that we've got parcels post, we'll deliver special baskets of food right to your door fresh every morning—make a note of that. Also, item: I must get in touch with those interurban trolley people and see if I can't get a switch over to the fork of the roads. We'll depend upon native help for a while, just to get started. Then we'll get a lot of notoriously clean foreigners like the Dutch and the Danes—that'll give you a chance to ring in some good advertising stuff—and personally, though I've seen 'em knocked a good deal in song and story, I'm rather partial to Swedes."

"Get out your little think-swiper there and jot this material down. All right? Here we go: 'It aint what you *think* that matters in this life. It's what you *eat*. You don't have to think at all in order to live; lots of people go through life without ever having harbored a single notion in their nut, et cetera. But you

must eat. Just comb it out simple for them, Pud, so that the most elementary intellect will get it. Say it thusly: If you don't eat you will die. All right. And if you do eat certain things which are rank poison, then you will also die. But you do not want to die, do you? You would rather look around you and select carefully what you eat.' Bing! New paragraph:

"This is what every thoughtful, intelligent, wide-awake American is doing. He is tired of doping himself with everything from corrosive sublimate French peas to prussic acid prunes.' Then throw in a lot of bushwab about food adulteration.' Then bing! New paragraph:

"Let us introduce you to Old Gran'ma Jackson and the North Baxter Community.' Then pound right along with the old lady—throw in some human interest about her being a cripple and old and deserted by her men folks and finally starting to sell her hand-made, home-made, products in a simple way. Then switch to the Community talk and ring in the nice, clean Swedes, et cetera. Now, don't hold back on this, Pud. Put a little grease on your runners and shut your eyes. The chances are you'll come out smelling like a rose geranium. Gimme a booklet that'll sell stock."

"Oh," said Mr. Pabst, with a start, "are you going to sell stock?"

"Am I going to sell stock?" snorted Mr. Podd. "Am I going to breathe air? We will first put out 'Old Gran'ma Jackson, Inc.,' as a New Jersey corporation; one hundred thousand dollars, seventy-five thousand preferred, twenty-five thousand common. Of the common, Mrs. H. A. Jackson will hold ten thousand and I will hold fifteen thousand. The preferred will be a non-voting, seven per cent cumulative stock and will all be sold except five thousand dollars' worth, which will be used for an advertising scheme I have, provided the state laws don't interfere. We'll look that up first. If they do, we will switch to some other state."

"After all this is cleared out of the way, if the Community is a success and so on, we will use 'Old Gran'ma Jackson, Inc.,' as a holding company and let it sell stock in the North Baxter Com-

FREE

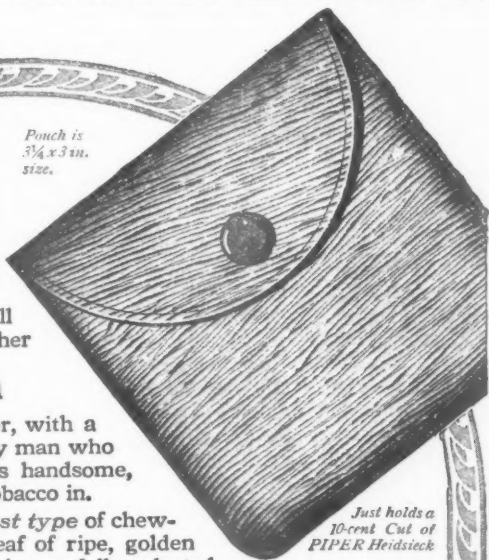
No matter what tobacco you are now chewing, if you will try PIPER Heidsieck you will become a permanent user of this famous tobacco. To induce you to make a trial, we will send you, free, this genuine leather

Tobacco Pouch

strongly made of fine tan leather, with a flap and patent snap clasp. Every man who loves a good chew will prize this handsome, handy leather pouch to carry his tobacco in.

PIPER Heidsieck is the *highest type* of chewing tobacco in the world. Every leaf of ripe, golden brown tobacco used in "PIPER" is carefully selected from Nature's choicest crops, clean, sweet and mellow.

Pouch is
3/4 x 3 in.
size.



Just holds a
10-cent Cut of
PIPER Heidsieck

PIPER Heidsieck

CHEWING TOBACCO—Champagne Flavor

Sold Everywhere
in 5c and
10c cuts

The flavor of "PIPER" is different from all other tobaccos made — a rich wine-like, delightful taste which never fails to make a friend.

We Want You to Try PIPER Heidsieck

Send 10 cents and we will send a full-size 10c cut of "PIPER" and this handsome leather pouch FREE.

The tobacco, the pouch and mailing expenses will cost us 20 cents—and we are glad to spend the money to get you to try "PIPER" just once. We know that once you have started, you will become a permanent friend of this wonderfully wholesome, healthful and satisfying tobacco.

In writing us please tell us the name of the dealer of whom you buy your tobacco.

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO CO.

111 Fifth Avenue
New York City



munity, Inc., a Delaware Corporation, you understand, for as much as we feel like incorporating for."

"Well, I certainly hope you will cut the mustard; but I can't see it."

"Of course you can't, Pabst. As soon as you *can* see these things, you won't be working for me; you'll be working for yourself. Here's what you missed as you came along: Everybody is nutty about the gen-you-wine, nowadays. Nobody that can afford it puts up for one holy instant with the imitation article. But most people, mark me, can't afford the gen-you-wine. Most people are ruining artificial teeth on bakers' bread right this minute and drinking what-is-whisky to get over a cold they caught wearing paper-soled shoes. I dope it out that that's what civilization is: it's a case of offering you something just as good. Put a little water or a little paper or a little coal-tar into something real and palm it off on the hydrant-headed public."

"Well, as I said, only a rich man nowadays can really afford the gen-you-wine article; but any woman, lovely woman, will work her husband to death trying to get up close enough to breathe in the rich man's carbon dioxide. So we put out old Gran'ma Jackson's hand-made stuff and we offer it for sale at all the Fifth Avenue places—understand me? Get what I mean? Why, we can charge any old price we want to by keeping our line toney. We not only get the boy that can afford to sit down in real furniture but we also get the folks that stumble over the Grand Rapids stuff in Central Park West. And from them we form a trade mesalliance with the alloy polloi, as the Greeks say. Now,"—he paused and emptied the mortal remains of a "dry" cigar into the cuspidor—"that's where my little scheme of using stock for advertising purposes comes in."

"Go ahead," said Mr. Pabst, scribbling rapidly on a memo' pad.

"The husband of the alloy class is naturally going to raise a kick about buying real food and real rag carpets and so on. But we'll give away coupons with packages of Old Gran'ma Jackson's pure food articles. Grade 'em so that for every one hundred dollars they spend on Old Gran'ma Jackson stuff they can get

ten dollars' worth of seven per cent cumulative preferred stock—"

"Only up to five thousand dollars' worth," interrupted Pabst.

"Yep. We'll tell 'em they'll have to hurry; the appropriation will soon be exhausted and so on. That'll make a lot of new quick buyers for the goods, I'm hoping. You see, we've got to start the selling with a whoop. By giving away a little stock, that will furnish Mrs. Alloy a come-back argument with the old man when he kicks about spending fifty cents for a cake of butter. I never yet saw the man who had the nerve to turn his back on a coupon. And after they've got the stock they'll keep on buying our stuff so as to make their stock worth more. And they'll talk their neighbors into buying, too. It's a slick scheme."

He paused and took a drink of Vi-Joy mineral water. Looking at the emptied glass, he remarked, "You know, Pabst, I've been thinking I could get up an apple-water, with a squirt of sarsaparilla in it; non-intoxicating, of course; do away with laxative medicines and so forth; keep it in your ice box; impose it on your friends, et cetera. I'll talk to Gran'ma Jackson about it and see how many apples we can get up there."

"Going back up into the acre stuff again?" queried Pabst.

"Why not? I've got a vacation coming to me this spring. She's lonesome. And I got to get those factories and Swedes and things started. I'll run into town for the Turkish and the roof shows; also to see that you sell stock. I'll have a long distance put in at North Baxter, and you can call me up any time you have anything to say that has nothing whatever to do with marbles or chalk."

Up went the necessary buildings at North Baxter; in came the switch from the interurban; out went Pud Pabst's letters and circulars to the regular Podd sucker lists, bringing in the money. In a little over a month and a half the modest flotation of preferred stock had all been sold; the funds were turned right into the business; help was hired; and the first specialties—jam, mince-meat, pickles, catsup and rag carpet—put on the market. Podd put his personal

I WANT A MAN



of good character, in each city and town to act as my **SPECIAL REPRESENTATIVE**. No peddling, canvassing or other objectionable work required. Previous experience unnecessary. Duties need not, at first, interfere with your present employment.

E.R. MARDEN, PRES.

I will assist the right man to become independent for life If you are making less than \$2400 a year and are trustworthy and sufficiently ambitious to learn and become competent to handle my business in your vicinity write me at once for full particulars, my bank references, etc.

EDWIN R. MARDEN, Pres
Nat'l Co-Operative Realty Co.
E114 Marden Bldg.

Washington D.C.



MY OWN BUILDING... where nearly 200 employees handle the office details of the intensive management of business transacted by my representatives

COPY THIS SKETCH

and let me see what you can do with it. You can earn from \$30.00 to \$125.00 or more per week as Illustrator or Cartoonist. My practical system of personal individual lessons by mail will develop your talent. Students from my school are occupying positions on big newspapers all over the country; others are selling their work from home. Send me your sketch of President Wilson with 6c in stamps and I will send you a test lesson plate, also collection of drawings showing possibilities for YOU.



THE LONDON SCHOOL OF ILLUSTRATING AND CARTOONING
1488 Schofield Bldg., Cleveland, Ohio

LEARN RAG TIME

Let me teach YOU Rag-Time Piano Playing by MAIL. You learn EASILY—in just a few lessons **AT HOME**. My system is so simple you'll play Mendelssohn's Wedding March in the fifth lesson. You'll say

Jee, but I'm Crazy for Rag!

Even if you can't play a single note, I'll teach you to play ANY-THING in Happy Rag-Time. Think of the pleasure for you—and the **SURPRISE** for your friends! Get Busy! Everybody's doing it! Write me for special low terms, positive guarantee, and testimonials from hundreds of happy students. Axel Christensen (the Cox of Rag-Time) Director
Christensen School of Popular Music
806 Christensen Building, Chicago, Ill.



Are Your Hands Tied?

Do you want to get on—**SUCCEED**—earn more money? Is there a certain line of work you think you could do better in—if you only had the training? Or a certain kind of position you would like to hold—only you fear your hands are tied?"

Don't let your ambition die? Don't think your hands are tied!

Get out of the crowd of ordinary untrained men—whose each day's work puts them no further ahead—for whom the future has no promise.

Start your advancement now—mark the coupon with a cross opposite the occupation you prefer, mail it today, and let the International Correspondence Schools give you full information on how they can help you to succeed as they have thousands of others—to become expert in your chosen work—in your spare time—at home—no matter where you live, or how little you earn—costs but postage—you incur no obligation.

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

Box 850. SCRANTON, PA.

Explain, without any obligation on my part, how I can qualify for the position before which I mark X.

Salesmanship
Electrical Engineer
Elec. Lighting Supt.
Telephone Expert
Architect
Building Contractor
Architectural Draftsman
Structural Engineer
Concrete Construction
Mechan. Engineer
Mechanical Draftsman
Civil Engineer
Mine Superintendent
Stationary Engineer
Plumbing & Steam Fitting
Gas Engines

Civil Service
Bookkeeping
Stenography & Typewriting
Window Trimming
Show Card Writing
Lettering and Sign Painting
Advertising
Commercial Illustrating
Industrial Designing
Commercial Law
Automobile Running
English Branches
Poultry Farming
Teacher
Agriculture
Chemist

Spanish
French
German

Name _____

Present Occupation _____

Street and No. _____

City _____

State _____

check for fifteen thousand into the treasury and the money was spent on a campaign of local New York advertising.

The scheme was a success from the start. The goods really were excellent. People who patronized the higher class provisioners began talking about the Old Gran'ma Jackson products. On every package there was a picture of the smiling, wholesome-looking, double-chinned, gray-headed old lady herself. In an exhibition window on Fifth Avenue, Podd placed a woman who resembled the North Baxter original; and each day he had her doing some homely task—peeling apples, weaving miniature rag-rugs, stewing up catsup and the like. The crowds flocked about, and carried the picture away in their minds.

By autumn he began to enlarge his factory and put the community idea to work. He incorporated North Baxter Community for two million dollars. He opened an old-fashioned inn at North Baxter, and Gran'ma Jackson herself stepped up and out of the factory work and became a figurehead. She met the guests, answered questions, had assistants show prospective investors through the laboratories, and did the rural honors to a queen's taste.

The idea caught on. Podd opened a sanitarium for nervous people "who had put their works out of whack with bum grub," as he phrased it.

He got up a catch line that went on every piece of "literature"—"Every stomach an ad' for Old Gran'ma Jackson."

Mr. Pabst became highly excited and tore off letter after letter for the mimeograph. Beneath a positively pulchritudinous photo' of Mr. Podd he wrote: "You Know Me. I am the Man Who Makes You Money. I address this only to my friends and I ask them to pay strict attention. I have gone over this proposition with a fine tooth comb and I can honestly say it is the best from every viewpoint that I ever offered my clients. You know, as Henry Wadsworth Longfellow well says,

There is a tide in the affairs of men
Which taken
At its flood
Leads on to Fortune.

"I say, take North Baxter Community Inc. at its present tide and you will come around to my office in your sixty horse power car a year from now and bless me for having put you 'wise.'

"It stands to reason. North Baxter Community Inc. is offering a line of commodities for the human stomach. People have **SIMPLY GOT TO EAT**. Eating is practically what you might call a perpetual proposition; there is no let-up to it. *Somebody is eating somewhere all the time*. By putting out a fine line of up-to-date, choice, dainty, high-class, home-made foods of all sorts, North Baxter Community Inc. is appealing to the most **WIDESPREAD PASSION** of mankind.

"Here is a photograph (insert here coarse screen half-tone, 2-in, oval, with line) of Gran'ma Henrietta Amanda Jackson, the renowned housewife who superintends the production of every pure food article which is put out by the Community. She is noted the world over for her pickles. Under separate cover we are taking the liberty of sending you a sample jar of these 'Tiny Tidbit Pickles.' Put them in your mouth. Munch them between your teeth. Swallow them. Digest them. Notice their aromatic and pungent wholesome flavor. Notice the zest they give to your appetite.

"Don't you think there is **MONEY** in an article like this? Well, the Community now has on the market *over twenty* similar articles.

"My friend, I tell you from the bottom of my heart, you never had and never again will have an opportunity for investment to compare with this. Understand. Make no mistake. This is already a **GOING CONCERN**. The money I am now getting in by the thousands every day goes solely to facilitate enlargement of plant, etc.

"If you believe that I know what I am talking about; if you believe that I am not some **HOT AIR MERCHANT**, trying to work off a snide proposition on an old friend, then fill out the enclosed order blank, pin your check or money order to it and mail them to me **AT ONCE**.

"Do not delay. Time spent in chewing your fingernails may cost you money.

Give ELDERLY PEOPLE Vinol

THE DELICIOUS COD LIVER AND
IRON TONIC WITHOUT OIL

ELDERLY PEOPLE

and delicate children benefit greatly by the strengthening and body-building virtues of Vinol which contains in concentrated form all the medicinal elements of the finest cod liver oil with peptonate of iron added—Deliciously palatable and easily digested—contains no oil—agrees with everybody—children love it. Its superiority as a tonic reconstructor in all weak, run-down conditions and for chronic coughs, colds, and bronchitis is guaranteed by over 5000 druggists.

For sale by one druggist in a place.
Look for the Vinol store where you live

*Trial sample sent free on receipt of
2-cent stamp.*

Chester Kent & Co., Boston, Mass.

WHY NOT BE AN ARTIST?



STUDY drawing at home under Expert Faculty. We have successful students in every part of the world. **Turn your Talent into money.** Our Students are filling high salaried positions. 14 years successful teaching. Endorsed by high authorities. 18 Courses in Commercial and Illustrative Drawing. Teachers Normal and Applied Art, Profit or Culture.

Thoroughly Equipped Residence School

Artist's Outfit FREE to Enrolled Students

SCHOOL OF APPLIED ART, 781 Applied Art Bldg., Battle Creek, Mich.



**Send for
Trial Bottle 20c**

Send only 20c—stamps or coin—for this generous trial bottle of the sweetest, most alluring and seductive perfume ever discovered.

Rieger's MON AMOUR

Amelia Stone, comedienne and star of the miniature French vaudeville, "Mon Amour," calls this perfume, "The Sweetheart of Perfumes." Don't miss this offer of a novelty trial bottle for only 20c—the cost of picking and postage only.

Fashion's Latest Perfume

Mon Amour is a tremendous "hit" with leaders of fashion. There has never been a perfume to compare with this wonderful, delicate fragrance of tropical gardens. At all good shops—\$1.00 per ounce, or 60c per half ounce, in any quantity desired.

When you once scent the trial bottle of Rieger's Mon Amour Perfume you will want more. And you will want to see and try Mon Amour Face Powder, Mon Amour Face Cream and Mon Amour Sachet Powder. Your dealer has them—all scented with this bewitching new odor.

SEND NOW—only 20 cents, coin or stamps, for this attractive trial bottle

PAUL RIEGER, 297 1st St., San Francisco



IN WINTRY WEATHER



CUTICURA SOAP

In daily use for all toilet purposes assisted with occasional use of Cuticura Ointment will promote and maintain the most perfect skin health under all conditions. They clear the skin of redness, roughness and irritation, cleanse the scalp of dandruff and soften and whiten the hands.

Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment are sold throughout the world. Send post-card to nearest depot for free sample of each with 32-page book: Newbery, 27, Charterhouse Sq., London; R. Towns & Co., Sydney, N.S.W.; Lennon, Ltd., Cape Town; Muller, Maclean & Co., Calcutta and Bombay; Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Boston, U.S.A.

Men who shave and shampoo with Cuticura Soap will find it best for skin and scalp.

because the price of this stock is bound to go up—probably without a moment's notice."

When Mr. Pabst got very much excited over the success of the campaign, he began sending out "Personal and Urgent" communications with the war-cry:

"Don't wait for the slow-going mails to handle your case. Telegraph me your reservation at once and I will see to it that the stock is laid aside for you in your name."

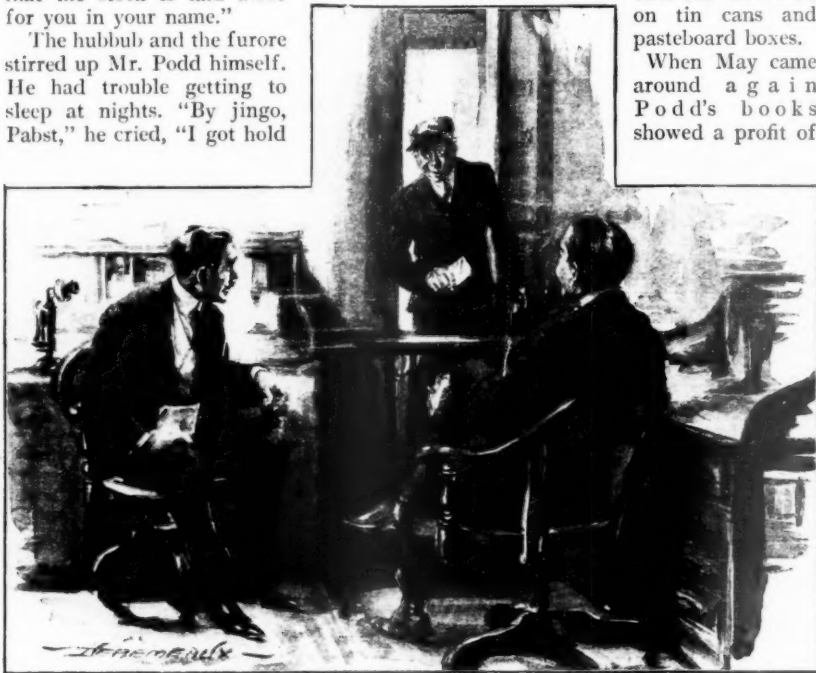
The hubbub and the furore stirred up Mr. Podd himself. He had trouble getting to sleep at nights. "By jingo, Pabst," he cried, "I got hold

there's that Apple Water. Feller here in the city has taken over the whole supply for New York—smacked his check down and put his little Abie Dee to a contract before I could wrench the pen from his quivering hand."

The bustle and confusion almost vied with the tumult and the shouting.

And in the meantime the reproduced visage of the once lonely old lady traveled far and wide on tin cans and pasteboard boxes.

When May came around again Podd's books showed a profit of




"He is here," remarked Mr. Pabst.

of a real idee that time. I got hold of a real one. I can feel it jumpin' under my hand like a bobcat. Every time I get a quiet moment to myself, some new stunt comes tin-cannin' down the old lane. That sanitarium's on a payin' basis already, I believe—and I aint feedin' 'em on anything but apples and spinach and fresh eggs and denatured milk. And every duffer that goes away from there is just singin' Gran'ma Jackson till his little throat is hoarse. By jingo, it beats the tar out of Christendom, how people can get well on nothing at all. And then

one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. A dividend was declared.


"Pabst," he said, sententiously, "life is really what you make it, America is the greatest country under the canopy and practice makes perfect. I don't believe there is anything on earth I can't do if I try. Yes, there is. I couldn't get Mrs. Jackson to spell the English language right if I made her President of the United States. You know, I bet her six hundred dollars in real money against that asbestos stock of hers that she'd be worth ten thousand dollars in



1/2-lb cake 20c

Huyler's Premium Chocolate

1/2-lb. cake 20c




The same high quality, same experience and methods, that make *Huyler's* Bonbons and Chocolates better than any other, are embodied in

For Cooking and Baking

Smooth and unsweetened, with the full rich flavor that has given all Huyler products their prestige for quality. *Vanilla Chocolate* (pink wrapper) is a sweetened chocolate of the same high quality. Write for Huyler's new Cocoa and Chocolate Cook Book.

Huyler's 64 IRVING PLACE, NEW YORK CITY
Sold by Grocers and Druggists everywhere.



GET SPEED

In Typewriting! It means an assured position—a **BIG SALARY**. Study the **Tulloss Touch System**—for 17 years the standard high-speed method, entirely different from all other methods, so easy any one can learn it, will quickly **double-TREBLE** your speed and income. Send for **BIG 48-PAGE BOOK FREE**. Describes this system and **Gymnastic Finger Method** in detail. Explains how you can quickly qualify as expert, free your work from errors, write at highest speed, earn **\$25, \$30 a week and up**. Spare time study. Fits right in with regular work. Worth dollars to the stenographer—to any typewriter user. Sent absolutely free. If you want more speed—more accuracy—more salary—Send for this book today.

Tulloss Trained Typists Get The Money

THE TULLOSS SCHOOL OF TOUCH TYPEWRITING
1762 College Hill
Springfield, Ohio

How does your complexion compare with mine?

NYAL'S FACE CREAM

will beautify yours.

Sold only by "Nyal" Druggists. Send 10c in stamps, or silver, for valuable book on the treatment of the complexion.

Nyal Company
Detroit, Mich.
Windsor, Ont.



Why Pay \$17.50?

The material and workmanship of this chair—Genuine, Select, Quarter Sawn White Oak of rare quality—costs less than half of \$17.50 at the factory. Yet that is the price you would pay for it at a store.

We Ship It Direct From Our Factory In Sections—

You Set It Up and Save \$8.55

You pay only for materials, workmanship, and the usual small profit to manufacturer. We save you all other unnecessary expenses—dealer's profit, jobber's profit, traveling men's salaries, high packing expenses—and freight rates, etc.—almost 50%.

And back of each piece is our guarantee—if you are not satisfied at any time within a full year you may ship it back and we immediately refund your money, including freight.

COME-PACK FURNITURE

Only \$8.95 In Four Sections


Select Quartered WHITE Oak. Built with the care and skill of the old master cabinet makers—possessing an individuality and artistic charm befitting the home of quality. Eight different shades of finish. Imperial leather cushions. Packed in compact crate—shipped at knock-down rates.

New 1914 Catalog FREE

Shows over 400 other beautiful examples of Come-Pack craftsmanship in living, dining and bedroom furniture—in sections—at 30% to 60% price savings. Sent free—postpaid. Mail postal today.

Come-Pack Furniture Co., 231 Dorr St., Toledo, O.





GENUINE PERFECT CUT DIAMONDS

DIRECT FROM THE IMPORTER

\$97⁵⁰

PER CARAT

Save 1/3 and More at These WORLD'S LOWEST PRICES


3/8 Carat Diamond, \$ 8.25	3/8 Carat Diamond, \$45.00
3/4 Carat Diamond, \$17.50	3/4 Carat Diamond, \$67.50
3/4 Carat Diamond, \$31.25	1 Carat Diamond, \$97.50

FREE EXAMINATION ALLOWED WITHOUT OBLIGATION TO PURCHASE!

We Legally Guarantee in writing to REFUND THE FULL PRICE IN CASH, less 10 per cent, ANY TIME WITHIN TWO YEARS and to allow the full price in exchange any time. Carat Weight, Quality and Value Legally Certified.

128 PAGE DE LUXE BASCH DIAMOND BOOK, FREE! Contains thousands of illustrations. 8 color lithographed art cover. This big beautiful book will enable you to buy Diamonds as safely and intelligently as any Diamond Expert! Write today!

L. BASCH & CO., DEPT., L249, STATE AND QUINCY STREETS, CHICAGO, U. S. A.



a year. I wrote her the other day, saying that unless she was willing to take less than ten thousand for her common stock in Old Gran'ma Jackson, Inc. she owed me those asbestos certificates. Here's the answer:"

Dere Mr. Podd i loose enclothesed find the Asbesstus stock H A Jackson

"What do you think of a woman that'll go out of her way to put all them extra letters in 'enclosed?' Know what I did? I wrote her that hereafter she was to communicate with me by telegraph only. Just supposin' some stock-holder saw one of her letters. I'd have to tell him that, since Andy Carnegie started it, all the millionaires was using home-made spelling. I'd—"

A messenger boy entered.

"Yes. I'm Mister Potts. See that, Pabst? Spelling again. 'A. Z. Potts.' Well, this is a free country." He tore open the envelope. "By jingo. Read that." He handed the message to Pabst:

"Wilberforce came back to-day. He says he saw my face on a tin can in a hotel in San Antonio he nearly had a fit when he saw the community he says he will never leave me I am so glad I put him to work checking freight. H. A. Jackson."

"By jingo, that does my heart good, Pabst. Now that lonely old woman has got at least one prop for her declining years. You know, I've got to confess that that was the only thing about this whole scheme that I felt was left undone. I felt somehow that the scheme wasn't reely a success as long as old Mrs. Jackson was lonesome. I tell you—"

Another messenger boy entered. "Sign for that, will you, Pabst?" said Mr. Podd, and Pabst read with a snicker:

Breckenridge just arrived from Alaska he saw my face on a buckwheat package in Nome highly gratified my success wants to help me all he can put him to driving a wagon. H A J.

"Well, now, I'll just bet the old lady's cup is running over," sighed Mr. Podd.

"Two in one day." He reached for a telegraph blank. "I'll just send her congratulations. For the love of Mike," he exclaimed as another messenger boy entered. "Don't tell me this is Number Three?"

"Is youse Mr. A. B. Platt?" drawled the latest.

"That's me," said Mr. A. Z. Podd. He read the message through twice. "What's cube?" he asked Mr. Pabst.

"Read it," begged Pud.

"Quincy has came. He was in cube."

"In quod, probably."

"No. Probably Cuba. However, no matter. Quincy also saw mother's face and doubtless figured that mother must be making good. Now he is head egg-gatherer in the poultry department and has no intention of prying loose. I wonder where the old man is?"

"He is here," remarked Mr. Pabst, as the fourth blue uniform sidled through the door.

"You're right," said Mr. Podd after a look at the telegram. "Well, don't that just beat anything you ever heard of? Four in one day!"

Lemuel at last also in camp. What shall I do? H A J.

"Here, kid. Wait a minute. There's an answer." Podd hastily scrawled:

The point is what can Lemuel do?

"Now let's go out to lunch, and wait a while."

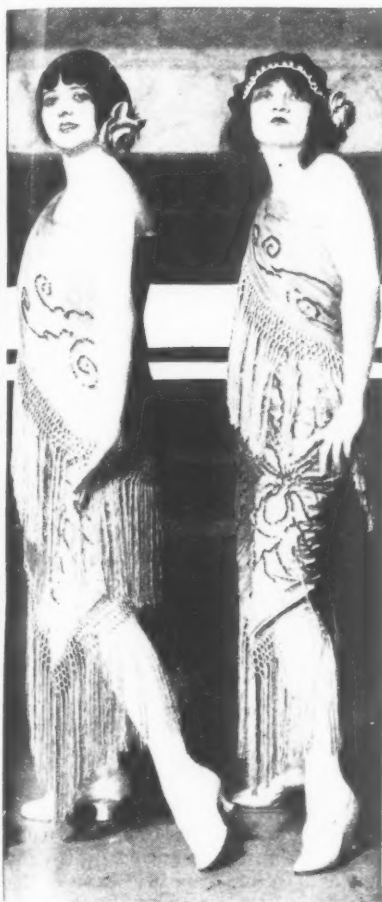
When they got back from lunch they found this answer:

Nothing he can weave baskets and furniture H A J

"By jingo, Pud," remarked Mr. Podd, his eye flaming with an idea. "Know what I'm going to do? I'm going to open a new branch and put out 'Gran'pa Lemuel's High-Art Wicker Work.' I wonder where that old skin was, anyway, when he got the good news."

"Probably in Tierra del Fuego and saw mother's features on a ham that was washed ashore in a wreck."

"Well, by jingo! By jingo—it pays to advertise, don't it?"



Beauties—How I Pick Them

By FLORENZ ZIEGFELD, JR.,
Producer of the "Follies"

Every woman who is considered for a position in the "beauty choruses" of the famous "Follies" shows, has to pass a certain test. The old days in which a manager said to a would-be chorus girl: "Go out and see the wardrobe mistress—jump into a pair of tights—and come back here and I will see if your figure is any good"—those days are all over. They have gone with the "showgirl" type. Mr. Ziegfeld tells all about the new sort of girl the managers want, and how he selects them, in an article he has written for the February GREEN BOOK MAGAZINE.



Are you reading "Manhattan Mad"?

It is by W. Carey Wonderly, who wrote "The Calcium Moon," and it is the best novel of Broadway life ever written. It deals with life as life really is along the "Gay White Way." There's a complete résumé of the opening chapter with the installment in the February GREEN BOOK; you can read it and begin in the heart of the story.



"Kisses"

Is the title of an amusingly thoughtful bit of philosophy by Effie Shannon, who scored the "hit" of last season as Mrs. Howard in "Years of Discretion."

THE LATEST STORIES ALONG
BROADWAY By Rennold Wolf

THE TRICKS OF MAKING THE
MOVING PICTURES

By Roy L. McCardell

"THE FAT FAIRY," a short story of
a singer. By Marian Bruntlett Powell

HOW TO WRITE PHOTOPLAYS—
The first of a series.

By W. C. Lengel and Brett Page

BEAUTIFULLY PRINTED SCENES
FROM ALL THE NEW PLAYS

Magazine

On Sale at All News
Stands. Price 15 Cents



The PULL

A NEW STORY OF
A "SMOKE EATER"

By THOMAS GRAY FESSENDEN

Author of "Where There's Fire," etc.

Illustrated by Grant T. Reynard

BEANY SCHULTZ, sitting on the edge of his bed in the bunk-room and fussing with his "hitch," heard the sounds for which he had been patiently waiting for something more than a half-hour: the opening and closing of a door and Captain Mullen's heavy footsteps as he came down the little hall from his quarters.

Beany hurriedly stood the hitch in place beside the bed and went to the bunk-room door. He went casually, quite as if he were just happening out of the bunk-room at the time the Captain happened to be passing. There was in his manner of doing it nothing to indicate the considerable space of time he had sat there on the bed, fooling with the hitch and waiting for just this moment.

He shot a hurried look up and down

the narrow passage to make sure no one else was within hearing distance, and stepped into the hall, blocking Mullen's way.

"So ye've got one at last?" said Beany in guarded tones.

Captain Mullen was a big, squat man, with enormous shoulders and a thick, red neck. A stubby gray mustache half concealed the hard lines about his mouth. His blue eyes were cold and penetrating when they looked at you. There was a half-burned cigar in the corner of his mouth and he was pulling a pair of thick gloves on his pudgy hands. Plainly he was headed for supper.

"What ye talkin' about? What is this I've got?" he growled at the grinning Schultz. Mullen's temper just before meal-times was proverbial with the crew of Engine 64.

THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE THE GREAT SHOP WINDOW OF AMERICA

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING DEPARTMENT

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

MR. MAIL ORDER MAN

Beginner—Oldtimer:—Start or increase your M. O. Business. We furnish fast sellers. Factory prices. High class business proposition for business people. No schemes. Copyrighted Prospectus free.

MISSISSIPPI VALLEY CO., INC.,

59 E. 5th St.,

PITTSBURGH, KANSAS.

I made fortune in mail-order business. From small beginning my sales now total close to One Million Five Hundred Thousand Dollars annually. Why can't you do as well? Let me show you. Get my free booklet—"How to Make Money in the Mail Order Business."

RANDOLPH ROSE, 213 ROSE BLDG.,

CHATTANOOGA, TENN.

CORRESPONDENCE INSTRUCTION

Civil Service, Normal, High School, Bookkeeping, shorthand, Typewriting, Drawing, Agriculture, English, Engineering and Law (courses thoroughly taught by mail. Enrollment \$5.00. Tuition Free. For "Free Tuition Scholarship" apply Carnegie College, Rogers, Ohio.

GAMES AND ENTERTAINMENT

PLAYS, Vaudeville, Sketches, Monologues, Dialogues, Spoken, Minstrel Material, Jokes, Recitations, Tableaux, Drills, Musical Pieces, Entertainments. Make up goods. Large catalog free. T. S. Denison & Co., Dept. 31, Chicago.

HELP WANTED—MALE AND FEMALE

AGENTS—WOULD YOU TAKE A STEADY JOB WHERE you can clear \$20 to \$30 weekly to start and work up to yearly profits of \$3,000 or more? No experience required. Great crew managers' proposition. We manufacture. Middlemen profits saved. Get posted on our 1914 exclusive territory—business-building selling plans. Act quick.

E. M. DAVIS, Pres.,

R. 40, Davis Bk., Chicago.

Poets and Song Writers—We will compose music to your verses, publish, advertise, copyright in your name and pay you 50 per cent of profits if successful. We pay hundreds of dollars a year to amateur writers. Send us your poems or melodies today. Acceptance guaranteed if available. Examination and advice FREE. DUGDALE CO., 255 Dugdale Building, Washington, D. C.

FREE ILLUSTRATED BOOK tells of about 300,000 protected positions in U. S. service. Thousands of vacancies every year. There is a big chance here for you, sure and generous pay. Lifetime employment. Just ask for booklet S-12. No obligation.

EARL HOPKINS, Washington, D. C.

MEN AND WOMEN WANTED FOR GOVERNMENT JOBS. \$65 to \$150 month. Vacations. Steady work. Parcel Post and Income Tax mean many vacancies. Common education sufficient. "Pull" unnecessary. Write immediately for free list of positions now available. FRANKLIN INSTITUTE, Dep't C-47, Rochester, N. Y.

AGENTS make big money selling our new gold letters for office windows, store fronts and glass signs. Any one can put them on. Write for free sample and particulars. Metallic Sign Letter Co., 422 N. Clark St., Chicago.

LADIES to sew at home for a large Philadelphia firm; good money; steady work; no canvassing; send stamped envelope for prices paid.

UNIVERSAL CO., Dept. 103, Walnut St., Phila., Pa.

\$30 weekly selling "Easy" Suction Sweeper. Wheels operate cylinder creating powerful suction. All metal. No pump. No bellows. Low price. Guaranteed. Sample Free. Write quick. Foote Sweeper Co., Box 2031, Dayton, Ohio.

Any ambitious person may earn \$15 to \$25 weekly during spare time at home, writing for newspapers. Experience or literary ability not required. Field 23,000 papers. Send for particulars. Press Bureau, Dept. E, Washington, D. C.

Men of ideas and inventive ability should write for new "Lists of Needed Inventions," Patent Buyers and "How to Get Your Patent and Your Money." Advice FREE. Randolph & Co., Patent Attorneys, Dept. 38, Washington, D. C.

Every day we find it more difficult to pick real good salesmen. Still we offer the most profitable deal of the season. Where are all the money-makers? We're waiting.

SPECIALTIES SUPPLY CO., 166 Fulton St., N. Y. City.

MOTION PICTURE PLAYS.

LEARN TO WRITE PHOTOPLAYS. Writing motion picture plays offers a new, easy and fascinating way to earn money in your spare time. Play all that is required. Literary training or style not necessary. Easily learned. Great demand. PRODUCERS pay \$25 to \$100 EACH. Our short fascinating course will teach you how to turn your ideas into dollars. Descriptive catalogue free. AUTHORS' MOTION PICTURE SCHOOL, Box 159N, Chicago.

WRITE MOVING PICTURE PLAYS: \$10 to \$100 each; constant demand; devote all or spare time; experience or correspondence course unnecessary. Details free. Atlas Publishing Co., 305 Atlas Bank Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

Make money writing motion picture plays. \$25 to \$100 each. No literary experience necessary. Big demand. Send for FREE illustrated booklet. Tells how. AMERICAN AUTHORS ASS'N, R. 41, No. 1535 Broadway, N. Y.

PATENT ATTORNEYS, PATENTS, ETC.

PATENTS SECURED OR FEE RETURNED SEND sketch for free report as to patentability. GUIDE BOOK WHAT TO INVENT, and List of Inventions Advertised, sent free. \$1,000,000 offered for inventions. Patents patented free in the World's Progress; samples free. Victor J. Evans & Co., Washington, D. C.

PATENTS, TRADE-MARKS AND COPYRIGHTS. Our hand book on patents will be sent free on request. All patents secured through us are described without cost to the Scientific American. JOSEPH B. H. MUNN & CO., Patent Attorneys, 352 Broadway, New York. Washington Office, 625 F Street, Washington, D. C.

IDEAS WANTED—Manufacturers are writing for patents procured through me. 3 books with list 200 inventions wanted sent free. Advice Free. I get patent or no fee.

R. B. OWEN, 57 Owen Bldg., Washington, D. C.

U. S. and FOREIGN PATENTS and TRADE MARKS. Free Book and opinion as to patentability. JOSEPH B. H. POTTS, Patent Lawyer, 8 Dearborn St., Chicago; 920 Chestnut St., Philadelphia; 805 G St., Washington.

POULTRY RAISING.

WRITE your name on a postal for our new 112 page 1914 Book on Poultry Raising. Full of practical helps—how to breed, feed and rear. Tells which breeds lay and pay best—gives plans for poultry houses—how to build brooder out of old piano box, etc. Worth dollars—free for writing. Prairie State Incubator Co., 311 Main St., Homer City, Pa.

SONGS AND MUSIC

Poems and Songs Wanted—We will compose music to your verses, publish, advertise, copyright in your name and pay you 50 per cent of profits if successful. We pay hundreds of dollars a year to amateur writers. Send us your poems or melodies today. Acceptance guaranteed if available. Examination and advice FREE. DUGDALE CO., 748 Dugdale Building, Washington, D. C.

STAMPS AND COINS

\$4.25 each paid for U. S. Eagle Cents dated 1856. Keep all money dated before 1893, and send ten cents at once for New Illustrated Coin Value Book. 427. It may mean your fortune. Clarke & Co., Coin Dealers, Box 144, LeRoy, N. Y.

STORY WRITERS

MAKE money writing short stories. Big pay. Pleasant spare time or regular work for you. Earn good income. Send for free booklet. Tells how. UNITED PRESS SYNDICATE, Dept. RB, San Francisco.

TYPEWRITERS

LARGEST STOCK OF TYPEWRITERS IN AMERICA. Lowest Prices—Easiest Terms—Rented Anywhere—applying Rent on Price. "Visible" Typewriters. Oliviers, Underwoods, etc., or standard Remington, Smith-Premier, etc. Write for catalogue 25.

TYPEWRITER EMPORIUM.

(Established 1892) 34-36 W. Lake St., Chicago, Ill.

TYPEWRITERS—All makes—Agents wanted. Prices from \$5 to \$50. All guaranteed. Free trial allowed. Send for illustrated catalogue. Ribbons 4 for \$1. Carbons \$1 per 100. Harlan Typewriter Ex., Dept. R32, 217 W. 125, New York. TYPEWRITER for \$5.00. Standard make, other bargains if taken quickly. Write for further particulars. Rebuilt machines guaranteed. Supplies at lowest rates. STANDARD TYPEWRITER EXCHANGE, 31 Park Row, N. Y.

Genuine DIAMOND Cut CALIFORNIA PRECIOUS GEMS

Solid Gold Tiffany Setting FREE



Sparkling White Topaz (looks and wears like diamond) Rubies, Peridots, Tourmalines, Aqua Marines, etc. All gems guaranteed genuine—money back if you want it. FREE—book "From the Mine to You" describing many rare and beautiful California gems from \$1 up, and package jeweler's sawdust.

Moqui Gem Co., A311 So. Spring St., Los Angeles, Cal.

The most satisfactory, moderate price SELF-FILLER on the market

(See Illustration)



Merely place ball of clip in hole and press once. Pen fills instantly. 5,000 words with one filling.

The E-Z Self Filler Pen

Handsomely Chased Barrel and Cap, 14 Kt. Gold Pen and Pat. Clip. Price complete.....\$1.50

AGENTS WANTED.

J. G. Ulrich & Co., 27 Thames Street, New York

In writing to advertisers it is of advantage to mention THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE

"One of them politicians—wire-puller. You've went and drawn one at last, aint ye?" Beany pursued.

Mullen angrily jerked down the visor of his cap and began buttoning up his heavy uniform overcoat. Also he thrust his chin forward and sniffed in disgust.

"What are ye talkin' about, Beany?" he demanded. "Who's the politician? Ye mean Lacey, the new felly they've sent us to take Brody's place?"

Beany nodded his head in emphatic affirmation.

"That's the guy, Cap," said he. "I'm onto him, all right, all right. He's a felly with a pull, and a darned strong pull at that. He's a relative of Big Matt Lannon."

Mullen made a burring sound deep down in his big throat. It was indicative, seemingly, of his extreme displeasure.

"How'd ye know?" he demanded.

"Aw, I know, Cap; that oughta be enough," said he with a wise air. "*How* I know aint neither here nor there. It's enough that I'm onto him, aint it? I thought you'd oughta know, so'st ye could handle him accordin'. Them fellys with the pulls now, and such pulls as he's got—"

The burring sound in Mullen's throat suddenly became a wrathful bray.

"He'll get no favors from me—no matter who he is," he roared. "I aint toadyin' to no one—Big Matt Lannon nor anyone else. My record is made by what I *do*, not by how well I stand in with a bunch of graftin' pols. He'll get small favors from me, I say."

Beany looked disturbed. One big hand began fooling with a buckle on his suspenders; the other was scratching the thatch of tow-colored hair under his cap visor.

"Aw, say, Cap; go easy—go easy," he felt called upon to caution. "The boys here—well, they swear by ye, ye know; and them fellys with the pulls—"

"Don't lose no sleep over it," Mullen advised sourly. "They aint goin' to hurt me so'st ye'd notice it much. I'll put my record against all the pulls that ever was."

He shouldered past Schultz and went thumping down the hallway towards the

stairs. But just before he reached them he turned about and faced the man still standing there by the bunk-room door.

"Much obliged to ye all the same, Beany, for puttin' me hep," he acknowledged, and began his heavy descent.

A half-hour later, Beany, still in the bunk-room, heard Mullen coming back, stamping the clinging snow from his feet—for it was a nasty night outside—and wheezing asthmatically as he always did in snowy weather.

Presently the fumes of cigar smoke, drifting out over the transom of the Captain's room, filled the little hallway. That was an omen. Mullen was a very temperate man with the weed save on such occasions as something unseemly was troubling him. Beany could picture him in there in his shirt-sleeves, his desk-chair tilted back, his feet elevated to the blotter, blowing out great clouds of smoke as he scowled up at the dingy ceiling.

"Well, I've put him hep; that's all I can do," said Beany virtuously, as he strolled out to try his hand at cooncan in the lounging-room. "But he wants to watch out. Yep, he wants to watch out!"

It began the very next morning. Mahan and the new man, Lacey, were polishing the nickel and brass work on the big engine and Beany Schultz was doing his trick at the desk beneath the tapper, when Mullen came poking heavily down the stairs. He paused to glare at the two men at work on the engine. Particularly he glared at Lacey. He watched him narrowly in cold and disapproving silence for a minute; then he stepped up to him.

"Ye wont hurt nothin' if ye use a little strength on it, young feller," he snarled, indicating the top of the boiler Lacey was at the moment polishing. "Put in some elbow grease. Go at it as if yer meant it. Here! This way!"

Unceremoniously he grabbed the handful of cotton-waste from Lacey's hand and attacked the shining nickel with vigor.

"Like that—as if ye was a man and not a mincin' old maid," he instructed. "Bein' on a crew like this means work, ye'll find out. Nobody sojers here."

Shirley President Suspenders

For well dressed comfort-lovers

50¢

"Satisfaction or money back"

Be sure "SHIRLEY PRESIDENT" is on buckles
The C. A. Edgarton Mfg. Co., Shirley, Mass.

Every Married Couple

and all who contemplate marriage
SHOULD OWN
this complete informative book

"The Science of a New Life"

By JOHN COWAN, M. D.

Endorsed and recommended by foremost medical and religious critics throughout the U. S. Unfolds the secrets of married happiness, so often revealed too late! No book like it to be had at the price. We can only give a few of the chapter subjects here as this book is not meant for children. (Agents wanted):

Marriage and Its Advantages. Age at Which to Marry. Law of Choice. Love Analysed. Qualities One Should Avoid in Choosing. Anatomy of Reproduction. Amateness. Continence. Children. Genius. Conception. Pregnancy. Confinement. Nursing. How a Happy Married Life is Secured.

Descriptive circular giving full and complete table of contents mailed FREE.



Special Offer

The regular price is \$3.00. In order to introduce this work into as many neighborhoods as possible, we will, for a limited time, send one copy only to any reader of this Magazine, post-paid, upon receipt of \$2.00.

J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Co., 457 Rose Street
New York City

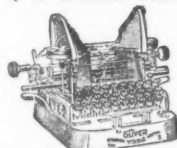


WHITE VALLEY GEMS LOOK LIKE DIAMONDS

Stand acid and fire diamond test. So hard they easily scratch a file and will cut glass. Brilliancy guaranteed 25 years. Mounted in 14k solid gold diamond mountings. See them before buying. Will send you any style ring, pin or stud for examination—all charges prepaid. Money refunded if not satisfactory. Write today for free catalog.

WHITE VALLEY GEM CO., 710 Wulsin Bldg., Indianapolis

\$4 PER MONTH BUYS THIS VISIBLE OLIVER TYPEWRITER



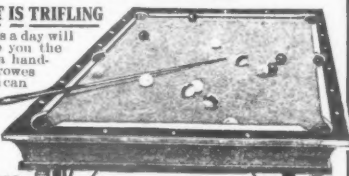
Nothing Down—Free Trial. Less than Agents Prices. Shipped on approval. If you want to keep it, send us \$4 a month. Our booklet is worth sending for because it tells you how to save \$41.50. It's FREE.

TYPEWRITERS DIST. SYNDICATE
166 M-38 N. Michigan Blvd., CHICAGO

PLAY BILLIARDS AT HOME

THE COST IS TRIFLING

A few cents a day will soon make you the owner of a handsome Burrowes Table. You can play on the Table while paying for it.



NO SPECIAL ROOM NEEDED

Burrowes Tables can be mounted on dining or library table or on their own legs or folding stand. Put up or taken down in a minute

\$1.00 DOWN

Terms are very easy—\$1 or more down (depending upon size and style selected), and a small amount each month. Prices from \$15 up.

Cues, Balls, Etc., FREE

BURROWES Billiard and Pool Tables

are splendidly made and correct in every detail. The most expert shots, calling for skill of the highest order, can be executed with the utmost precision. Some of the leading professionals use Burrowes Tables for home practice.

FREE TRIAL—NO RED TAP

On receipt of first installment we will ship Table. Play on it one week. If unsatisfactory return it, and on its receipt we will refund your deposit. This ensures you a free trial. Write today for illustrated catalog giving prices, terms, etc.

E. T. BURROWES CO., 104 Spring St., Portland, Me.

Retailers Must Ask \$45.00 Our Factory Price \$22.50

Choicest quarter-sawn Oak—54 in. top, closed—90 in. extended. A beautiful, massive design. We're manufacturers—not a mail order, wholesale or jobbing house. We make all our furniture—and sell it direct. Save you all the jobbers and dealers profits. It is the famous

MASTER - BUILT FURNITURE

SHIPPED IN SECTIONS. ANYONE CAN PUT IT TOGETHER IN 20 MINUTES

Furniture for every room in the home, club or office. All the finest quality—all sold for half usual retail prices. Write for big free book.

BROOKS MFG. CO.

1002 Rust Ave.

Saginaw, : : Mich.



DINING TABLE
No. 311

CONGRESS GOLD EDGES PLAYING CARDS



50¢ PER PACK

For Social Play

A card party—old friends meet—new friendships formed. Dainty Congress Cards with their beautiful backs add spirit and tone.

Air-Cushion Finish

THE OFFICIAL RULES OF CARD GAMES
Hoyle up-to-date
SEND 15¢ IN STAMPS

ISSUED YEARLY

BICYCLE CLUB INDEXES PLAYING CARDS



25¢ PER PACK

For General Play

Since Bicycle outlasts other cards of equal price and outwear many times those costing slightly less, Bicycle is the logical card to buy.

Ivory or Air-Cushion Finish

THE U. S. PLAYING CARD CO., CINCINNATI, U. S. A.



"That's the guy, Cap. I'm onto him, all right, all right."

"I wa'n't intendin' to sojer," Lacey began mildly enough.

"And don't talk back to *me*," Mullen fairly howled. "I'm captain here and I don't take back talk from nobody. When I'm tellin' ye how to do a thing, ye keep yer mouth shut and listen to what I've got to say to ye. Now go to yer polishin' as if ye meant it!"

He handed back the waste and the little can of polish; and Lacey, reddening somewhat at what seemed to him an unnecessary "bawling-out," went at his work with certain vigorous movements of his arm not wholly free from hints of covert anger.

Mullen stood watching for some minutes longer; then, as there was nothing specific to find fault with, he turned on his heel and went to the stalls in the rear, where one of the department veterinarians was making his weekly inspection.

"Say, Cap," said the veterinarian *sotto voce*, looking up from the big hoof in his hands, "you'd better go a bit easy

with that feller. That's Big Matt Lannon's nephew. He's got the pull, all right."

Again, as in the hallway the previous evening, Mullen's chin thrust forward. Also the cold eyes had something more than a hint of fire in them.

"I know he is," said he imperturbably. "That's why I just went and bawled him out like I done. Them kind you has to get the jump on. I'll show him who's who 'round here."

The other man shrugged his shoulders. It was as if he meant to convey that Mullen knew his own business, but that he, the veterinarian, did not at all approve his method of going about it.

Thereafter Lacey was a marked man with Mullen. He was forever on the outlook for trouble. He kept at Lacey in little things; he hectored him in little ways; he seemed trying in every way to challenge Lacey to do his worst. But aside from a reddening on Lacey's part, a quick biting of his lip at such times, nothing seemed to come of it.

THIS WATERTIGHT RAINCOAT \$4.68

Drape over pail and let water stay over night in the bag the garment forms. We guarantee that no water will leak through this coat.

We make honest raincoats and sell direct from our factory to the wearer. Raincoat shown here is 1914 style and supreme value. Has snap-fitting military collar, belted back, wrist straps, slashed pockets with openings through to trousers or skirt pockets, full sleeves and skirts, thorough ventilation, is warm and roomy. Double texture tan cloth outside, plaid inside, rubber-coated between and vulcanized. All seams stitched, cemented and strapped.

This handsome, guaranteed garment, at \$4.68, postpaid is one of many big values. No extra charge up to 46 inch bust measure. Boys' and Misses' sizes, age 8 to 16. \$4.38 postpaid. Send height, bust and sleeve measurement over your coat or dress, and we will fit you perfectly; and delight you or refund your money instantly. Order direct, or write for catalogue for men, women and children. Cut out the jobber and the retailer, save \$2 to \$6 and deal with a concern whose guarantee is as good as gold. TORPEDO BRAND MFG. CO., Brookline, Mass., Dept. C.



BE A SALESMAN EARN \$1,000 TO \$5,000 A YEAR

We will teach you to be a high grade Salesman in eight weeks by mail and assure you definite propositions from a large number of reliable firms offering opportunities to earn good wages while you are learning. No former experience required. Write today for particulars, large list of good openings and testimonials from hundreds of our students who are now earning \$100 to \$500 a month.

Address nearest office, Dept. 19

National Salesmen's Training Association
Chicago New York Kansas City San Francisco

Do Your Printing!

Cards, circulars, books, newspaper. Press \$5. Larger \$18, Rotary \$40. Save money. Big profit printing for others. All easy, rules sent. Write factory for press catalog, TYPE, cards, paper, outfits, samples. **THE PRESS CO., Meriden, Conn.**

Reduce Your Flesh

LET ME SEND YOU AUTO MASSEUR ON A
40 DAY FREE TRIAL BOTH SEXES

So confident am I that simply wearing it will permanently remove all superfluous flesh that I mail it free, without deposit. When you see your shapeless, speedily returning I know you will buy it. Try it at my expense. Write to-day.
PROF. BURNS 15 West 34th Street
Dept. 3 New York

SAVE 50% ON PRECIOUS GEMS

This Beautiful Turquoise Pin
Best Quality Gold Filled Mounting **\$100**

From our own mine

Absolutely Guaranteed

Get this pin or send for our **FREE BOOK** "From the Mine To You," fully describing our many California gems in gold filled and solid gold settings from \$1 up. Money back if you want it. Package Jeweler's sundries **FREE**.

MOQUI GEM CO., 311 So. Spring St., Los Angeles, Cal.



Beauty Box FREE

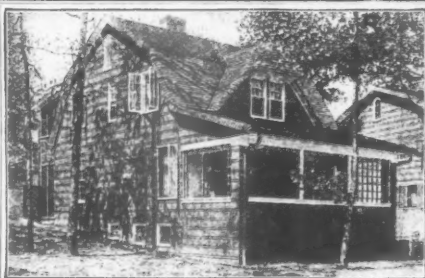
WE want a million more women to know how correct and delightful are Marinello Complexion Beautifiers. Consequently we make this most liberal offer.

Here's a dainty miniature selection of our DeLuxe Preparations. These Creams, Powders and Soaps are the finest obtainable in this country. Over 1100 shops sell and recommend them. Over 2000 Cosmetics use them. They are the delight of many thousands of fastidious ladies. The splendid Motor Cream protects the skin against wind and weather. Luscious Cleansing Cream is called "the world's best face cream." Marinello Soap is daintily scented, delightful for face and hands. Marinello Powder is the softest, most delicately shaded face powder chemists can produce.

The "Beauty Book" is free with the Beauty Box. It gives pages of the Marinello secrets of caring for the complexion, hands and hair. Send one dime and a two cent stamp to help pay postage and packing.

The Marinello Company, Dept. 37 Mellers Bldg., Chicago, Illinois

In writing to advertisers it is of advantage to mention THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE



Stained with Cabot's Creosote Stains,
William Leslie Welton, Architect, Birmingham, Ala.

Artistic Bungalow Colors

A bungalow *must* be stained—paint takes it out of the bungalow class at once. The soft, rich colors of

Cabot's Creosote Stains

harmonize perfectly with the bungalow atmosphere, and complete the artistic, homelike quality that is making the bungalow the ideal country and suburban residence. Stain them all over, roof and sides. It costs only half as much as paint, is easier to apply, and the Creosote thoroughly preserves the wood from decay.

You can get Cabot's Stains all over the country.
Send for samples on wood and name of nearest agent.

SAMUEL CABOT, Inc., Mfg. Chemists, 18 Oliver St., Boston, Mass.
22 W. Kinzie St. Chicago.

LABLACHE FACE POWDER

APPROACHING SPRING

finds clear and beautiful the complexion that has been freshened and softened by LABLACHE.

It safeguards the skin from marinating touch of winter winds and from the fatigue-effects of the waning social season. LABLACHE is the face powder unexcelled. Pure and harmless.

Refuse Substitutes

They may be dangerous. Fleish, White, Pink or Cream, 50c a box of druggists or by mail. Over two million boxes sold annually. Send 10c. for a sample box.

BEN. LEVY CO.
French Perfumers, Dept. 8
125 Kingston St., Boston, Mass.



Mullen was a "smoke-eater," a grizzled veteran in the department, a strict disciplinarian and a fighter from the drop of the hat. Those were the things he prided himself on; that he was no diplomat, no puller of wires, was an equal source of pride to him. These were the things he was trying to impress upon Lacey; and Lacey, being a man of somewhat more than ordinary insight and intelligence, figured out the situation, grinned to himself and let it go at that. He thought he understood it perfectly, and, moreover, he was fair enough in his judgment of men to find a plausible excuse for the gruff old captain's attitude.

But Beany Schultz beheld proceedings with many a shake of his tow head and many a misgiving qualm. Beany had an immense respect for the powers that be and those who stood in any way close to them.

"Mark my words," said he to Johnny Mahan, "the old man's goin' it wrong wit' the new felly. That guy's got an awful pull, he has; why, he's Big Matt Lannon's own nephew. His mother is Big Matt's sister. Let Cap keep on like he's goin' and where'll he git off—huh? He's gittin' in bad, I tell ye; worse and worse every blessed day. He hadn't oughta be doin' like he does. These fellys wit' the pulls, now—"

And Beany would shake his head and drift into all sorts of doleful prophecies.

The climax came the night of the bakery fire. It wasn't much of a fire—just an ordinary one-alarm blaze. Some careless baker had dropped a cigarette butt in the mixing-room at Slattery's baking plant, and when 64 got there, coupled on and took in its line, a merry little blaze was going in one end of the room.

Kiley, Mahan and Lacey were holding the nozzle, with Mullen standing hard-by directing the stream, when a hot-air explosion blew out the windows of a little closet-like moulding-room in the midst of the flames. There was a great tinkle of glass, a rather formidable roar, a fierce spurt of smoke and flame and dust. Any seasoned fireman has seen a thousand such; but it was new to Lacey. He dropped his hold on the nozzle

and staggered back. The other men laughed, remembering their own first experience of such things.

Lacey, to do him justice, had only retreated six feet or so, when he realized from the laughter of the men, that the thing was not serious. He had turned about and was starting back for his place at the nozzle, when Mullen jumped for him.

He caught Lacey by the upturned collar of his rubber coat; he shook him as a terrier would a rat.

"Get back there, ye white-livered pup," he bellowed. "Didn't ye never see a winder blown out before? Git back! Yer fightin' fire now—not pullin' wires!"

Lacey's face went sickly green. He tried to speak, but that fierce grip on his collar had choked off his wind. Mullen gave him a final shake and let go.

Lacey coughed, choked and straightened up.

"There wa'n't no need—" he began angrily, half under his breath.

"What? I gotta tell ye again?" bawled Mullen. "Git back to that nozzle!"

Deliberately he lifted his right foot and landed a vicious kick on the man before him.

Lacey spun about; his two fists clenched tight; his eyes blazed; he took a deep intake of breath. It seemed for a moment as if he were about to spring at Mullen's throat. Then he turned slowly, without a word, and took his place at the nozzle. The other men did not look at him. He was thankful to them for the way they kept their eyes on the fire ahead of them. It was as if they had neither seen nor heard what had taken place.

When the brief blaze was drowned out and they were going back to quarters, Beany Schultz, standing on the hot ashpan beside Captain Mullen, looked thoughtfully back at the hose-tender trailing them.

The men on the tender were laughing and chatting—all save Lacey, who, perched on a pile of hose, was looking fixedly at the passing street lights. Beany kept his eyes for some minutes on that dour figure perched on the pile of hose. At last he turned to Mullen.

\$130 The Greatest Motor Boat For The Money Ever Built

MULLINS 16 foot special steel launch affords the pleasures of motor boating, and provides a safe, seaworthy, dependable motor boat, with graceful lines and beautiful finish—**Absolutely Guaranteed Against Puncture**—Safe as a life boat, with air chambers concealed beneath decks in bow and stern—Can't warp, split, dry out or rot—No seams to calk—No cracks to leak.

MULLINS \$130 Special Launch is equipped with 2-Cycle, 3-H. P. Ferro engines, that can't stall—Speed 8 1/2 to 9 miles an hour—One man control—Fitted with **MULLINS** silent under-water exhaust.

This 16 footer seats 8 people comfortably—has 4 foot beam and 11 foot 4 inch cockpit—Possitively the greatest launch value ever offered. Write today for beautifully illustrated motor boat catalog, containing full particulars.

THE W. H. MULLINS COMPANY
101 Franklin St. Salem, Ohio, U. S. A.
THE WORLD'S LARGEST BOAT BUILDERS

MULLINS STEEL BOATS CAN'T SINK

Taxidermy
book
FREE.



Mount Beautiful Birds

Be a Taxidermist. Mount your own trophies, such as birds and animals. Decorate your home or make money mounting for others. Taxidermists in great demand and handsomely paid. Success guaranteed or no tuition. Great book "How to Mount Birds and Animals" sent Free. Men and women write today. A. W. School of Taxidermy, 1189 Alwood Bldg., Omaha, Neb.

We Ship on Approval



Without a cent deposit, prepay the freight and allow **10 DAYS FREE TRIAL** on every bicycle. **IT ONLY COSTS** one cent to learn our unheard of prices and marvelous offers on highest grade **201** models. **FACTORY PRICES** Do not buy a bicycle or a pair of tires from anyone at any price until you write for our new **Low Price Art Catalog** and learn our wonderful proposition on the first sample bicycle going to your town.

RIDER AGENTS everywhere are making big money exhibiting and selling our bicycles. We sell cheaper than any other factory. **TIRES, Coaster-Drake rear wheels, lamps, repairs and sundries at half usual prices. Do Not Wait; write today for our latest special offer on "Ranger" bicycle.**
MEAD CYCLE CO. Dept. L14 CHICAGO

REDUCE YOUR FLESH



Wear my famous Medicated Rubber Garments a few hours a day while walking or exercising and your superfluous flesh will positively disappear.

Dr. Jeanne Walter's

Rubber Garments
for Men and Women

Cover the entire body or any part. The safe and quick way to reduce by perspiration. Endorsed by leading physicians. Rubber Wrinkle eradicant and Chin reducer.

Neck and Chin Reducers • \$3.00
Chin only • \$2.00

Also Union Suits, Stockings, Jackets, etc., for the purpose of reducing the flesh anywhere desired. Invaluable to those suffering from rheumatism.

Special Rubber Bust Reducer, \$5.00 Rubber Elastic Webbing "Sit-Overs" \$6.00
As sold at once for further particulars.

Dr. JEANNE WALTER, Dept. R. 45 West 34th St., NEW YORK

Philadelphia Representative: MRS. KAMMERER, 1029 Walnut St.
San Francisco Representative: ADELE MILLAR CO., 166 Geary St.
Chicago Representative: E. BURNHAM, 128 North State St.



She will be almost as glad to get acquainted with

Vera Sweet

as she was with you.

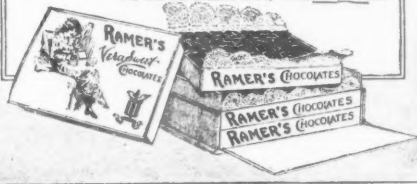
This Charming Chocolate Confection makes new friends quicker than a politician!

With her wonderfully luscious flavors, her winning purity and freshness she fascinates jaded palates and enchants those who appreciate good candy.

Vera Sweet is a delicious box of rich, pure chocolates whose centers are as full of surprises as a woman's logic.

Get acquainted with Vera Sweet. You will find her at your confectioners or at the corner drug store. If you can't locate her, send us \$1 and we'll parcel post you a large size box and tell you where to find her. Anyway write us for "The Sweetest Story Ever Told." Sent for the asking.

A. M. RAMER CO., Winona, Minn.



Why Not Be A Nurse?



If you wish to become an up-to-date nurse and earn \$12 to \$30 a week, we offer you advantages not given by any other school; the oldest school; lowest cost; home study; five courses from which to choose; you start any time; experienced instructors; diploma recognized by best doctors; **NO MORE STUDENTS ENROLLED THAN CAN BE PROPERLY TRAINED.** Beginners, practical nurses and hospital graduates accepted. You are entitled to the best. Write-to-day for booklet telling all about nursing, sent free

Chicago School of Nursing, 1206-21 E. Van Buren St., Chicago

36270 \$150 36034 \$45.00 36030 \$25 36184 \$100

20% = 10% DOWN MONTHLY

DIAMONDS ON CREDIT

SAVE money on your diamonds, watches and jewelry by buying from our new Catalogue de luxe, which explains our easy payment system. We are Importers and guarantee you every advantage in price and quality. **20% DOWN and 10% MONTHLY.** Guarantee certificate with each diamond. Full credit allowed on exchange. Transactions strictly confidential. Write today for Catalogue Numbers.

L. W. SWEET & CO., 2 and 4 MAIDEN LANE NEW YORK CITY

36043 \$100 36055 \$300 36211 \$90 36080 \$100

36254 \$50 36226 \$25 36071 \$55

"Ye kicked him to-night, I hear," said he.

"Who told ye?" asked Mullen.

Beany, being the engineer, had been outside in the street, of course.

"Mahan."

There was silence for a good block. Then Beany gave the bell rope a few vigorous yanks as they turned the corner into their own street.

"He'll git ye for that, I'm afraid, Cap," said Beany. "He aint said nothin' so fur, but he's been keepin' up a devil of a thinkin'. These fellys with the pulls—"

"Aw, watch and see how much he does!" sneered Mullen, but there was not quite the bravado in his tones he had intended.

The next day was Lacey's day off. At half-past six that night Beany

Schultz tumbled up the stairs of 64's house, and banged vigorously on Mullen's door.

"Say," said Beany. "I just been out to supper. When you go out, Cap, take a look into Essler's—third table from the Oliver Street door. I told ye to go easy wit' Lacey. Ye jest look in there at the table I speak of, when ye go out."

Ten minutes later Mullen was looking through the Oliver Street windows of Essler's restaurant. Lacey sat at the table Beany Schultz had designated. He was talking with a stout, red-faced man, with a glistening bald head and a livid scar on his left cheek. Mullen grunted wheezingly under his breath. The man with Lacey was none other than Big Matt Lannon.

So many men come into the department the reputed protégées or relatives of the powers that be, and so many of



The man with Lacey was none other than Big Matt Lannon.

**\$8,000 to \$10,000
YEARLY**



Make Money Out of Others' Fun

Pleasing the Public Pays Big Profits and owners of our famous attractions frequently make from \$8,000 to \$10,000 every year. We make everything in the Riding Gallery line from a hand-power Merry-Go-Round to the highest grade Carouselles. Bring in hundreds of dollars daily. It is a delightful, attractive, big-paying, healthful business. Just the thing for the man who can't stand in-door work, or is not fit for heavy work.

Just the business for the man who has some money and wants to invest it to the best advantage. Our goods are the finest appearing, easiest running, and most attractive line manufactured. They are simple in construction and require no special knowledge to operate. If you want to get into a money-making business write today for catalogue and particulars.

HERSHELL-SPILLMAN CO.
Park Amusement Outfitters
385 Sweeney Street, N. Tonawanda, N. Y., U. S. A.

12 Art Panels 50c



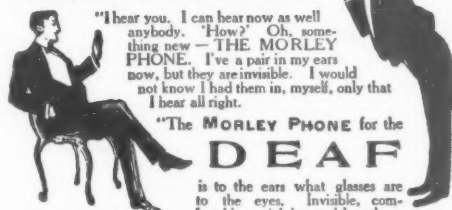
Beautiful Duo Tint Reproductions of Famous Paintings
PANEL SIZE 7x10

These pictures are real scenes—the most exquisite portraits of "Woman Beautiful" ever shown in one collection. We send a full set of 12 in handsome Art Portfolio, packed flat and safe, delivery guaranteed, together with life-size miniatures of many other beautiful and carefully selected pictures for only 50c coin, money order or U.S. stamps. Send at once. Money back if not satisfied. Or send \$1.25 for same set hand-colored.

Florentine Art Co.
Dept. E 2, 611 Schiller Bldg.,
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

FREE—Order Panels at once and we will include FREE a beautiful den picture in color.

"DON'T SHOUT"



"I hear you. I can hear now as well anybody. 'How?' Oh, something new — THE MORLEY PHONE. I've a pair in my ears now, but they are invisible. I would not know I had them in, myself, only that I hear all right."

"The MORLEY PHONE for the

DEAF

is to the ears what glasses are to the eyes. Invisible, comfortable, weightless and harmless. Anyone can adjust it."

Price, \$5, complete
Over one hundred thousand sold. Write for booklet and testimonials.
THE MORLEY CO., Dept. 778, Perry Bldg., Phila.

**\$1200
IN COLD CASH
Made, Paid, Banked in 30 Days,
by Stoneman—\$15,000 To Date**

Reader, this offer is open to you—this money—the cold cash—can be yours. You and you alone, by waiting too long, can lose it. Investigate today—get the proof. Send your name and address—but NO MONEY—this very minute.

**\$1000.00
PER MAN
PER COUNTY**



Don't worry—don't find excuses—no experience is necessary—business supplies the capital. You don't have to wait a month—not even a week—payments can start the first day and continue daily up to \$1000.00 per month, per county. For years we have been quietly picking men from all walks of life, ministers, clerks, farmers, preachers, doctors, lawyers, teachers and so on—enabling them with our co-operation and \$50,000.00 appropriation to get what we here offer and can do for you—\$1000.00 per man, per county. Some of these men you may know—possibly have envied without understanding the reason of their prosperity.

INVESTIGATE

AND BE AMAZED Demand absolute proof—accept no other kind. Either we have the best thing that ever happened or we're colossal liars. Ask Schleicher, minister, whether it's true that he received

**\$195 TWELVE HOURS
AFTER APPOINTMENT**

Langley, Everyman, \$115 first day; Resp. agent, \$1685 in 78 days; Beem, solicitor, \$161.25 weekly for 12 weeks; Korstad, farmer, \$2212 in a few weeks; Zimmerman, farmer, \$3956 in 30 days; Juell, clerk, \$6800; Hart, farmer, \$5000; Wilson, cashier, \$3000 in 30 days. Let us refer you to these men, to the U. S. Government, to banks, business houses, noted people at home and abroad. Heed this caution from Chas. Starr, of Mich., who writes, "Sorry this field is closed. Should have acted sooner but was skeptical. Your local man's great success has set everybody talking and proves I was a chump. Wonderful what a man can do with a real opportunity." Then read this from Lodewick who acted quickly: "Lucky I answered ad. It's great. Money coming fast." Which will you be, Starr, a victim of "neglected opportunities," or Lodewick, the "early bird"? To escape Starr's fate, send your postal this very minute—

**SPEND ONE CENT TO
MAKE THOUSANDS**

Strange invention startles world. Gives every home that long desired blessing a modern bath-room with hot and cold running water facilities for only \$6.50. No plumbing.—No water-works—self-heating. Only ten minutes to install. Gives cleansing plus friction, massage and shower baths in any room. Equivalent to any \$200 bath-room. Over 200,000 delighted users. Used by U. S. Government.

More remarkable than this invention is our startling plan of universal distribution through special representatives who become virtually profit sharing partners in a business that's immense—exciting—fascinating—dignified—and above all has enabled them, will enable you, to get \$1000.00 per month, per county. Asking to be shown doesn't obligate you one bit. Investigate today by all means.

ALLEN MFG. CO.
3845 Allen Bldg., Toledo, O.

them prove after all to be nothing of the sort, that Mullen had begun to doubt the authenticity of the many claims that had been made for Lacey. Indeed, he had begun in his own mind to put Lacey down as another of those false-alarms. But, even now that he realized what had been said about Lacey was probably correct, he was glad he had treated the man no differently than he had. Indeed, at the moment, watching the pair through Essler's windows, Mullen felt he had erred on the side of leniency. If there was anything in the world he hated it was a wire-puller. His simple creed was a man's creed—the survival of the fittest by that eminent right and no other. Those who flourished by toadying and the like he had no use for. What a man could do, not with whom that man might know, was the standard of his judgment.

And Lacey, it would seem, was really some relative of Big Matt's, or at least he knew him very well. A man had to know Big Matt extremely well to sit with him in this intimate fashion at a table at Essler's.

"The little hound—the little sneak-in' hound!" Mullen gurgled as he turned angrily away. "Maybe he's tryin' to put one over on me for the kick I landed on him. I wish to God I'd made it a harder one. I didn't half do it. I'd like the chance again."

He ate but little for his own supper, and that, rest assured, was not at Essler's. And far into the night the little hallway at quarters was filled with the fumes of his cigar smoke.

At noon the following day the blow fell. Mullen, reading over a batch of orders from headquarters, came upon the following:

Transfers—Mullen, Capt. Thomas H., incumbent captain of Engine Company 64, to be transferred to Engine Company 87, to take effect Feb. 1.

Horsmann, Capt. Emil D. J., incumbent captain of Engine Company 87—

Mullen read no farther. He sat up, every nerve in his big body a-quiver with

indignation. Transferred to 87—87, a notoriously dead district in the far suburbs. This thing had happened to him. Thomas Mullen, with thirty years' service behind him—happened at the instigation of a little, scrawny, no-account pop-squirt, who happened to be Big Matt Lannon's nephew.

Mullen suddenly saw red. He jumped out of his chair, his two hands clutching the air as if they were closing on a certain neck he longed to have in their horny grasp. Thirty years of faithful service, and an insignificant pie-faced wire-puller had done this to him!

Below stairs he heard Mahan's voice at the trick desk, calling: "Lacey! Hey, Lacey! Telephone!"

He heard Lacey coming out of the lounging-room, shouting down to Mahan as he came.

He had a vast mind to go out and break him then and there—break him with his bare hands and take the consequences, to show them all what they'd get when they tried wire-pulling on him!

Then he was aware that 684 was clanging on the taper. It was the second alarm, too. The horses had been stamping and pawing their places at the engine and the hose-tender for some few minutes—ever since the first alarm.

He rushed down the hallway and went down the pole with a thud onto the rubber mat. He was standing beside Beany on the ash-pan; they were tearing through the winter streets. He realized these things but dimly, as a sort of secondary working of his harassed mind. The main thing was that he was transferred—transferred to such a dead hole as 87, away out in Edgemont, and it had been brought about by a low-lived, hatchet-faced—

A wool warehouse was going up merrily in smoke down by the South Point Channel. Above the third floor, it was a mass of flame and belching smoke as 64 tore up. A third and a fourth alarm had gone in since they left quarters. Apparatus was clanging in from every direction; one of the fire-boats, its siren screaming wildly, was bumping and smashing through the draw of the South Point Channel bridge.

Be Sure to Read the Wonderful Novel of Adventure in the Northland

By Harold Bindloss

entitled

"FOR THE ALLINSON HONOR"

and 20 other stories in the February issue of

THE BLUE BOOK MAGAZINE

Price 15 Cents

On Sale at all News Stands

**Make this car
your office—**

there is \$900.00 to \$1800.00
a year in it for you.

Examinations will likely be announced
everywhere January 15th.

Rapid advancement to higher Government Positions. "No lay-off" because of STRIKES, FINANCIAL FLURRIES or the WHIMS OF SOME PETTY BOSS. THE POSITION IS YOURS FOR LIFE.

Country residents and city residents stand the same chance for immediate appointment. Common-sense education sufficient. Political influence NOT REQUIRED.

We will prepare 25 Write immediately for schedule showing the places and dates of the SPRING examinations. Don't delay, candidates **FREE!** Every day you lose means the loss of just so much coaching before the rapidly approaching examinations.

FRANKLIN INSTITUTE, Dept. C-128, Rochester, N. Y.



Hundreds of Parcels Post Railway Mail Clerks needed NOW!

Franklin Institute, (The pathway to plenty), Dept. C-128, Rochester, N. Y.

The coupon, filled out as directed, entitles the sender to free specimen questions; a free copy of our book, "Government Positions and How to Obtain Them," a list of positions available, and to consideration for Free Coaching for the examination here checked.

COUPON

... Railway Mail Clerk (\$900 to \$1400) ... Customs Positions (\$800 to \$1500)
... Bookkeeper (\$900 to \$1400) ... Stenographer (\$800 to \$1500)
... Postoffice Clerk (\$800 to \$1200) ... Internal Revenue (\$700 to \$1800)
... Postoffice Carrier (\$800 to \$1200) ... Clerk in the Departments
... Rural Mail Carrier (\$800 to \$1100) at Washington (\$800 to \$1500)
... Canadian Government Positions

Name..... Address.....
Use this before you lose it. Write plainly. C128

In writing to advertisers it is of advantage to mention THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE

A district chief ran up to Mullen.

"Get in on the second floor, Mul," he yelled. "It's tryin' to back down the elevator shaft. Don't let it!"

They unlimbered their hose, coupled on and swarmed into the building, dragging the hose after them. Mullen found the elevator shaft, its metal covered doors already bulging and warping with the heat and sending out unholy odors.

Choking smoke swirled in on them; hot rushes of air singed their faces.

Then the hose swelled out like a giant vein. Their stream hissed and sizzled on the hot metal doors.

"Steady! Little lower, boys! Those doors are going in a minute! Give her the dickens when they do! Don't let it back in here!"

There was a creaking, a snapping, a mighty roar. Down went the doors and out swirled a rush of living flame, almost into their very faces. Such veterans as Mahan and Kiley and Hogue were driven back.

"Steady! Hold it! Hold it!" bellowed Mullen, jumping forward himself to seize and steady the nozzle. "Where's a man among ye? Grab it here with me! Get onto it, I say! Yep, *you*!" he ended with a great roar as he saw Lacey close beside him.

The flames shot out of the shaft, licking along the floor and the rafters.

"Git out, the rest of you!" bellowed Mullen. "Bring up another line. Get—you hear!"

The men stumbled out. The wooden posts supporting the rafters were blazing all about them.

"Down!" ordered Mullen to the man on the nozzle with him. "Reverse your helmet! Get close to the floor! Now—a little higher and to the left—into the shaft—that's it!"

The floor all about the shaft was crackling with leaping flames. It ran along the far side of the room. Piles of wool flared up like torches. Lacey looked with agonized face towards the stairs, from which they now seemed in a fair way to be cut off.

Mullen noted that backward glance.

"Yah," he gloated. "Run! That's all yer good for! Run! This aint so easy as

wire-pullin', is it? Why don't ye run? I can hold this nozzle alone by layin' down across it, I've done it before. Run, you thin-bellied politician!"

Lacey gripped the nozzle harder.

"I'll stay as long as you do," he said quietly.

"Then you'll stay some time yet," Mullen grunted.

"And that'll be all right, too," said Lacey between set teeth as he flattened his nose to the floor for a bit of cooler air.

"Whyn't ye go on out?" Mullen taunted. "I aint orderin' ye to stay here now."

"I'll stay as long as you do. When you go, I'll go!"

The rush of flames from the shaft was fiercer and hotter. Lacey felt his eyebrows going, and his hair singeing beneath his helmet.

"Cap!" he choked.

"Well?"

"The stairs are all afire; I guess we've got ours."

"Afraid?"

"No. Only, if anything should happen—if anything should happen, there's something I want you to know. I know what you think of me, and why you've acted like you have. I don't blame you. I *am* Big Matt's nephew. My mother's his sister, like they say. I have got pull with him, but I aint never used it only once. That was yesterday."

He paused. Mullen felt Lacey's hold weakening. He threw his big frame across the nozzle.

"I heard yesterday while I was on my day off that you was goin' to be transferred to 87—age, or somethin' like that. was the excuse they gave. I—I've just been waitin' to prove to you that I aint no wire-puller. I wanted you to see it yourself. But I pulled wires last night, all right. I was pullin' 'em with Big Matt when you see me with him at that table into Essler's. I got him to get that order transferrin' you to 87 rescinded. He's done it. He 'phoned me so just before we 'rolled' this afternoon. You'll probably find notification to that effect when you get back to the house—if you ever do," he ended.



Club Cocktails

NO one on earth can mix two cocktails equally well by guess-work. The whole charm of a cocktail is in the smoothness that comes from accurate blending and aging.

That is why Club Cocktails are always fine and smooth—mixed to measure—of the best liquors—then aged in wood. Get your favorite kind at your dealer's.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BROTHER
New York Hartford London

SEASICKNESS AND TRAINSICKNESS

A Preventative & Curative

Be Happy
And Well
While
Traveling



Mothersill's Seasick Remedy

Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Refunded.

Officially adopted by Steamship Companies on both fresh and salt water—endorsed by highest authorities—and used by travelers the world over. Contains no cocaine, morphine, opium, chloral, coal tar products, or their derivatives.

Sold by leading druggists. 50c box enough for 24 hours. \$1.00 box for ocean voyage.

The One Dependable Preventative of Nausea.

A copy of Mothersill's Travel Book sent by request, without charge.

MOTHERSILL REMEDY CO., Detroit, Mich.

Also at 19 St. Bride Street, London; Montreal, New York, Paris, Milan, Hamburg.

It Keeps After Opening



A tempting
relish having the
true tomato taste

BLUE LABEL KETCHUP

Vine ripened tomatoes, from selected seed, grown under our personal supervision, carefully handled in sanitary kitchens, same day as picked; cooked but lightly so that the natural flavor is retained; seasoned delicately with pure spices; placed in sterilized bottles—this is Blue Label Ketchup.

Contains only those ingredients
Recognized and Endorsed
by the U. S. Government

Our other products, Soups, Jams, Jellies, Preserves, Meats, Canned Fruits and Vegetables, you will find equally as pleasing as Blue Label Ketchup.

"Original Menu" is an interesting booklet, full of suggestions for the hostess and busy housewife. Write for it today, giving your grocery name and mentioning this magazine.

Curtis Brothers Co.
Rochester, N. Y.



Mullen jumped up from the hose, leaving it to thrash around dangerously.

"What'd ye do that for?" he shouted above the crackle of the flames.

Lacey looked almost shamefaced.

"I guess it was because I liked you, Cap." he said. "I liked you because you was a straight-out smoke-eater and no mixer in politics; because, when you took me for a wire-puller, you rubbed it into me good and plenty. When I come into the department I made up my mind I was goin' to make good on my own hook and not because Big Matt Lannon happened to be my uncle. Darn it all, I couldn't help but admire a man like you that wouldn't smile at me and try toadyin' with me—like they done in the other houses. That's why."

Mullen leaped forward with an oath. "Why hadn't you told me all this before and saved us both a devil of a singein'?" he cried. "Come on now!"

He pulled off his rubber coat, and before the younger man could protest, he found it about his head. He was dragged forward in a powerful grip. A window was smashed out. Mullen's great voice



was roaring into the streets:

"Hey, you! Hey, you! Quick, up here! A ladder!"

Lacey sat on the side step of a ladder-truck. His eyebrows were gone. His face was blackened and peeling. Beany Schultz, putting coal into the fire-box of his engine, looked across at him and then turned to Captain Mullen with a grin.

Mullen too was a sight for gods and man. His hair and mustache were gone; his blackened face was beginning to swell and puff. He was lav-

ing it copiously at a spurting break in the hose.

"Ye sure got back at him a little bit—just a *little* bit," Beany chuckled. "That was some singein' you managed to give him—*some* singein'."

Mullen lifted that blackened face. Out of it shone two baleful, bloodshot eyes.

"Shut up!" he said so fiercely that Beany drew back a step or two. "That's one fine lad over there—one fine nervy lad, with the makin' of a better smoke-eater in him than you ever dreamed of bein', and ye'll do well to remember it. ye fat-headed trouble-monger!"



The STRENGTH of TEN

By WILLIAM H. HAMBY

THE pupils had scattered that Friday afternoon; and their quarreling and laughter and shouts and "who-ah-who-ah-who's" came but faintly up the steep hill sides, for the Crow's Nest school was set high on a hill deep in the Ozark mountains.

But I still sat at my rough board desk

surveying the débris of the day's work. The floor was littered with bits of paper; a gnawed apple lay in one corner where it had rolled from Tommy Burns' desk; stupid Sally Jones had left her dinner basket—with the lid off; impudent Minnie Ames' books were helter skelter over her desk; Bud Jones' arithmetic, with the edges dog-eared, lay sprawling face

EVERY magazine in the United States

has been looking forward to the completion of Elinor Glyn's new novel. From Europe had come persistent reports, resulting from the enthusiasm of literary judges who had seen the story in its formative stages, that it was far and away the best thing the brilliant authoress had ever done. The novel was completed and the competition for the right to its serial publication began.

Result:

The Red Book Magazine
prints in this issue the first installment of the story.

☪ Which demonstrates again that *The Red Book Magazine* seeks the greatest of the world's writers, and that

☪ When their work comes up to *The Red Book Magazine's* editorial standard, it is bought, no matter what the cost.

down on the floor by his seat...and back under the last seat in the second row I could see a dark stain of tobacco juice—the work of Buck Gilbert.

My resentment centered on Buck Gilbert. Buck was a year older than his teacher, weighed a hundred and seventy, had thick lips and neck, shifty eyes, didn't care a rabbit for the fifth reader, and would rather torture a cat any day than work a problem in long division. He was an uncouth, ignorant bully from the ground up, and for days I had seen there must be a settlement between him and me. This Friday afternoon while I listened to the diminishing racket of the departing pupils down the hillside, I found myself wickedly wishing somebody would hit Buck in the head with a rock.

I was young—painfully young—and this was the end of the first month of my first school. And I felt it was the end of everything, for I had utterly failed.

There was a light step and I looked up. A girl stood in the doorway—a girl of fifteen—but in the mountains they develop early, and she was almost a young woman.

"I forgot my algebra," she said a little out of breath. She was very fair, but there was a slight flush on her cheeks as from running. It was Eudora Collis, the one eager, brilliant pupil I had found in this murky wilderness of unresponsiveness. There was no class in algebra, but as she had finished "Ray's Third Part" arithmetic, I had offered to hear her recite during the noon intermissions.

She went to her desk and picked out the algebra from the neat, orderly array of a dozen text books. Her hair was light, soft brown, her lashes long and dark. And, as not unfrequently seen among the poor mountaineers, the girl's hands were small and beautifully shaped, and every line was an incarnation of grace and natural refinement.

"Professor," she said, looking at the algebra instead of me, "I got that problem I was working on yesterday."

"Good for you, Eudora," I said, for it was a hard one.

"I—I think," she said shyly, "this is the best month's school we ever had." And she was gone.

After I locked the school-house door I stood for a moment on the steps. The hills, faintly tinged by the first touch of October, were soft and radiant in the afternoon sun. All was not lost. If only one pupil caught the spirit of aspiration, and found the way, which I sought for myself—the way into the upper fields of knowledge and achievements, then my work was not in vain. I was much comforted as I went leisurely down the woods path to the valley road.

The valley road passed the Collis farm, the best in the district. Their possessions were meager enough, a four-room frame house, an orchard, and eighty acres of fairly good land. But everything was neat and there were flowers in the yard, and a buggy in a shed. But in that primitive settlement of one-room log cabins, and twenty-acre hillside patches of rocky soil, Collis was considered well-to-do.

As I passed, Eudora was in the orchard helping her father and younger brother gather apples, and she laughingly threw one to me over the fence.

A half mile below where my road left the valley and turned along the foot of a ridge, it passed a cabin made of unhewn logs, chinked and daubed with mud. At one end of the cabin was a stick-and-dirt chimney. In the dusty yard there was not a sprig of grass. A few lazy, sickly looking hens fluffed their feathers in the dust, and two hounds slept in the sun. To one side was an ash-hopper, and scattered about were rusty plows, broken bottles, and loose boards. Back and east of the house a rocky little field climbed the side of the steep hill. There were six or seven acres of corn—the entire crop—and few ears were on the stalks.

This was Gilbert's place, the home of Buck Gilbert. A youth was cutting corn in the field. He swung the corn knife until his arm was full, then carried the stalks to the shock.

Buck was not in the field—not he! This lad was Buck's half brother, Curtis Gilbert. He was perhaps sixteen or seventeen, slender, almost frail. I had seen him often in the field as I passed, but never near enough to speak to him. As far as I could see he did all the work, as

Tee Up! Smoke Up!

AS SATISFYING as the sounding smack of the perfect drive, is the open-air relish of the perfect smoke—Tuxedo. Both go together, too. When you grab your bag and start for the links, grab up your tin of Tuxedo and take it along.

"Follow through" the snappy afternoon with Tuxedo. Put Tuxedo in your pipe and you will "put" the best. And at "the nineteenth hole" rest up and relax with a good, solid smoke of Tuxedo. That's the advice of good golfers everywhere.

Tuxedo

The Perfect Tobacco for Pipe and Cigarette

It's worth your while to try Tuxedo. Especially if a sensitive tongue prevents pipe smoking.

Tuxedo positively *cannot bite*—not even if you smoke pipeful after pipeful, as many as you can crowd into a day or a week.

Tuxedo is made of only the finest, choicest, selected leaves of perfectly aged Burley tobacco. It is made by the original "Tuxedo Process" which removes *every trace of bite and sting* and develops all the wonderful mildness, fragrance and flavor of the Burley Leaf in a way that no other brand of tobacco has ever successfully imitated.

YOU CAN BUY TUXEDO EVERYWHERE

Convenient pouch, inner-lined with moisture-proof paper . . . 5c Famous green tin with gold lettering, curved to fit pocket 10c

In Glass Humidors, 50c and 90c



J. T. McDERMOTT
National Open Champion 1911 to 1913

"Pipe smoking gives added pleasure to a golfer when the pipe is filled with Tuxedo. Tuxedo provides more keen enjoyment than any other tobacco I know."

J. T. McDermott



ALEX CAMPBELL
Country Club, Brookline, Mass.

"I am always glad to speak a good word for Tuxedo tobacco. Constant use of it only serves to make it better liked. Its fragrant, soothing flavor makes it the choice of many golfers."

Alex Campbell



ALEX ROSS
National Open Champion, 1907, says:

"Tuxedo, cool and mild, is essentially the smoke that satisfies. Many of my fellow golfers agree with me in giving preference to Tuxedo."

Alexander Ross

neither Buck nor his father, Dan Gilbert, a slouching, worthless hill-billy, often appeared in the field.

The youth saw me coming, stopped and looked around, dropped his corn knife and went to a shock of corn and took up something which looked like a book. He glanced again toward me as though wistful but afraid. I was wondering what he wanted, when there came a sudden:

"Come on, Shep. Here, Bulger—here, Bulger!" And Buck sauntered across the cabin yard with a shotgun on his shoulder. He cut across the corn-field, and seeing Curtis not at work, headed for him. The boy hastily put back whatever he had and started for his corn knife. Buck stopped and spoke to him a minute. What he said I could not hear. The boy turned toward his work. Buck glanced back over his shoulder, and with a brute impulse gave the boy a kick that lifted him off the ground. Then whistling carelessly he swaggered on across the field toward the woods with his gun.

I had been puzzling all the week, been worrying all the way this afternoon, how to settle with Buck. That kick settled it with me. I knew exactly how to settle with him. When I got to my boarding place I went immediately to the barn, stuffed a sack of bran and swung it from a rafter—and practiced 'most all day Saturday and Sunday.

It was a lucky thing, I suppose, for all concerned that Buck found squirrel hunting too good for him to come back to school the next week. And on Saturday he decided to go down into the Boston Mountains in Arkansas to hunt bear. So the settlement was indefinitely deferred.

Saturday afternoon I strolled along the hill road, now strewn with the early spoils of autumn. I went by Dan Gilbert's cabin, for I meant to get acquainted with the slender boy and learn why he was not in school. But Curtis was not in the field. When I passed the wobbly snake fence, and again entered the woods, I heard my name called, rather faintly and timidly. I stopped and looked around but saw no one.

"Oh, Mr. Mason!" And this time, I saw it was the boy. He had just risen

from the shade of a clump of bushes, and stood bareheaded, with a book in his hand.

"Why, hello!" I turned and went toward him smilingly. "You are Curtis Gilbert, aren't you?"

"Yes." He was tall for his age and slender for any age. He had thick, but fine, tawny hair, and gray eyes. His was a sensitive face—the face of one who does not live by muscle alone—more that of a painter or seer than of a rough farm hand. His eyes were serious, imaginative; but there was a quirk of humor at the corners of his mouth.

"I wanted to ask you something," he said shyly.

"All right." We sat down on the grass. I was curious to know what was the book he held, and what he wanted to ask.

"I've been stuck for a week," he said with a tone of vexation at himself. "I don't know why I'm such a blockhead—I ought to work it; but I can't. I don't want you to pull me out," he said hastily, "but just tell me in what direction to pull." He smiled. "I've been yanking hard on the X's and maybe I ought to be pulling on the Y's."

The book he held toward me was an algebra, and I noticed two things: he held the fly leaf under his thumb; and he kept one side of his face turned away from me—I discovered there was an ugly bruise over his left temple. I knew the bruise came from a blow. But why did he hide that fly leaf?

I gave him a hint on the problem and he caught it with amazing swiftness. I questioned him a little and found his mastery of the principles of algebra remarkable. Many of the propositions he had worked out in a very original way, but his reasoning was sound.

"When did you learn algebra?"

"Oh, I've been working at it all summer—when I could get time."

"Did you ever study it in school?" I was more surprised than ever.

He shook his head. "Never studied much of anything in school. Let's see,"—he began to count, "I went to school two months, four years ago; and eleven weeks the next winter—and a month the next.

"I haven't been any since." His face



Beautiful Hair And Lots of It *If You Use Crystolis*

MAIL COUPON TODAY

Here's good news for the man who vainly tries to plaster a few scanty locks over "that bald spot."

Good news for the woman whose hair is falling, whose locks are too scanty to properly pin up her false hair.

Good news for both men and women who find a handful of hair in their comb every morning. For men and women growing gray before their time.

Good news for all with itching, burning scalps, with dandruff, with any and all forms of hair and scalp trouble.

The Creslo Laboratories, 280 B Street, Binghamton, N. Y., have secured the exclusive American rights for Crystolis, the famous English hair treatment.

Some of the well-known scientists in Europe consider Crystolis an important discovery. It was awarded Gold Medals both at Brussels and Paris Expositions.

Since we secured the American rights, men and women from all parts of the world write telling of the gratifying results obtained by its use. People who have had dandruff for years have got a clean, healthy scalp after a few applications of this wonderful remedy.

We don't care whether you are bothered with falling hair, prematurely gray hair, matted hair, brittle hair or stringy hair, dandruff, itching scalp, or any or all forms of hair trouble, we want you to try "CRYSTOLIS," at our risk.

We give you a binding guarantee without any "strings" or red tape, that it won't cost you a cent if we do not prove to you that "Crystolis" will do all we claim for it and what's important we have plenty of money to back our guarantees.

Following are the statements of a few who have used Crystolis and know of its wonderful merits from actual personal experience.

Rev. Campbell, N. Y., writes:—"It seems incredible, after using so many things for my hair, but am delighted to say Crystolis has stopped the itching and a fine growth of new hair has appeared."

Mr. Morse, Boston, Mass., states:—"I lost my hair 18 years ago. After using Crystolis my head was covered with a thick growth of hair of natural color. No more itching, no more falling hair, no more dandruff."

Dr. J. Hill, Indiana, writes:—"Your remedy has grown hair on my head which was shiny and bald for 40 years."

Miss Harris, Kansas, writes:—"After several applications of Crystolis my head stopped itching, the dandruff disappeared, my hair stopped falling and new hair came in all over my head."

If you desire the full addresses write us and we will gladly send them to you. But the best way is to take advantage of our offer and try Crystolis without risking a cent. So cut out coupon today and mail it to 280 B Street, Binghamton, New York.

FREE COUPON

The Creslo Laboratories, 280 B Street, Binghamton, N. Y.

Prove to me without cost how Crystolis stops falling hair, grows new hair, banishes dandruff and itching scalps, and restores gray and added hair to natural color. Write your name and address plainly and pin THIS COUPON TO YOUR LETTER.

clouded, and his eyes looked wistfully through a gap in the trees at a patch of sky.

"Didn't like it?" I questioned.

"Like it?" He looked at me amazed. "Why, I'd walk nine miles to school," he said eagerly, and then added with his quirk of a smile, "—with a stone briuse on both heels, if—"

"Why don't you?" He had stopped with a sudden reticence.

The dull red came into his face. "Somebody has to work. And Pa thinks as Buck's the oldest he ought to go instead of me."

And then to change the subject he asked:

"Do you think the glaciers ever got as far down as the Ozarks?"

And to my further astonishment I found the boy was studying physical geography, ancient history, and rhetoric by himself. And besides, he was reading everything and anything he could get hold of from "Dead-wood Dick" to Baxter's "Saints' Rest."

There was a raucous, angry call from the field. Curtis jumped up.

"I guess Pa wants me," he said hastily. "I'm much obliged for your help."

Before he got to the fence, I saw him slip the algebra into a clump of bushes, and break a limb to mark the place.

A few moments later when he had climbed the fence into the field I heard Dan Gilbert cursing the boy in a violent, obscene way. He made no reply. Then I heard blows as of a strap on a defenceless back; but there was no outcry.

I hastened to the fence, but Dan Gilbert was slouching away with a bridle in his hand. Curtis had resumed his work of digging potatoes. Once or twice his shoulders rose and fell, but whether from anger or sobs, I could not tell.

How could that lad with his wonderful brain, his eager soul athirst for life, be a son of the coarse, hulking hill-billy slouching across the field? But nature plays some wonderful tricks, and heredity runs back through countless generations. And, too, I understood it better when I knew the mother.

It was Wednesday afternoon, as I returned from school. The mother ap-

peared to be at work at some shrubs near the gate, but I saw she was nervously watching my approach. Buck Gilbert had gone to look for his bear; and old Dan was off with his hounds looking for anything but work.

"Good afternoon." I stopped by the gate and lifted my hat. She raised up and pushed back her sun-bonnet.

"You are the teacher, aint you?" she said, a little uncertain how to begin. She was scarcely thirty-five, but bent and worn by care; and yet there was the love of life, and the longing in her eyes which I had seen in the son. Plainly a daughter of the hills, but another of that kind that goes back a hundred years to the refinement and natural beauty of forgotten ancestors.

"I've been wanting to speak to you about my boy," she said. "When I was a little girl I had my heart set on getting an education. But I didn't." The unconscious tragedy in that face and tone! "But my heart has been set on learning for Curtis. He's such a good boy."

"Yes, I know he is," I said.

"He's tryin' to learn himself," she went on eagerly now. "But he aint got hardly any books. And he has to keep them hid from his pa. Dan don't like for him to waste time readin'."

"I wonder," she said wistfully, "if you wouldn't let me do your washin' for some-books for him—if you got any to spare."

"No," I said promptly, for she was not strong—and had too much to do already, "you do not need to do my washing. Curtis is more than welcome to any or all the books I have. I borrowed books myself when I went to school."

Tears came quickly to her eyes, and she looked away toward the top of the high hill to the south.

"I've tried to get him to run away," she said slowly, "so he could get a chance to go to school; but he wont leave me."

Friday afternoon I was a half-hour late in leaving the school-house. As I passed Collis' place I did not see anything of Eudora. Usually she was in the yard or orchard, or was singing in the house.

A half mile down the road I met her



IT IS THE EVERLASTING CLUTCH FOR GOLD

which year after year lures victims by the thousands to the bright-spinning wheels of Monte Carlo. Few know the dark tragedies and hushed-up mysteries of the Casino so well as C. N. and A. M. Williamson, who have written for McClure's a brilliant short story series based on true happenings there. These stories begin in the

FEBRUARY
MCCLURE'S

15 Cents

At all News-stands

hurrying back toward home. Her face was flushed and she looked a little embarrassed when she saw me.

A few hundred yards farther was Gilbert's place. As I neared the corner of the field, I looked searchingly along the edge of the woods hoping to see Curtis. Instead, I saw partly concealed on a flat rock—an algebra.

This was why the fly leaf was turned from me. It was Eudora's book and she lent it to him from Friday until Monday.

II

I managed to see Curtis often after that—two or three times a week. I loaned him freely of my small but much loved collection of books—both text books and works of literature. Often I took him four or five at a time. He drank from them as thirstily as a parched traveler at a newly discovered spring.

I loved to hear his comment upon them—and other things. He was not a book worm. He was interested in people and politics and nature. He was just a-hunger for life. I always left him with a laugh on my face, and an ache in my heart. He was quaintly humorous, and full of whimsical fancies; but underneath it I always felt the piercing cry of the soul in chains. He was a prisoner of the hills, and so far as he saw, there was no way out.

During the noon intermission one day early in December, Eudora had returned to her desk after eating her dinner, and was deeply absorbed in a book.

"What are you reading now, Eudora?" I asked.

She looked up quickly, and at the same time managed to place her hands so they covered the title at the top of the page.

"Oh, it's a story." But there was more color in her face than the admission justified. She knew I did not object to her reading good fiction so long as she had her lessons.

"What is it?"

"'Adam Bede.'" The color deepened.

"It's fine," she added hastily.

I smiled as I went on. "Adam Bede" was one of the books I had given outright to Curtis.

As winter came on I thought the lad grew thinner and paler. He worked hard, for he was really industrious. He had tried to make enough on the rocky hillside so his mother would not want for food; and now he was trying to save it in spite of old Dan's and Buck's carelessness and shiftlessness. Most of the time he spent in the woods hewing railroad ties which old Dan hauled to town—fifteen miles away—once a week. The lad's clothes were woefully insufficient and often when I saw the sharp December wind whipping his thin coat, I shuddered, fearing pneumonia.

Buck had never returned to school; but he had come back from the Boston Mountains—without his bear, and spent his time loafing and trying to establish a reputation as a wild bad-man. The mere sight of the vulgar, hulking brute always gave me that recurring desire to see a mule kick him in the stomach.

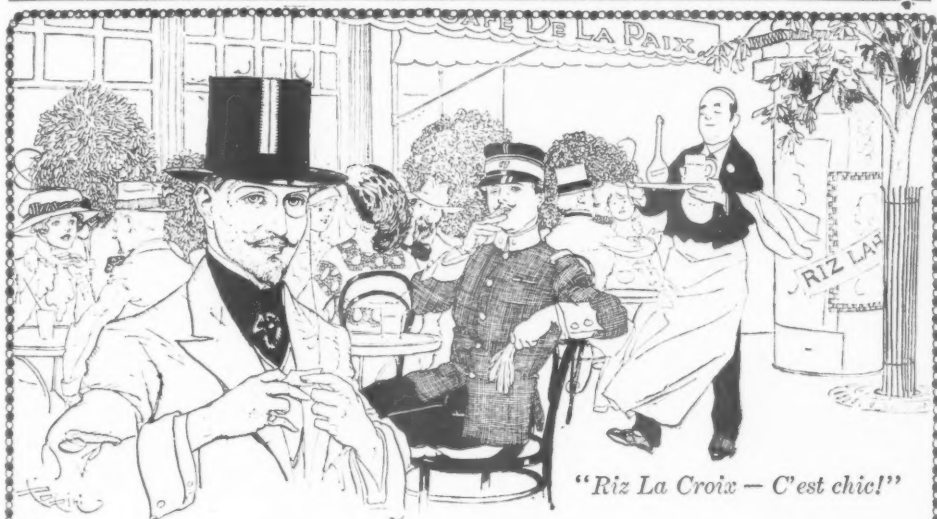
Saturday morning before the Christmas holidays I went down the ridge road toward Gilbert's. I was going to town that afternoon on the mail back from the country store, to be gone for a week, and I had a Christmas present for Curtis.

He was in the field shucking corn from the shock. It was a clear, wintry day, with a stiff north wind. Curtis was sitting on the ground and as he took the ears from a bunch of fodder, passed the stalks back over him and sat upon them to keep them from blowing away. Before I turned into the field I saw him stop work and reach into his old coat and draw out something which he looked at carefully, and then started to slip back.

But Buck, who was crossing the field, slipped up noiselessly from behind, and with a spring snatched the object from his hand and stepped back looking at it. Curtis rose without haste, and held out his hand for his property. But Buck stepped back out of reach and made some sort of remark and an insolent gesture.

What followed happened so swiftly I never could swear I had it right.

The slender lad seemed to sway backwards, lower his head and spring. Swift and terrific as the leap of a tiger he shot straight at Buck's head. The lout went down in a heap, and Curtis, with his



THE TRUE PARISIAN

is a man of *chic* and elegance in his habits, a cosmopolite whose twin perfections are *savoir faire* and *ton*. As *boulevardier*, *cafe* lounge, artist in idleness, the true son of the city by the Seine has a keen eye for the best things of life. Even in trifles light as cigarette papers, he appreciates supremacy. He uses Riz La Croix.

RIZ LA CROIX.

(Pronounced: REE-LAH-KROY)

FAMOUS CIGARETTE PAPERS

are a striking example of the French passion for perfection, neatness and efficiency. For decade after decade the manufacturers of the La Croix family have been improving and perfecting this remarkable paper.

Riz La Croix is firm: your cigarette does not burst while being rolled in Riz La Croix.

Riz La Croix is light: it does not char easily, burns freely—above all, it completely submerges its identity in the tobacco, leaving no "paper flavor."



A sample book of Riz La Croix papers and a booklet illustrating the best way to roll a cigarette, on request.
Address LA CROIX FILS, 111 Fifth Ave., New York

knees upon his throat, hailed down blows on his head and face.

There was a bellow from the cabin yard, and old Dan grabbed up a club of wood as large as my arm, and ran toward the boy.

I saw red, but it didn't keep me from clearing the fence at a leap. I shouted a warning, and ran toward them. But old Dan paid no attention. I knew he had a violent temper and there was murder in his heart. Curtis saw him, rose and hesitated a minute. But I knew even in self defense he would not strike his father. He ran, and old Dan after him.

I saw the old man was gaining on the boy, and shouted two or three times to him to stop. But it had no effect. Then, as they circled nearer me, and the old man was within a few feet of the boy, I tried a rock. Baseball practice had given me accuracy and force; and the experiment worked. When Curtis and I brought the old man to, he was not seriously hurt, but as badly scared as I was—and made no move to resume hostilities.

Buck was still unconscious. After I had felt of his pulse and found him still alive, I took particular pleasure in the elegant gash in his upper lip, the delightfully mashed state of his nose, and the lovely bruise in his forehead. They all looked good to me.

We carried him to the house, and feeling sure he would be all right in an hour or two, I decided it was time for me to go. But before I left I took old Dan out in the yard and made a few prophecies. I am afraid civilization has not entirely evaporated the feud blood I have inherited from several generations of mountain ancestors. I can't say what I really would have done; but just then I meant it, and old Dan believed it. When I assured him that if either he or Buck laid a hand on Curtis there would be a call for the coroner within twenty-four hours.

I went back to my boarding house and unpacked my grip. I would not go to town that afternoon; and maybe not for the whole week. I would wait and see.

The early twilight was rapidly dark-

ening into winter night, as I stood by my window and looked out upon the bare-limbed trees outlined against a frosty sky. Down the hillside something moved. Some one was running along the woods path toward the house. It was a girl, bareheaded and with her hair flying loose. Before she reached the gate, I saw it was Eudora, and threw open the door and started to meet her.

"They've had him arrested," she said, breathing hard. "They are going to send him to the penitentiary. They think Buck's going to die. The sheriff went by our house with him a little while ago—taking him to jail." She clutched my arm and sobbed. "Oh, they mustn't put him in jail—not even for an hour."

I got a horse, and picking up two neighbors on the way, rode hard and beat the sheriff to the county seat, saw the judge and had bail ready for Curtis when the officer arrived.

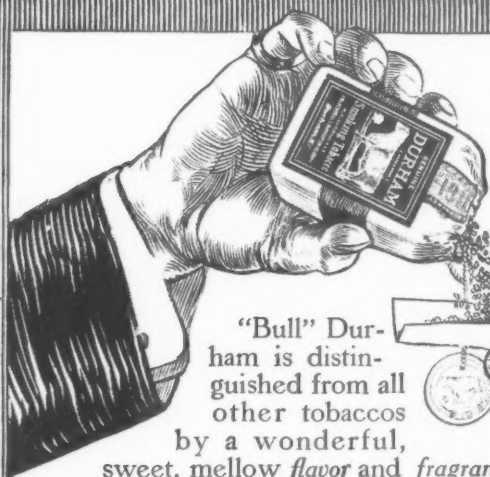
The rest advised against it, but I took him back home with me, stopping at Gilbert's on the way—a foolhardy thing to do—to tell his mother her boy was not in jail even a minute.

The trial was in February—the charge, assault with deadly weapon with intent to kill. Physically Buck had soon recovered; but to save his braggart face the lout had to make a strong case of non-resistance on his part, and deadly intent on the part of his slender half brother. Even at that his spirits were badly crushed to have been so thoroughly pounded by a boy fifty pounds lighter than he.

But the father was even more vindictive than Buck. Although both were his sons, the son of his first wife seemed to get all his affection—or rather seemed to be exempt from the coarse spite heaped upon the younger. Perhaps, too, he felt in a way that prosecuting the boy was getting revenge on me.

The case attracted a great deal of attention. Almost everybody from the Crow's Nest district was there. The court-room was packed when the case was called.

I had been subpoenaed as a witness for the prosecution, but was doing all I could for the defense. Three or four of



A Familiar Sight the World Over

Enough "Bull" Durham is sold in a year to roll approximately 32,000,000 cigarettes every day.

"Bull" Durham is distinguished from all other tobaccos by a wonderful, sweet, mellow *flavor* and *fragrance*, irresistibly attractive and satisfying. No other tobacco product *can* have this "Bull" Durham flavor and fragrance. They are produced by a generations-old process known only to the manufacturers of "Bull" Durham. Every visitor who approaches Durham, N. C., where "Bull" Durham is manufactured, is impressed with this delightful, distinctive fragrance that envelops the whole city. There is nothing else like it in the world.

GENUINE "BULL" DURHAM SMOKING TOBACCO

(Enough for forty hand-made cigarettes in each 5-cent sack)

Enough "Bull" Durham is sold in a year to make approximately **12 BILLION** cigarettes—as many as all brands of ready-made cigarettes in this country *combined*—and the sales are steadily *growing*. Proof that millions of smokers *prefer* the cigarettes they roll for themselves from "Bull" Durham, to any ready-made kind.

Ask for **FREE**
book of "papers"
with each 5c sack.



Get a sack of "Bull" today and "roll your own" for complete, healthful *enjoyment* and lasting *satisfaction*.

FREE An Illustrated Booklet, showing correct ways to "Roll Your Own" Cigarettes, and Book of cigarette papers, will both be mailed to you, *free*, on postal request. Address "Bull" Durham, Durham, N. C.

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

us who knew the circumstances had employed I. L. White, a good lawyer, to defend the boy.

"Mason," said the lawyer before the trial opened, "we can't plead self defense in this case; and to clear the boy we must show at least a mitigatory motive for the attack. The boy won't tell me; and I doubt if he will on the stand, but all we can do is to try him."

Whatever other scenes of those early days may fade, there will always be two that stand out as vividly as dead sycamores in a vacant field. One was that Friday evening I looked over the dull, littered school house, and faced bitter disillusionment. The other is that courtroom scene.

I sat at the end of the front bench near the rail that enclosed the space for the attorneys, where I could see the court and the crowd. It was a dilapidated old court-house built before the war. There were cobwebs along the ceiling and the plastering was dingy and broken. Rough, straight benches furnished seats for the curious crowd. The floor was spattered with tobacco juice; the windows were dingy. Outside, the world was murky with a chill February wind.

Curtis sat facing the judge, his face thin and white, his eyes full of doubt and trouble. But at the corners where the whimsical smile often showed, there was the tenseness of resolution. And back toward the door, next the aisle, sat a woman in a worn gingham dress, with her face almost covered by a sunbonnet, leaning forward, peering toward her only son with the pitifully futile look of the mother who must watch and wait, but can neither help nor cry out. And in the seat just back of me was Eudora Collis and her father.

The prosecution called Buck as the first witness. Buck had more ability than I would have believed. He put on an aggrieved air and swore to lies I did not think him capable of inventing. He had always been a good brother to the "kid"—hadn't done a thing to him. Was just standin' talkin' to him, and when he was not noticin' Curtis had hit him on the head with a pair of brass knucks, knocked him down, and then beat him

insensible with them. But before he lost consciousness he heard him say over and over, "I'll kill you, I'll kill you."

Old Dan also gave the boy a vicious name—he was violent and lazy and good for nothing.

Then they called me. I had to testify that Buck had not attacked him, and so far as I could see offered no resistance. I could not even dispute the charge that the boy had brass knucks. But I man-aged between wrangles of the lawyers over what evidence should and should not be omitted, to convey to the jury what I thought of Buck, and to tell that I had seen him abuse Curtis.

I saw that this fact, and the boy's apparent frailness, made a strong impression on the jury. They would make it as light as they could; but unless some immediate provocation to the attack could be found, they could not acquit him.

There were no more witnesses. In desperation the attorney for the defense put Curtis on the stand.

The lad was perfectly composed. There was no hesitancy in his answers.

"Did you strike your brother?"

"Yes."

"Had he attacked you in any way?"

"No."

"Had he abused you before? Kicked or struck you?"

"Yes."

"Often?"

"Several times."

"Was that why you struck?" White asked hopefully.

"No"—positively.

"Then why did you strike?"

No answer.

The question was repeated; the Judge asked it—still no answer.

The prosecuting attorney took him for cross examination.

"You did not strike your brother in self defense?"

"No."

"Had he said anything to you?"

"Nothing much."

"What did you strike him with?"

"Brass knucks."

"Did you mean to kill him?"

"I didn't think of that. I guess I would not have cared, though."

The witness was excused. The boy's



"Baby Grand" Pocket-Billiard Table

Do You Play Billiards?

The "Baby Grand," Prince of Entertainers, is now at your command—at low price and on easy terms. Ready to transform that bare "spare room" into an enchanted realm of wholesome amusement.

Experts and amateurs, boys and girls, will benefit by playing billiards at home. The physical and mental recreation—the concentration, self-control, excitement and fun—combine to make billiards the one best tonic for tired bodies and brains. Let the "Baby Grand" solve the problem of keeping the boys at home.

The "Baby Grand" Table Prince of Home Entertainers

The "Baby Grand" is a superb home-size Mahogany Billiard or Pocket-Billiard Table. Has the accurate angles, fast cushions and playing surface of the world-famous Brunswick Regulation Billiard Tables. Provided with concealed Cue Rack and Accessory Drawer, which holds complete Playing Outfit. Furnished as a Carom Billiard or Combination Carom and Pocket-Billiard Table. Sizes 3x6; 3½x7; 4x8.

Brunswick "Convertibles" — For Any Room

We also build "Convertible" Billiard Tables, used also as Dining Tables, Library Tables or Davenport. These popular tables are equal in playing qualities to the "Baby Grand" styles.

Moderate Prices and Easy Terms

We sell all styles and sizes of Brunswick Billiard Tables direct from factory to home at exceptionally low prices. Easy terms of payment—extending over a year.

Playing Outfit Free

Outfit including Cues, Balls, Bridge, Rack, Markers, Chalk, Cover, Book "How to Play," etc., etc., all free with any table you buy.

Color-Illustrated Book

Our beautiful book "Billiards, The Home Magnet," shows all styles of tables in actual colors and gives full information. Send coupon or letter.

The Brunswick-Balke-Collender Co., Dept. O V, 623-633 S. Wabash Ave., CHICAGO, ILL.



Billiard-Dining Table

(190)

The Brunswick-Balke-Collender Co.
Dept. O V, 623-633 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Please send me the free color-illustrated book
"BILLIARDS—THE HOME MAGNET"

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

attorney looked at me hopelessly. A frown settled on the Judge's face. The jury looked puzzled. And the figure in the old sunbonnet back toward the door leaned forward and clutched the back of the next seat convulsively.

Eudora leaned forward and whispered to me breathlessly:

"Will they convict him?"

"Yes," I said, "they are sure to, unless they discover why he did it."

"I know," she said tensely.

"Yes?" I turned to her quickly. "And will you tell?"

She shut her lips tight and nodded.

"Call your next witness," said the Judge to the attorney for the defense.

White started to say that was all, when I called him to the rail.

"Eudora Collis," he said.

The court-room was astir. The girl looked, in that dingy court-room among the rough hill folks, like some transplanted wild flower. She was very white; her hands were shut tight, and her breast rose and fell with hard breathing as she took the chair. She was frightened, embarrassed, but perfectly clear.

"Do you know why Curtis Gilbert struck his brother?" asked White.

"Yes."

"Why?"

Everybody leaned forward: the room was painfully still. The girl drew a sharp breath, and answered in a low but distinct tone.

"I had given Curtis my picture. Buck snatched it away from him—and—said something ugly about it."

In vain did the prosecution demand how she knew. Her only answer was, "I know." In vain did they demand the evidence be stricken out. It was enough. It solved the riddle. The jury need only glance at the coarse, vulgar Buck to guess what he said; and the chivalry of the slender brother moved them.

They were not out five minutes.

"Not guilty," the foreman announced ringingly.

The court-room cheered. The Judge pounded for order; and in the stillness that followed came a sob from the bent head in the old sunbonnet.

The Judge turned sternly to old Dan and the now crestfallen Buck.

"The jury says this boy is innocent. I say he is not only innocent but deserves the thanks of the whole community for a good job. And if you, either of you, ever lay hands on that boy, you'll answer swiftly to the court for it—and you'll get no mercy."

The court adjourned for the noon recess.

Curtis came quickly to me and gripped my hand. Many gathered around to congratulate him; and as we stood talking, a little group of us—among them Mr. Collis and Eudora—I glanced down and saw the girl's hand, shyly, tenderly, had sought Curtis' and rested there a moment.

Curtis did not return home. Before he left the court-room he had two offers to stay in town and work his way through school. His mother pleaded with him so earnestly—as we all did—that he accepted one of them.

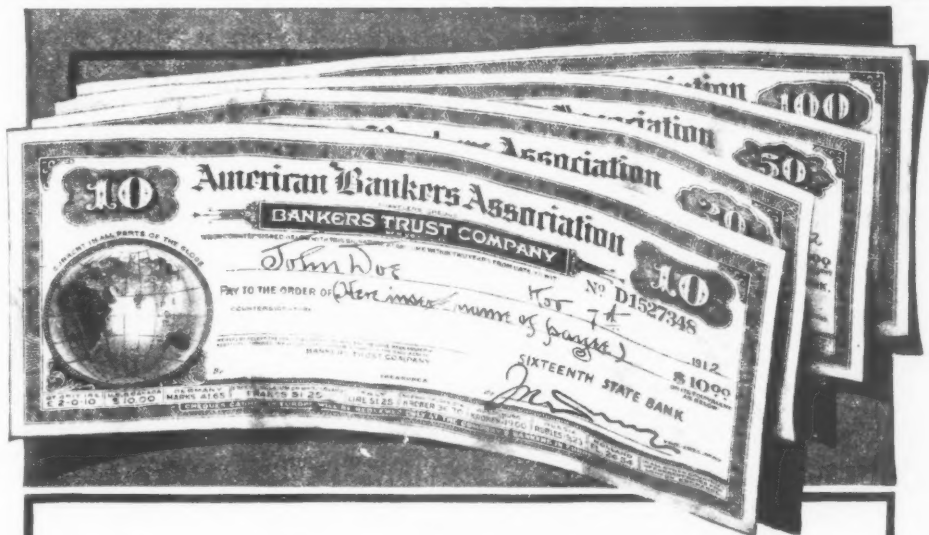
Seven years after, I had finished my course in an Eastern university and for two years had been trying to weld my ideals to things as they are. I had almost lost track of my old Crow's Nest friends, when one day I got an invitation to attend the commencement of my own State University.

One of the week's events was the program given by the Literary Societies and I saw the chief address was to be given by the senior who had won the highest honors—Curtis Gilbert.

I arrived at Columbia late in the afternoon. I would not let Curtis know I was in town until I had heard his address. But I heard of him from the first hour of my arrival.

I never saw a town so full of the personality of one person—and one under twenty-five at that. It was not only the student body, but people in town, all sorts of people, knew Curtis Gilbert and loved him. Admiration and affection for him was so strong that no place remained for envy.

The address moved me immeasurably. It would have moved me anyway, seeing my once hungry, lonesome, abused hill boy standing up there in the glory of his manhood before that magnificent University audience. But it was not only



"Travel Money" for Your Trip

Don't let the enjoyment of your trip abroad be marred by worry over the safety of your travel funds and difficulties with foreign currencies. Travel on "A.B.A." Cheques. They will make your money matters easy and safe, wherever you go.

"A.B.A." American Bankers Association Cheques

are safe to carry, because your counter-signature is required to make them good, and because they may be replaced if lost or stolen.

You pay them out exactly like currency for hotel bills, railway and steamship fares and for purchases in the principal shops. Or you can cash them without charge at any one of 50,000 banks. Your counter-signature identifies you.

Be sure that you get "A.B.A." Cheques.

They are the only travelers' cheques issued by banks under authority of the great American Bankers Association.

They are engraved on counterfeit-proof paper with every safeguard known to modern banking and are protected against crooks by the W. J. Burns Detective Agency. Each cheque is engraved with its exact exchange value in various foreign currencies, which greatly simplifies your money calculations.

"A.B.A." (American Bankers Association) Cheques are the only travelers' cheques which can be accepted, under the law, in payment of United States Customs duties.

Get them at your Bank

Ask for descriptive booklet. Or, if your bank is not yet supplied with "A.B.A." Cheques, write us for booklet and information as to where they can be obtained in your vicinity.

BANKERS TRUST COMPANY
New York City



me—the whole audience felt his power, his grasp of ideas, his simplicity, his rugged force, inherited from the hills yet softened and illumined by fancy, and touched by a beautiful spirit.

I tried to get to him immediately after the close. But he was gone.

"I expect," said a fellow senior, "he has gone home. He is a great fellow to dodge praise."

"Where is his home?" I asked.

"The cottage at the corner of Ann and Wayne streets," he replied. "And by the way, that is another one of Curt's wonders. He has not only worked his way through the University and landed on top, but has paid for that cottage and supported his mother. She lives with him, you know."

I did not know; but I started at once to find the cottage. I must see him, for I had to leave early the next morning.

Ann was a side street, but neat and lined with great shade trees. The electric lights did not interfere there, and it was a favorite place for an evening stroll. I was not surprised to see ahead of me a young man and a girl. The full moon was well up, but even from that too bright light the trees sheltered them. They were walking very slowly and her hand rested on his arm.

I was in a hurry but I did not want

to pass them. The moment was too perfect; and I liked the tender, respectful way he looked down at her, and the shy, trustful way she looked up at him; and now and then they looked up at the stars and away at the wide, shimmering world of moonlight—and fairy castles and dreams.

Aye, their very gentleness with one another told me of a world of tender comradeship, of fetters broken, of fancies cut loose. The world was before them, the very gates of paradise open.

And then I knew. In a moment I reached them.

"Curtis! Eudora!"

They whirled with a simultaneous cry of recognition and grabbed a hand each with both of theirs.

"Impossible—it can't really be you!" said Curtis.

"It must be part of the dream— It—like the rest, is too good to realize," laughed she.

"And of course, you'll stay to the wedding," he said, not letting me go.

"If it is to-morrow," I answered. "I must go to-morrow."

He glanced at her questioningly.

The color mounted her face, but her eyes looked starry; a whimsical smile played around her mouth. She nodded.

